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Historic Tales of

Henry Hudson

Daniel Boone 165-6

John Smith









NIEUW NEDERLANDT,



*This view of Fort Amsterdam on the Manhattan is copied from an ancient Engraving executed in Holland. The Fort was erected in 1623 but finished upon the above model by Governor Van Twiller in 1633.*



AMERICAN  
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## PREFACE TO PARENTS.

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IN presenting to his young Countrymen, the first of a series of books with the foregoing title, the Editor begs leave to state, briefly and simply, the plan of the series, and the reason which has prompted him to the undertaking. Indeed, he can hardly expect the patronage and support of those who sustain the interesting and responsible relationship of parents, without such a statement.

The design is to present to his young fellow-citizens books of a higher value than those usually afforded them. Instead of tales and stories, written for the young, the series will embrace volumes of Biography, History, Travels, &c. As it is designed especially for American youth, the *subjects* will not unfrequently be American. The intelligent man or child, however, will be glad to gather profitable and interesting lessons

wherever he may find them, and subjects affording such lessons, will not be excluded from the series, from whatever quarter they may be derived.

It has grown into the familiarity of an adage, that "early impressions are the strongest," and this is the principal reason which has prompted the enterprise. It is known to parents, and perhaps to children themselves, that the young in this day enjoy peculiar advantages. The time was, when books written for children, were far beyond the comprehension of a child; now they are written plainly and simply, so that an intelligent boy or girl may readily appreciate and understand them. This alone has begotten, perhaps, in children of the present day, a greater fondness for reading. Of the style of these books the Editor does not complain, but he thinks that the subjects are not unfrequently bad. Tales and romances are written for the young, giving them frequently distorted pictures of human life, and calling forth in them an early taste for trifling and unprofitable reading. He would not here be understood as finding fault with those beautiful stories, sometimes inculcating the most beautiful lessons of morality and religion; but, on the contrary, would express his thanks to the men of genius

who have prepared them. Books of such value, however, in this class are exceedingly rare.

In presenting to the young volumes of Biography, upon well-selected subjects, he hopes he is giving to his young Countrymen, the best practical examples for calling them up to a lofty energy. History is itself "stranger than fiction," and opens a wide and unlimited field of ever varying incident; and through books of Travels they learn to sit at home like the sweet poet Cowper, (as most of them, perhaps, will be forced to do,) and see various pictures of the world. The men, manners, and things of real life thus become familiar to them. It is to be hoped, and humbly expected, that a taste for such reading, early acquired, will serve to make them, in after life, more profitable and interesting members of society.

His young Countrymen having been pleased to receive his former trifles, written for their benefit, with approbation and kindness, he feels that he can make them no more grateful return than by an honest endeavor to do them a higher service. He will have his reward, if they are pleased and instructed.

In conclusion, the Editor feels that he will have failed in the statement most essential for

securing confidence in a teacher for the young, if he did not declare himself to be an humble member of the Church Militant, living upon the hope of being one day a member of the Church Triumphant. He considers that all education, to be good, must be based upon Christian principle: the heart must be cultivated as well as the understanding; and whatever is placed in this series, will be found to be on the side of Christianity.

# ADVENTURES OF HENRY HUDSON.

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## CHAPTER I.

*The Pleasure and Profit of reading Biography—  
The Birth-place of Henry Hudson—Circumstances which brought him forward—His Preparation for embarking to find a Passage to the East Indies by the North Pole, in 1607—Sails on the voyage, and after many trials, returns at the end of four months and a half, having been farther North than any other navigator, and having opened the Whale Fishery to his Countrymen.*

It has been my lot to spend some years of my life in the large and flourishing city of New York. I have walked its crowded streets, looked upon its beautiful churches, (these are the first buildings that I notice in every city,) its fine public buildings, and its elegant private residences. I have in my possession an old picture shewing the appearance of Manhattan Island, upon which

the city stands, in the year 1635—twenty-six years after its discovery by Henry Hudson. It is not a great while since, that I was showing this picture to one of my little friends, and calling his attention to the wonderful change that had passed over the island since the day when Henry Hudson first rested his eyes upon it. It was then a poor island, inhabited by savages, if inhabited at all, with Indian canoes floating in the waters around it. Now it is the largest city in our land, and ships from all quarters of the world rest upon its waters, almost encircling it with a forest of masts. I shall never forget the look of surprise and honest inquiry, in the simple-hearted little boy, as he turned to me with the question, “And who, sir, was Henry Hudson?” He was young, and his ignorance was pardonable; the more so because he confessed it, and at once asked for information. I have thought that many older than himself were perhaps, as ignorant as he was, and therefore have prepared for my young countrymen the story of the life and adventures of Henry Hudson.

Before I begin I must make two remarks to my young friends. First, I know few things more profitable than the study of the lives of our fellow-men. If they were men eminent for good



qualities, and men devoting themselves to the improvement of mankind, we feel an ambition kindled in our own bosoms to imitate such men—"to go and do likewise"—they are glorious examples for us to follow. If, on the contrary, they have been remarkably bad men, by marking their follies and their sins, we may perhaps, learn to despise their wickedness and shun their examples. And if the individuals have been men who have lived among ourselves, or trod the same ground upon which we ourselves are walking, the example becomes tenfold more forcible.

Then, too, I know few things more pleasant. Some readers, in their desire for pleasure, are eager to seize each new novel or tale of fiction as it falls from the press—while the stories of real life are crowded with scenes of the wildest romance and most daring adventure. So beautiful indeed are these stories, that many writers of fiction seize upon them, and make them the basis of their own tales of romance. They are like painters who are not original in their pictures: they are only coloring up and varnishing old pictures, and not unfrequently they spoil the paintings, leaving them only miserable daubs for the people to look at. For my own part, I like the stories of real life in themselves, without any

of their aid. They are in themselves full of adventure; they are certainly more *natural*, and above all, they are *true*. I hope, therefore, that we shall find the study of biography both profitable and pleasant, and most of all perhaps, the study of American Biography.

It is said that in old times many cities had a contest, each claiming to be the birth-place of the great poet Homer. Some ignorant persons have supposed, that there was a dispute between two nations, as to the birth-place of Henry Hudson. The Dutch speak of him and write of him as Hendrick Hutson, and this, I suppose, is the foundation of their mistake. The truth is, that all Dutch historians whose opinions are valuable, and who speak of him at any time, know that he was no countryman of theirs, and call him Hendrick Hutson, the bold English navigator.

It would be pleasant to know something of Henry Hudson when he was a boy, that we might trace his career, step by step, till we find him standing a great man before us. It is said that,

“The Child is father of the Man,”

and if so, we might hope to find him in his school-boy days, a bold and fearless little fellow:

but of his parentage, connexions, or education, I am sorry to say, very little is known. He was born in England, and had his home in the city of London. His most cherished and intimate companion was Captain John Smith, the founder of the colony of Virginia. They were much alike in temper and disposition, and it is not wonderful that there was a strong friendship between them. Henry Hudson was also a married man, but we do not know who the woman was who shared his joys and his sorrows. He had one son, for the boy was with his father in all his voyages, of which we know anything, and they at last perished together.

The fact that so little is known of the early days of Hudson, has always induced me to suppose that he was what the world calls a self-made man. The times in which he lived were filled with the daring adventures of hardy navigators, the ocean was the pathway to distinction, and his young heart was probably fired with these stories, and his genius possibly, thus thrown in that direction. I have fancied him born to poverty—an obscure and humble boy, struggling against a hard fortune, battling difficulty after difficulty with undying perseverance, until at last he forces his way before the world,

the maker of his own fortunes. I love these self-elevated men. It seems as though they were nature's noblemen: the men whom God designed should be great and useful to their species, in spite of all the difficulties, which the world presented before them. And I never think of one of them without remembering the multitudes of my young countrymen who are humbly born, and lowly bred. Such men are glorious examples for them, telling them not to be frightened by difficulties, or turned aside by disappointments, but to press right onward in the way of usefulness, and honorable fame.

Before Hudson comes fully before us, it is well that you should understand the peculiar circumstances which brought him forward. After the nations of Europe discovered that there were rich treasures in that region of country, now known as the East Indies, the commerce of that region was brought to them partly over land, and then floated through the Mediterranean Sea. This was a slow and laborious route for trade; and in a little time, those nations farthest removed from the advantages of that trade, (such as Spain, Portugal, and England,) became restless, and desirous of finding a new and shorter passage to the East Indies. After many hard and

unsuccessful efforts, at length, in 1499, Vasco de Gama, a celebrated Portuguese navigator, doubled the Cape of Good Hope, and passing on, appeared upon the coast of Hindostan. Thus a new track was found, but still it was looked upon as belonging particularly to the Portuguese, and moreover, it was still a long and dangerous passage. The nations of Europe were not yet satisfied. Still thirsting for a shorter highway to the wealth of the East, they began to think that they might find it by sailing through the Arctic Ocean, and passing north-westwardly around the coasts of North America, or north-eastwardly around the shores of Asia, or possibly by moving in a course directly north. You would be wearied, if I should tell you of the many long and perilous voyages undertaken, to find this northern passage. Time and time again, voyager after voyager departed, and all returned unsuccessful.

The best of all books tells us that "the love of money is the root of all evil." And yet this very desire after the riches of the East, was overruled by a wise Providence for good purposes. No northern passage was found, and yet these northern voyages have aided the cause of science, have discovered new fields of commerce to

Arctic fishermen, opened to the adventurous nations of the old world new and fertile regions, and trained up for them, a noble, bold, and hardy race of men. I say a hardy race of men: for nowhere is there a more fearful meeting with the elements of heaven (those elements which man can never control) than in the Arctic Seas. Wind and storm, and famine and disease, are for ever around the voyager, and to this day there is no harder undertaking than the voyaging and wintering among the icebergs of the Polar Seas. He who undertakes it even now must have courage, patience, and fortitude under all manner of sufferings. Henry Hudson was a voyager amid these fearful things.

Notwithstanding all these failures about a northern passage, a number of rich men, living in the city of London, still hoped that the passage might be found: and in the year 1607, joined themselves together as a London Company, and furnished the funds necessary for making three voyages. They were determined once more to search for the passage by the three old routes, north, north-east, and north-west. Knowing that everything depended upon the skill of their commander, they chose for their man Henry Hudson

Hudson readily accepted the command, and on the 19th of April, he, with his crew, consisting of eleven besides himself,\* among whom was his son John Hudson, went to the church of Saint Ethelburge in Bishopsgate-street, and there received the sacrament of the Lord's supper. This was one part of their preparation for going to sea. It was the pious and beautiful custom of those days, for sailors to do this. I am sorry that it has grown out of fashion: it was but saying to the whole congregation, that they were about embarking upon the sea to meet unknown perils, and that their trust was in God, "who alone spreadeth out the heavens and ruleth the raging of the sea."

The object of this voyage was to find a passage directly across the Pole, or, as Hudson himself says in his journal, it was "for to discover a passage by the North Pole to Japan and China,"—and you will bear in mind, that this was the first effort ever made, to seek a passage directly across the Pole.

On the 1st day of May, 1607, they weighed

\* The names of the crew, as given in the Journal of this voyage of 1607, were as follows: "Henry Hudson, master—William Colines, mate—James Young, John Colman, John Cooke, James Beubery, James Skrutton, John Pleyce, Thomas Baxter, Richard Day, James Knight, and John Hudson."

anchor at Gravesend, and taking a northerly course, in twenty-six days reached the Shetland Isles. Here Hudson found that the needle had no variation: but on the 30th of May, (four days after,) he “found the needle to incline seventy-nine degrees under the horizon.” On the 4th of June he found a “variation of five degrees westerly.” From the Shetland Isles, Hudson stood northwest, his object being, as it would seem, to strike the coast of Greenland. Indeed, he supposed Greenland to be an island, and thought that by keeping a northeast course, he might possibly pass around it. In a week’s time, though he had not found land, he made a profitable discovery, for he tells us that on the 11th of June, he saw six or seven whales near his ship. Thus you will mark one benefit of this voyage at once; for afterward, the whale fishery in these Northern seas became a business of immense profit, to his countrymen. Two days after this, at 2 o’clock in the morning, land was seen ahead, and some ice; there being a thick fog at the time, he steered away northerly, and the wind coming on to blow hard, he stood away south and by east six or eight leagues. The weather was now so cold, that the sails and shrouds of his ship were covered with ice. In a



little time it cleared up, and Hudson was able to take a fair view of the land. He could now see it stretching in a northeasterly direction nine leagues before him. "The land," he says, "was very high, mostly covered with snow. At the top it looked reddish, and underneath a blackish clay, with much ice lying about it." I suppose this reddish appearance was what is sometimes called red snow. In those countries where the snow is almost perpetual, there is a small plant of a reddish hue which grows upon the snow, and rapidly spreads itself all over it.\* In those northern regions, the snow-capped hills often have this covering of red, and it is said, it is sometimes seen even upon the Alps and the Appenines. He noticed too, great quantities of fowl upon the coast, and was near enough to see a whale close by the shore. There was a man of the crew named James Young, and I presume he must have been the first to have observed the land, as Hudson called the head-land before them "*Young's Cape.*" Near this cape he saw "a high mountain like a round castle," and to this he gave the name of the "*Mount of God's mercy.*" These were on the coast of Greenland.

\* This plant is known as the *Protococcus Nivalis*.

Harassed by thick fogs, storms of rain and snow, driven sometimes before a gale of wind, and at other times becalmed, Hudson still held on in a northeasterly course. He was unwilling to be driven from it, being anxious to know whether the land that he had seen was an island or a part of Greenland : and hoping, above all other things, that he might find Greenland to be an island, and pass easily around it. The fog, however, continued so thick and heavy, day after day, that he could not see the land, until at last, discouraged in this direction, he resolved to steer more easterly, hoping to fall in with an island which he calls Newland, the same island that is marked upon our maps and charts as Spitzbergen.

Having sailed some sixteen leagues on this new course, land was again seen on the left hand, (or larboard side of the ship, as sailors say,) stretching southwest and northeast. Hudson thought that he was within four leagues of the land. He observed birds flying over it, but different from those he had seen before. These had "black backs and white bellies, in form much like a duck." Many floating pieces of ice, too, were in the neighborhood of his ship : so that he had to move carefully. To increase his anxiety,

the fog again came on, and he began to fear that his ship would be fastened amid these blocks of ice. Still keeping a lookout as well as he could through the darkness, for the point where the land ended eastwardly, he steered northeast five or six leagues, and then turned to the south. Again he was unwilling to turn aside from his purpose. As soon therefore, as the weather cleared up, he stood again northeast, and in a little time land was again seen, as he supposed, twelve leagues distant from him. He then took an observation, and found this land to be in 72 degrees 38 minutes north latitude. This land, too, was very different from that which he had seen at Young's Cape: it was a high land, not at all covered with snow, and the southern part rolled away into very high mountains, but no snow rested upon these. To his surprise, he found the weather here not so severe, but on the contrary, temperate and pleasant. He did not, however, explore this land farther. "The many fogs and calms, with contrary winds, and much ice near the shore, held us," (as he says,) "from farther discovery of it." As he knew no name, however, as yet given to the land, (for his charts did not point it out,) he called it the land of *Hold with Hope*.

Hudson's employers had desired him to find the passage directly across the Pole, and he seems to have feared that his time might be thought wasted, in some degree, upon the coast of Greenland. In his journal, therefore, he gives the reason for this delay. "The chief cause" (says he) "that moved us thereunto, was our desire to see that part of Greenland which (for aught that we knew) was to any Christian unknown: and we thought it might as well have been open sea as land, and by that means our passage should have been the larger to the Pole: and the hope of having a westerly wind, which would be to us a landerly wind if we found land. And, considering we found land contrary to that which our cards make mention of, we accounted our labor so much the more worth. And for aught that we could see, it is like to be a good land, and worth the seeing."

He now held his course northeastward toward Newland or Spitzbergen. In two or three days, one of the crew again saw high land to the larboard, which fell away to the west the farther they moved north. This was the last view they had of Greenland.

Still pressing on, Hudson had continued struggles against hard winds and heavy fogs, until at

last he reached a latitude so high, that the sun was above the horizon the whole twenty-four hours. Here, then, the fogs could not annoy him so much. On the night of the 25th, he again saw birds like those he had seen upon the coast of Greenland, and supposed that land must be near, but it was too dark for him to discover it. On the morning of the 26th, he again saw birds of many kinds flying about his ship, and strained his eyes to catch a glimpse of land, but the heavy fog prevented. The next morning the fog rolled away from the sea, and he saw before him the coast of Spitzbergen. He could not see it very plainly, however, or approach it very closely, for "the land was covered with fog: the ice lying very thick all along the shore for fifteen or sixteen leagues." He coasted along the shore through the day, catching occasional glimpses of the land, and was able to make an observation, by which he found himself to be in the 78th degree of latitude. He was not certain, but supposed that he was now near a point on the western coast of Spitzbergen known by the name of *Vogel Hooke* or *Vogelhoek*. He was again surprised to find this region mild and temperate compared with that about Young's Cape.

His effort was now to make his passage by the north side of the island, and he kept his course, as well as he could, almost due north. I say as well as he could, for he met here, perhaps, greater difficulties than in any former part of the voyage. He was surrounded by ice, fearing almost every moment that his ship would be dashed to pieces against the floating masses—head winds prevailed against him, forcing him almost daily to change his course, and storms were his constant companions for more than a fortnight. Still, in spite of all these trials, he worked his course northward, noticing, in his way, large numbers of morses, seals, and sometimes bears, until he began to fear that the ice would not allow him to make the passage on this side of the island. It would seem that some of his men found time to attack the bears, for several of them, he tells us, were made sick by eating bears' flesh. During this fortnight, he observed one thing which was curious: the sea was at times blue, green, and black, and the green sea he found to be freest from ice, while the blue sea was almost always crowded with it.

On the morning of the 14th, it was calm with fog. Yet they were able to see a bay open toward the west, enclosed by high and ragged

land. The northerly point of this land, which was very high and bleak, was first seen by William Collins, the boatswain, and they instantly gave it the name of *Collins Cape*. On the south side of the bay, they discovered three or four small islands or rocks. Great numbers of whales were sporting in the bay, and while one of the men was amusing himself with a hook and line overboard to try for fish, one of these whales passed under the keel of the ship, and "made her held." They were greatly alarmed, and very grateful when the danger was over. "By God's mercy," (says Hudson,) "we had no harm but the loss of the hook and three parts of the line." They found the weather hot, though the swamps and valleys near the shore were filled with snow. John Colman, the mate, and Collins, the boatswain, went ashore here with two others, and found a pair of morse's teeth in the jaw, quantities of whale's bones, and some dozen or more deer's horns. They saw too, the tracks of animals on the shore. The weather was so hot that they were glad to find two or three streams of fresh water rolling into the bay, where they quenched their thirst. The men returned, and the wind being in their favor, they again steered north-east.

On the 16th the weather was clear, the wind north, and Hudson found himself surrounded by ice in every direction. He could see the land and ice extending north-east far into the 82d degree of latitude, and seemingly much farther, and he was now convinced that he could not make his way through the ice on the north side of the island. The wind, too, was fair just at the moment, and he determined now to sail round the southern point of the island, and press his course north-east, hoping to make the passage on that side. He continued his course south for more than a week, coasting along the shores of Spitzbergen, when, on the 25th, he saw the land bearing north. But then he was discouraged from turning the point, and moving toward the north-east—for by this time he had observed the general prevalence of the winds on the coast, and found that it would be impossible. This plan, therefore, he was forced to abandon, and now he resolved once more “to prove his fortunes” by the west. His aim was nothing less than to pass round the north of Greenland, (supposing it to be an island,) and return by Davis’ Straits to England. With a heart full of hope, he now shaped his course westward.

Two days after this, while nearly becalmed,



they were suddenly startled by a tremendous noise, made by the ice and the sea. Immense mountains of floating ice surrounded them, and the waves, rolling high, were heaving the ship continually westward toward them. In their fright, they lowered their boat, in the hope of turning the ship away from the ice; but in this they failed, the waves rolling so high that the boat, more than once, came near being swamped. "In this extremity," (says Hudson,) "it pleased God to give us a small gale, at north-west and by west. We steered away south-east four leagues, till noon. Here we had finished our discovery, if the wind had continued that brought us hither, or if it had continued calm; but it pleased God to make this north-west and by west wind the means of our deliverance; which wind, we had not found common in this voyage. God give us thankful hearts for so great deliverance."

The weather cleared up at noon, and they saw the ice reflected by the sky, bearing from south-west to north-east. As they approached still nearer to Greenland, the sky reflected the ice still farther and farther, until Hudson was satisfied that he could find no passage around the north of Greenland. A westerly wind spring-

ing up, therefore, he altered his course, and steered south-east. He now began to think of making his way back to England. The thick fogs still annoyed him ; his ship stores were beginning to fail ; the season, too, was far advanced, and it was well-nigh certain that he could not make the passage this year. Keeping a southerly course, he again passed the southern coast of Spitzbergen—the land being, as he says, “not ragged, as all the rest we had seen this voyage”—came in sight of Cheries Island, for which he was keeping a lookout, and saw the land covered with cragged rocks, “like hay-cocks.” Still pressing south, on the 15th of August, he put into what he calls “the Isles of Farre,” (meaning, I suppose, the Faroe Islands,) and on the 15th of September, he arrived at Tilbury Hope on the Thames.\*

Thus you will perceive, that after a hard voyage of four months and a half, Hudson returned without success. Yet his employers were sufficiently pleased, as we shall soon see, to trust him with their second adventure. And though he failed in the main enterprise, his voyage was far from being useless.

\* The journal of this voyage, made in 1607, will be found in “*Purchas his Pilgrims*,” written partly by Henry Hudson, and partly by John Pleyce, one of his men.

He advanced farther north than any navigator had been known to proceed before : his voyage opened the commerce of the whale fishery to his countrymen ; and some have said that he was the discoverer of Spitzbergen.\* This last supposition, however, is a mistake. While we are anxious to give full credit to Hudson for whatever he may have done, we should be unwilling to detract from the fair fame of another man. That island was first discovered in the year 1596, by William Barentz, a Dutch navigator. It received from him the name of Spitzbergen, from its mountainous appearance, and the quantities of ice and snow that lay around it. The remarkable headland which had been seen by Hudson, Barentz had called *Vogelhoek*, from the number of birds that he saw there. After this, the island was sometimes, by the Hollanders, called Newland. It is strange that any one should have thought Hudson the discoverer of Spitzbergen, since he himself, in his journal, speaks of the island as Newland, evidently knowing where it was, and also of the promontory *Vogelhoek*, which I presume was laid down in his charts.

\* Forster's Voyages ; Yates and Moulton's History of New York ; Belknap's American Biography ; Rev. Dr. Miller, in a discourse before the New York Historical Society in 1809.

The most that can be said is, that Hudson *rediscovered* Spitzbergen, and this has been said;\* but it is scarcely true. Hudson's speaking so plainly of the island, contradicts this statement also.

All that we claim for him, therefore, in this voyage is, that with unwavering fortitude, amid constant trials, he pressed his way farther north than any other navigator had been before, and opened a new and extensive field of commerce to the English people.

\* Scoresby, in his *account of the Arctic Regions*.

## CHAPTER II.

*Henry Hudson makes his second voyage, in search of a North-eastern Passage to India—Reaches the north side of Nova Zembla, and is stopped by the Ice—Hopes to make his passage on the south side by the Vaygatz Straits—Finding a large River or Sound in Nova Zembla, is induced to try that for his passage—Sails up this—Resolves to return—Searches for Willoughby's Land—Arrives in England after an absence of four months and four days.*

As soon as the spring was fairly opened the next year, Hudson commenced making his preparations for a second voyage. This time he was to seek his passage for the East Indies in the north-east, by passing between Spitzbergen and Nova Zembla.

With a crew consisting, in all, of fifteen per

sons,\* (among whom again was his son John Hudson,) he set sail from London on the 22d of April. The wind was fair, and so continued day after day; but as he sailed north, heavy fogs again met him, so that it was the 24th of May before he found himself off the coast of Norway. The weather now cleared up, and the cold, which had been increasing for some days, became so severe that several of the men were taken sick. Philip Stacie, the carpenter, seems to have suffered most. Improving this clear weather, he pressed north-east as rapidly as he could. On the 29th he had reached a latitude so high that "the sun was on the meridian above the horizon five degrees," and he was able to take an observation at midnight. In two days more his fine weather passed away; for, on the 1st of June, he had a hard north-easterly gale with snow. For two days he struggled against the storm, and on the morning of the 3d he saw the *North Cape*, about eight leagues distant, as he suppos-

\* The names of these persons, as given in the Journal of this voyage of 1608, were as follows: "Henry Hudson, master and pilot; Robert Juet, mate; Ludlow Arnall, John Cooke, boatswain; Philip Stacie, carpenter; John Barns, John Braunch, cook; John Adrey, James Strutton, Michael Feirce, Thomas Hilles, Richard Tomson, Robert Raynor Humfrey Gilby, and John Hudson."

ed, and discovered several Norway fishermen in sight. Keeping his course north-east, on the 9th of June, in the latitude of 75 degrees, he fell in with ice, the first he had seen on the voyage. Hoping to pass through, he stood into it, loosening some of it, and bearing away from the larger masses until he had passed into it four or five leagues. Here he found the ice so thick and firm ahead, that he began to fear he had proceeded too far, and might be fastened. This forced him to return by the same way he went in, fortunately suffering no damage (as he says) except "a few rubs of the ship against the ice."

For more than a fortnight he still pressed eastward, struggling with the ice, but failed to reach a higher latitude. At one time he would meet large quantities of drift-wood driving by the ship, then he would see large numbers of whales and porpoises, and the sea seemed almost covered with birds floating over it. Then again he would see numbers of seals lying upon the ice, and hear the bears roaring. It was during this fortnight, that two of his men declared they saw something stranger than all this. Thomas Hilles and Robert Raynor positively asserted, 'that on the morning of the 15th they saw a mermaid close by the ship's side, looking earnestly at

them. A sea soon came and overturned her ; but they saw her distinctly. Her body was as large as a man's, her back and breast were like a woman's, her skin very white, and she had long black hair hanging down behind. As she went down they saw her tail, which was like the tail of a porpoise, and speckled like a mackerel.

On the 25th, being still hemmed in with ice, while head winds were still prevailing, he found that, in spite of every effort, he was drifting toward the south. He was now convinced that he could not proceed farther on the north side of Nova Zembla, and resolved to seek his passage on the south side of the island, by the straits known as "the *Vaygat*z ; to pass by the mouth of the River *Ob*, and to double that way the North Cape of Tartaria." These straits are between the southernmost parts of Nova Zembla, and the northern coast of Russia. He now shaped his course south, and the next day, at the distance of four or five leagues, saw that part of Nova Zembla, known by the Hollanders as *Swart Cliffe*. Being only two miles from the land, he sent six of his men ashore to take a survey of the country, and fill the casks with water. They found the shore covered with grass ; the land was marshy, and several streams,



made by the melting snow, were rolling through it. In looking around, they saw the tracks of bears, deers, and foxes; and after picking up some whales' fins and deer's horns, they returned to the ship. The sea was calm as they came back, and they saw two or three herds of morses swimming near the ship. Hudson now sent seven other men ashore to the place where he thought the morses might come in; but they failed in taking one of them. These men found a cross standing on the shore, quantities of drift-wood, and signs of fires that had been recently kindled there. Gathering some moss, and such flowers as grew in that cold latitude, and taking two pieces of the cross, they also returned to the ship.

On the 29th, they again saw large numbers of morses in the water; and in the hope of following them, and finding where they would land, they hoisted sail, and got out the boat to tow the ship along. The chase proved fruitless: but it brought them to the mouth of a broad river or sound, where they anchored near a small island. The ice was running rapidly down the stream, and they were forced to weigh anchor twice in the night, and stand out to free themselves from danger. In the morning he again came to his

old anchorage near the island. On a small rock near by, he saw forty or fifty morses lying asleep. He sent all his crew after them, except his son John; but they succeeded in killing only one of them, the rest plunging rapidly in the water. Before they came aboard, however, they landed on the island, where they killed some fowls and found some eggs.

The thought now struck Hudson, that instead of trying his passage by the *Vaygatz Straits*, he would attempt to make his way through this broad stream before him. He hoped that in this way he might reach the east side of Nova Zembla. Then, too, the morses invited him, for he hoped by taking them to pay the expenses of the voyage. "Being here," (he says,) "and hoping, by the plenty of morses we saw here, to defray the charge of our voyage; and also that this sound might, for some reasons, be a better passage to the east of Nova Zembla than the *Vaygatz*, if it held, according to my hope, conceived by the likeness it gave: for whereas we had a flood come from the northward, yet this sound or river did run so strong, that ice with the stream of this river was carried away, or anything else against the flood: so that both in flood and ebb, the stream doth hold a strong course:

and it floweth from the north three hours and ebbeth nine.”

He now sent the mate, with several of the men, to explore the mouth of this river. The next day they came back, having their boat laden with drift-wood, and bringing with them a large deer's horn, a lock of white hair, and great quantities of fowl. They had a very good story to tell. They had seen a herd of ten white deer, much drift-wood lying on the shore, many good bays, and one fine river on the north shore, which looked like a good place for morses—though they saw none there. They saw signs that the morses had been in the bay. As for the particular river which they were to explore, they had found it two or three leagues broad, and no ground at twenty fathoms—the water was of the color of the sea, very salt, and the stream set strongly out of it.

This report was so encouraging that Hudson soon hoisted sail, and steered up the river. In a little time he passed a reef, where he found only five or six fathoms' depth, and was then in thirty-four fathoms water. He continued his course for nine leagues, still finding the water deep, until the wind coming out ahead, and the stream running too strongly against him, he was forced to

cast anchor. He now rigged up the boat with a sail, and furnishing Juet the mate, and five of the crew, with provisions and weapons, sent them up the river to take soundings. They were to continue their course, provided the water continued deep, until they found the stream bending to the east or southward. The ship was to follow them as soon as a favorable wind offered. About the middle of the next day the men returned very tired, bringing a very unfavorable report. They had been up the river six or seven leagues, sounding it all the way, until at last they found only four feet of water. They knew that the ship could not pass this point: so they did not explore farther, but after landing, gathering some flowers, and seeing great numbers of deer, they returned to the ship.

All that remained for him now was to return. Setting sail, therefore, he passed down the river much disappointed, or, as he himself says in the Journal, "with sorrow that our labor was in vain; for, had this sound held as it did make show of, for breadth, depth, safeness of harbor, and good anchor-ground, it might have yielded an excellent passage to a more easterly sea." It was here, too, that he seems to have been particularly pleased with the appearance of Nova

Zembla, under its arctic midsummer ; for he says, "it was to a man's eye a pleasant land ; much main high land, with no snow on it, looking in some places green, and deer feeding thereon." In the evening he sent five of his men ashore, hoping again that they might find morses ; but they found none, though they saw many good landing places for them. They discovered signs of a fire that had been made on shore, and returned, bringing with them a hundred fowls, called " Wellocks."

It was now the 6th of July, and Hudson knew it was too late to attempt his passage by the *Vaygatz*. He therefore shaped his course westward, hoping to visit by the way *Willoughby's Land*,\* that he might see if it was correctly laid down in his chart. Still intent upon defraying, if possible, the expenses of his voyage, he thought if he should find this land he would discover there abundance of morses, driven down by the ice from Nova Zembla. But, unfortunately, he did not come in sight of that land. He was yet in the region of the ice, and discovered, as in the last voyage, that in the green sea he was most free from it, while in the blue sea he was almost

\* Some have supposed that *Willoughby's Land* is the same as Spitzbergen, but this is a mistake.

sure to be troubled with it. Keeping his westerly course, in ten days he saw the promontory of *Wardhuys* off the coast of Lapland, and in a little time passed the *North Cape*. Being now off the coast of Norway, the nights had again become so dark that he was forced to use a candle in the binacle, which thing he had not before found necessary since the 19th of May.

Hudson's heart still leaned toward the experiment of sailing north of Greenland, and he would willingly have moved in that direction, but the season was now too far advanced ; and he thought it his duty "to save victuall, wages, and tackle, and not by foolish rashness, the time being wasted, to lay more charge upon the action than necessity should compel." He kept his course, therefore, for England, and arrived at Gravesend on the 26th of August, having been absent, this time, four months and four days.\*

\* The Journal of this voyage, made in 1608, written by Henry Hudson himself, will also be found in "*Purchas his Pilgrims.*"

### CHAPTER III.

*Henry Hudson's employers disappointed—He now passes over to Holland, and seeks employment from the Dutch East India Company—Leaves Amsterdam on his third voyage, in the ship Half Moon, in the spring of 1609—Fails in making his passage through the Vaygatz—Sails westward, reaches the coast of America—Enters Penobscot Bay—His intercourse with the Indians—Passes Cape Cod, and sails south beyond Chesapeake Bay—Turns north again.—Discovers Delaware Bay; and, passing on, drops anchor within Sandy Hook—After a week spent in exploring below, passes the Narrows and anchors in New York Bay.*

UPON Hudson's return, the company that had employed him were greatly disappointed, and unwilling at present to make any farther effort. But Hudson's heart was still bent upon the great purpose for which he had been laboring. Unwilling therefore to wait, he passed over to Holland to offer his services to the Dutch East India

Company. His fame had gone there before him, they all knew him as "the bold Englishman, the expert pilot, and the famous navigator." There was one man of this company, Balthazor Moucheron, who had made large and unsuccessful adventures in Arctic voyages, and was therefore opposed to another effort, even under Henry Hudson. But the company, without overcoming his objections, still met the views of Hudson; accordingly the small ship (or as some say the yacht) *Half Moon* was soon equipped, and the command intrusted to him. With a crew consisting of twenty Englishmen and Dutchmen, or, as some say, only sixteen,\* among whom was Robert Juet, who had served as mate in his last voyage, he was now ready to brave again the ice and storms of the Arctic seas.

His object was now to try his passage once more by the north side of Nova Zembla, or on the south through the *Vaygatz Straits*. He departed from Amsterdam on the 25th of March, and on the 27th, left the Texel. In little more than a month he doubled the North Cape, and pressing on, was ere long upon the coast of Nova Zembla. Head winds, ice, and fog here met him again, and after more than a fortnight's

\* Lambrechtsen says, 16 men, Englishmen and Hollanders.



struggle against them, he gave up the hope of reaching India by the *Vaygatz*, or indeed by any north-eastern route. In this time of disappointment, he was not discouraged, but seems to have had many plans. He had heard of America and the vast discoveries made there; and he thought, by sailing westerly, that he too might make some discovery which would repay his employers for his failure. Moreover, he had with him some maps which had been given to him by his old friend, Captain John Smith, on which a strait was marked south of Virginia, offering a passage to the Pacific Ocean or great South Sea, as it was then called—and by this passage he might hope to reach the East Indies. Then too, he thought of his former plan; a passage by the north-west, through Davis's Straits. He now proposed to his crew, either to seek a passage south through the strait laid down by Smith, or to sail for the north-west. Many of his men had been trained in the East India service, were accustomed to sailing in warm tropical climates, and chose therefore, to sail south rather than meet the severities of the northern seas. Now then, he steered his course westerly, soon doubled the North Cape again, and by the last of May, reached one of the Faroe Islands.

He remained here twenty-four hours, and had his casks filled with fresh water. They then hoisted sail and steered south-west, hoping to reach *Buss Island*, which had been discovered in 1578, by Martin Frolisher. The island was incorrectly laid down in his chart, and he did not find it. He next shaped his course for *Newfoundland*. For more than three weeks he now encountered storms and constant gales of wind, until at last his foremast was carried away. He rigged up what sailors call a jury-mast, but the gales continuing, his foresail was split. Notwithstanding the tempests, he managed to run down as far as the forty-fifth degree of latitude. Here he met a heavy gale from the south-east, but still kept on his course. Three days after this he saw a sail standing to the east, and hoping "to speak her," he turned from his course and gave chase; but finding, as night came on, that he could not overtake her, he again turned westerly. Early in July, he found himself off the coast of *Newfoundland*, and saw a great fleet of Frenchmen fishing on the banks. Finding himself here becalmed several days, he sent his crew to the banks to try their luck at fishing. In this they proved very successful—taking in one day one hundred and thirty cod-

fish. The wind again springing up, they sailed westerly. On the 9th, they spoke a Frenchman who lay fishing at Sable Island bank. They soon cleared the banks, passed the shore of Nova Scotia, and on the morning of the 12th, saw the coast of North America before them. The fog was now so thick that for several days they were afraid to approach the land; but on the morning of the 18th, the weather cleared up, and they ran into a "good harbor" at the mouth of a large river, in the latitude of forty-four degrees. This was Penobscot Bay, on the coast of Maine.\*

Hudson had already seen some of the inhabitants of this new country; for on the morning of the 19th, while they were standing off, unable to enter the harbor, two boats came off to him, with six of the natives of the country, who "seemed very glad at his coming." He gave them some trifling presents, and they ate and drank with him. They told him that there were gold, silver, and copper mines near by, and that the French people were in the habit of trading with them. One of them he found could speak a little French.

\* Rev. Dr. Miller, in his lecture delivered before the New York Historical Society, in 1809, thinks the place of their arrival was at or near *Portland*, in the State of Maine.

He now made his observation of the harbor. He describes it as lying north and south a mile; he could see the river a great way up, and found that he was in four fathoms of water. The first thing to be done, was to rig up a new foremast, and mend the sails. Some went to work at the sails, and others went ashore to cut the mast. They needed a fresh supply of water also, and some went in search of that, while others amused themselves in catching lobsters. In the mean time, the people of the country came aboard in great numbers. They were very friendly, and seem not to have been at all afraid of Hudson's men, while the men were afraid of them, all the time saying "they could not be trusted." Two French shallops came to the ship, filled with Indians bringing beaver-skins and fine furs, which they wished, like Indians, to trade for articles of dress, knives, hatchets, kettles, trinkets, beads, and other trifles.

Hudson's men could not overcome their foolish distrust of these Indians. They were so very suspicious, that every night they kept a strict watch from the ship, to see where their shallops were laid. At last, their mast being ready and their sails mended, the day before they started, they manned "the scute" with six men and four

muskets, took one of the shallops, and brought it on board. This was base enough; but they now proceeded to a more disgraceful action. They "manned their boat and 'scute' with twelve men and muskets, and two stone pieces or murderers, and drove the savages from their houses, and took the spoil of them." It seems that the poor natives had never done them the least harm; their only excuse for this cowardly meanness, being that they supposed they wished to do them harm—a supposition without any foundation, proceeding only from their own idle fears. It is to the disgrace of Hudson, that this thing was permitted; and the only excuse that can be offered for him is, that he probably had under his command a wild and ungovernable set of men. It is said that they had many quarrels with the natives, and perhaps, in the exasperation of their feelings, Hudson found it impossible to control them. Even this, however, is a poor excuse for him; for he was a man in the habit of ruling his men rather than being ruled by them. It is to be hoped that he did not willingly allow this cruelty to proceed.

On the next morning (July 26) he set sail, steering southward along the coast of America. In a little time he came within sight of Cape

Cod. Anxious to double this headland, and afraid to approach a coast of which he was ignorant, he sent five men in the boat to sound along shore. They found the water "five fathoms deep within bow-shot of the shore;" went on the land and discovered "goodly grapes and rose-trees," which they brought on board the ship. He now moved toward the shore, and anchored near the north end of the headland. Here he heard the voices of men calling to him from the shore; and, thinking they might be the cries of some poor sailors who had been left there, he immediately sent a part of the crew in the boat to the land. Upon landing, they found that the voices were those of the Indians, who were greatly rejoiced to see them. They returned, bringing one of these Indians aboard with them. After giving him something to eat, and making him a present of a few glass buttons, Hudson sent him ashore again in the boat. When he reached the land, he gave every sign of joy, dancing, and leaping, and throwing up his hands. These Indians were great smokers: they had abundance of green tobacco and pipes, "the bowls of which were made of earth, and the stems of red copper."

After striving to pass west of this headland, and move into the bay, which the wind prevent-

ed—he steered south-east, and the next day fell in with the southern point of Cape Cod. He knew this to be the headland which Bartholomew Gosnold had discovered in the year 1602, seven years before. He passed Nantucket and Martha's Vineyard, and kept his course still south, until the 18th of August, when he found himself at the entrance of Chesapeake Bay. Here he was near the mouth of “the King's River\* in Virginia,” upon which many of his countrymen were settled; and among these countrymen was his early friend Captain John Smith.

Two years before this, the first English settlement had been made in America. In the year 1607, two ships and a bark under the command of Christopher Newport, bringing one hundred and five persons, had passed up the James River. Among these men were John Smith, Gosnold, Wingfield, and Ratcliffe, the leaders of the new enterprise; and after hard sufferings and some hair-breadth escapes, they had succeeded in settling a colony at Jamestown. It would have been delightful to Hudson to have passed up that river, and seen his countrymen, and particularly an old friend in the wild forests of America.

\* The James River, named in honor of King James, is here alluded to.

He would have heard from that friend many a story of matchless adventure, how he had lived through the treachery of the Indian King *Powhatan*, and been saved by the noble friendship of the Princess *Pocahontas*. But the wind was blowing a gale; and besides this, he felt himself bound to serve the main purpose of his employers, and consequently passed on.

He proceeded south still, until he reached the thirty-fifth degree of latitude, and then changed his course to the north. We are not told in the Journal of this voyage, what induced Hudson to change his course, but we can readily understand the cause. He had gone far enough south to learn that his friend Smith was mistaken about his passage into the South Pacific Ocean; and his desire was now to waste no more time in this fruitless search, but to make some discovery which might prove profitable to his employers.

Retracing his course, he found himself occasionally in shallow water as he passed the shores of Maryland, and on the 28th, discovered the great bay, since known as *Delaware Bay*. He examined here the soundings, currents, and the appearance of the land, but did not go ashore. For nearly a week he now coasted northward, "passing along a low marshy coast, skirted with



broken islands," when on the 2d of September, he spied the highlands of Neversink. The sight pleased him greatly, for he says, "it is a very good land to fall in with, and a pleasant land to see." On the morning of the 3d, the weather proved dark and misty, but Hudson, having passed Long Branch, sent his boat up to sound. The men returning with a favorable report, in the afternoon he brought the *Half Moon* within *Sandy Hook*, and cast anchor in five fathoms of water. The next morning, seeing that there was "good anchorage and a safe harbor," he passed farther up and anchored within Sandy Hook Bay, at the distance of two cable lengths from the shore.

Having marked great quantities of fish ("salmon, mullet, and rays") in the water, he now sent his men ashore with a net. It is said that they first landed on *Coney Island*, (now a part of Kings County in this State.) They found the soil to be mostly white sand, and on the island were plum-trees loaded with fruit, and embowered with grape-vines; while snipes and other birds were floating over the shore. The fishing too, proved good, for they took "ten mullets a foot and a half long apiece, and a ray as great as four men could haul into the ship"

While the ship lay at anchor, Indians from the Jersey shore came on board, and seemed greatly delighted to see their new visitors. They were dressed in deer-skins, well cured, which hung loosely over their shoulders, and had copper ornaments and pipes. They seemed to have an abundance of food, for their land yielded a fine harvest of maize, or Indian corn, from which they made good bread; but they had come, bringing green tobacco, which they wished to exchange for beads, knives, and other trinkets.

In the course of the night a gale sprang up, and the ship was driven ashore. Fortunately, she was not injured, "the bottom being soft sand and oozy," and when the flood tide returned in the morning, she was easily got off. The boat was now lowered, and the men were sent to sound the bay. The shores were lined with men, women, and children, attracted by curiosity, and the boat's men immediately went to the land, where they were treated with great kindness. It was the Jersey shore which they now reached, and the kindness of the natives was such, that they went unmolested far back into the woods of what is now known as Monmouth County. In this ramble, they were particularly pleased with the beautiful oaks of the country. The natives fol-

lowed them with their kindness, giving them presents of green tobacco and dried currants. They observed that some of these natives were dressed more richly than those seen before. These had ornaments of copper around the neck, and wore mantles made of fine furs or feathers. Notwithstanding all the kindness of these Indians, like the poor natives at Penobscot, they were still "suspected, though friendly."

Hudson, in making his observations, had discovered, as he thought, that the bay in which he lay, seemed to be the entrance to a large river, four leagues distant; and the boat having returned, he now sent five men in her to make soundings in that direction. What he saw was probably the strait between Long and Staten Islands, now known as the Narrows. They passed through the Narrows, sounding as they went, and discovered the hills between Staten Island and Bergen Neck. They found the land as they passed, covered with trees, grass, and flowers, the fragrance of which was delightful; and after going six miles into the bay of New York, turned back. On their return to the ship, when it was nearly dark, they were attacked by two canoes, containing twenty-six Indians. It was raining hard, and their match was extinguished,

so that they could only trust to their oars to make their escape. Unfortunately, one of the men (John Colman, who had been with Hudson in his first hard voyage) was killed by an arrow that struck him in the neck, and two others were slightly wounded. It was now very dark, and they lost their way, wandering to and fro all night, unable to find the ship. It is said that but for the darkness, they would all have been murdered, but this I can hardly believe. Notwithstanding this attack, I do not think the Indians had any wicked intentions toward these men; for it is strange, if they had, that they did not pursue them, and at least take the wounded men in the boat. It is probable, that in the darkness, the Indians were themselves surprised and frightened at meeting the boat; shot at her, and moved away as fast as possible. The next day the boat returned, bringing the dead body of Colman. Hudson ordered it to be taken ashore and buried at Sandy Hook, and in memory of the poor fellow who had met so sad a fate, called the place *Colman's Point*.

When the men returned from this sad duty, the boat was hoisted in, and they immediately commenced erecting bulwarks on the sides of the ship; and when night came on, they kept a

strict lookout, expecting an attack from the natives. But their preparations were idle. The natives seem not even to have thought of attacking them ; for the next day, some of them again came on board in the most friendly manner, bringing Indian corn and tobacco, to trade with the sailors. They did not even seem to know that any thing had happened.

The next day after, however, matters did look little serious, when two large canoes came off to the ship, the one filled with men armed with bows and arrows, the other under the pretence of trading with them. Hudson now would only allow two of them to come on board ; these he kept, and dressed them up in red coats. All the rest returned to the shore, when presently another canoe approached, bringing only two men. He thought now it was best to take every precaution ; so he took one of these men, intending, probably, to keep him with the others as hostages for the good behavior of their countrymen. He had scarcely taken this last one, however, when he jumped up, leaped overboard, and swam to the shore. Hudson now weighed anchor, and moved off into the channel of the Narrows for the night. In the morning, he went over " towards the east sand-bank, found it shallow, and

again anchored." The day after, (it being the 11th of September,) having spent a week in exploring south of the Narrows, he passed through them into the Bay of New York, and finding it "an excellent harbor for all winds," once more cast anchor. Here he remained until the next day: the people of the country (as he says) again coming to see him, "making great show of love, giving tobacco and Indian wheat, but we could not trust them."

## CHAPTER IV.

*The Indian tradition of the first landing of white men in the State of New York, as given by the Indians themselves, to the Rev. Mr. Heckewelder, a Moravian Missionary among the Indians of Pennsylvania.*

It was the 12th of September, and Hudson was ready to move up the great river which opened before him. Before we follow him in his course, however, there is an Indian tradition as regards "his first landing," which I wish to lay before you. Some say his first landing was upon Coney Island, others at Sandy Hook, others on the Jersey shore, while some declare it was on Manhattan Island, and others again say at Albany. It is impossible perhaps, to say where it was, and as far as the story is concerned it matters but little, for the tradition is the same, let the landing have been where it may.

This tradition is well authenticated, having

been originally given by the Indians themselves to the Rev. John Heckewelder, for many years a Moravian missionary to the Indians in Pennsylvania. It runs as follows:—

“A long time ago, when there was no such thing known to the Indians as people with a white skin, some Indians who had been out a fishing, and where the sea widens, espied at a great distance, something remarkably large, swimming or floating on the water, and such as they had never seen before. They immediately returning to the shore, told their countrymen of what they had seen, and pressed them to go out with them, and discern what it might be. These together hurried out, and saw to their great surprise the phenomenon, but could not agree what it might be, some concluding it to be an uncommonly large fish or other animal, while others were of opinion it must be some very large house. It was at length agreed among them, that as this phenomenon moved toward the land, whether it was an animal or not, it would be well to inform all the Indians of what they had seen, and put them on their guard. Accordingly they sent runners to carry the news to their scattered chiefs, that they might send off in every direction for the warriors to come in. These



now came in numbers, and seeing the strange appearance, and that it was actually moving forward, concluded that it was a large canoe or house, in which the *Great Manitto*\* himself was, and that he probably was coming to visit them. By this time the chiefs of the different tribes were assembled on York Island, and were counselling as to the manner in which they should receive the *Manitto* on his arrival. They now provided plenty of meat for a sacrifice; the women were required to prepare the best of victuals; their idols or images were examined and put in order; and a grand dance was supposed not only to be an agreeable entertainment for the *Manitto*, but might, with the addition of a sacrifice, contribute toward appeasing him in case he was angry. The conjurers were also set to work to determine what the meaning of this phenomenon was, and what the result would be. To these, and to the chiefs and wise men of the nation, men, women, and children were looking up for advice and protection. Being at a loss what to do, between hope and fear, and in confusion, a dance commenced. In the mean time, fresh runners arrived, declaring it to be a

\* Their name for the Supreme Being.

great house of various colors that was coming, and filled with living creatures. It now appeared certain that it was their *Manitto* coming, bringing probably some new kind of game. But other runners now came in, declaring that it was a house of various colors and filled with people, but that the people were of a different color from themselves ; that they were also dressed in a different manner from them, and that one in particular appeared altogether red. This they thought must be the *Manitto* himself. They were now lost in admiration. Presently they were hailed from the vessel, but in a language they could not understand, and were able to answer only by a yell. Many were now for running into the woods, while others pressed them to stay, in order not to offend their visitors, who could find them out and might easily destroy them. The house (or large canoe) stopped, and a smaller canoe now came ashore, bringing the red man and some others in it. Some stayed by this canoe to guard it. The chiefs and wise men formed a circle, into which the red clothed man and two others approached. He saluted them with a friendly countenance, and they returned the salute after their manner. They were amazed at the color of their skin and their dress, particu-

larly at the red man, whose clothes glittered\* with something they could not account for. He must be the great *Manitto*, they thought, but then why should he have a white skin? A large elegant *Hockhack*† was brought forward by one of the *Manitto's* servants, and something poured from it into a small cup or glass, and handed to the *Manitto*. He drank it, had the cup refilled, and had it handed to the chief next to him for him to drink. The chief took it, smelt it, and passed it to the next, who did the same. The cup passed in this way round the circle, untasted, and was about to be returned to the red clothed man, when one of their number, a spirited man and a great warrior, jumped up, and harangued the multitude on the impropriety of returning the cup unemptied. 'It was handed to them,' he said, 'by the *Manitto* to drink out of as he had done; that to follow his example would please him, but to return what he had given them might provoke him and cause him to destroy them. And that since he believed it to be for the good of the nation that the contents offered them should be drunk, if no one else was willing to drink, he would try it, let the conse-

\* This was probably the lace and buttons.

† Meaning gourd, or bottle.

quence be what it would, for it was better for one man to die, than that a whole nation should be destroyed. He then took the glass, smelt it, addressed them again, and bidding them all farewell, drank it. All eyes were now fixed upon him, to see what effect this would have upon him. He soon began to stagger, and the women cried, supposing that he had fits. Presently he rolled on the ground, and they all began to bemoan him, supposing him to be dying. Then he fell asleep, and they thought now that he was dead, but presently they saw that he was still breathing. In a little time he awoke, jumped up, and declared that he never felt himself before so happy, as after he had drunk the cup. He asked for more, which was given to him, and the whole assembly soon joined him, and all became intoxicated.'

“ While the intoxication lasted, the white men kept themselves in their vessel, and when it was over, the man with the red clothes again returned to them, bringing them presents of beads, axes, hoes, and stockings. They soon now became familiar, and talked by making signs. The whites made them understand that they should now return home, but the next year they should visit them again with presents, and stay with

them a while. But as they could not live without eating, they should then want a little land to sow seeds, in order to raise herbs to put into their broth. Accordingly a vessel arrived the next season,\* when they were much rejoiced to see each other—but the white men laughed at them when they saw the axes and hoes hanging to their breasts as ornaments, and the stockings used for tobacco pouches. The whites now put handles or helves in the former, and cut down trees and dug the ground before their eyes, and showed them the use of the stockings. Then all the Indians laughed, to think that they had been ignorant of the use of these things so long, and had carried these heavy articles hung around their necks. They took every white man they saw for a *Manitto*, yet inferior to the *Supreme Manitto*; to wit, to the one who wore the shining red clothes. They now became more familiar, and the whites now reminded them that they wanted some land; and asked if they might have as much land as the hide of a bullock spread before them would cover (or encompass.) Their request was readily granted. The white men

\* It will be remembered that another ship was sent out by the Dutch the next year, after the discovery of Henry Hudson.

then took a knife, and beginning at one place on the hide, cut it up into a rope not thicker than the finger of a little child, so that by the time this hide was cut up, there was a great heap. They then took the rope and drew it gently along (to keep it from breaking) in a circular form, and took in a large piece of ground. The Indians were surprised at the superior wit of the whites, but did not wish to contend with them about a little land, as they had enough. They lived contentedly together for a long time: the whites from time to time asking for more land, which was readily granted to them. And thus they gradually went higher and higher up the *Mahicannituck River*,\* until they began to believe they would soon want all their country, which proved at last to be the case.”†

This tradition is remarkably confirmed by a Dutch historian,‡ who wrote his history only forty-three years after the discovery of Henry Hudson. He says, “that the Indians or natives

\* One of the Indian names for the Hudson.

† This tradition will be found in Yates and Moulton's *History of New York*—in the first volume of *Hist. and Lit. Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*—and again in the *New York Historical Collection*, vol. i., New Series.

‡ Adrian Van der Donck, in his description of the *New Netherlands*.

of the land, many of whom are still living, and with whom I have conversed, declare freely that before the arrival of the Lowland ship, the Half Moon, in the year 1609, they, the natives, did not know that there were any other people in the world, than those who were like themselves, much less, any people who differed so much in appearance from them as we did. When some of them first saw our ship approaching at a distance, they did not know what to think about her, but stood in deep and solemn amazement, wondering whether it were a ghost or apparition, coming down from heaven, or from hell. Others of them supposed her to be a strange fish or sea monster. When they discovered men on board, they supposed them to be more like devils than human beings. Thus they differed about the ship and men. A strange report was spread about the country concerning the ship and visit, which created great astonishment and surprise among the Indians.”

There is another story told to the same purpose in a history of these times written only forty-one years after Hudson's discovery. “In 1609, (as the story reads,) the privileged East India Company, by the ship the Half Moon, the Captain whereof was Henrick Hutson, discover-

ed first the country which our people call New Netherlands: insomuch that even now inhabitants of the country remember it, and witness, that when the Dutch ships came hither first and were seen by them, they did not know whether they came from heaven or were devils. Others thought them to be sea monsters or fishes.\* They knew before nothing of other sort of men: a strange tale thereof run through their country now.”†

It is said that the tribe of Delaware Indians, even to this day, call New York *Mannahattinink*, meaning thereby, the *Island or place of general intoxication*.‡

\* It is remarked by Yates and Moulton in their history, that the same fright seized the minds of the Indians bordering on Detroit river, at the time the Lake Erie steamboat “Walk-in-the-Water” made her first appearance in that river, advancing against wind and tide, and sending forth volumes of flame and smoke.

† MS. in the New York Historical Society, cited in Yates and Moulton’s History of New York, Part I. page 257.

‡ “The Mahicanni or Mohicans call it by the same name as the Delawares, but think the name was given in consequence of a kind of wood which grew there, of which the Indians used to make their bows and arrows.

“The name the Monseys have for New York is *Laaphawachking*, meaning *the place of stringing wampum beads*. They say this name was given in consequence of the distribution of beads among them by Europeans, and that after the *European vessel* returned, wherever one looked, the Indians were seen stringing the beads and wampum that the whites gave them.”—*Yates and Moulton*.



## CHAPTER V.

*Hudson explores the river since called by his name—Escape of the two Indians—Strange experiment of Hudson to learn the treachery of the natives—The Half Moon reaches as far as the present site of Albany—The boat ascends to Waterford—Hudson returns down the river—Battle with the natives at the head of Manhattan Island—Sails from the bay, and reaches England, after an absence of seven months from Europe.*

WE left Hudson in his little ship the Half Moon, resting quietly upon the waters of New York Bay, and we will now trace him in his course up the beautiful stream which since bears his name. What must have been the feelings of the great navigator as he looked upon the waters of that stream as they came rolling to the sea! It was certain that he had discovered a new and

unknown region which might in some degree repay his employers; and then, who could tell but that the river before him, coming far from the north, might prove the long desired passage to the gems and spices of the East Indies.

On the morning of the 12th, while he was still at his anchorage, twenty-eight canoes, filled with men, women, and children, came off to see him, bringing oysters and clams to trade for trifles. These Indians had "great tobacco pipes of yellow copper, and pots of earth to dress their meat in." Hudson's men seem, as usual, to have been suspicious of them, and though they traded with them, none of them were allowed to come on board.

About noon, with a heart full of hope, he weighed anchor, and moved into the river. The wind was not fair; so that he made only two leagues, and again anchored for the night. The place off which he lay is supposed to have been what is now Manhattanville. The next day, the wind being ahead, he managed, by the help of the flood tide, to pass up only eleven miles higher. This brought him to what is now known as Yonkers, and again he cast anchor. In the course of this day, he was again visited by Indians,

bringing provisions, and they seemed very friendly ; but his crew suspected these also, and none of them came on board the ship.

The day following the weather was fair, and a fine breeze springing up from the south-east, he passed up through Tappan and Haverstraw bays, " the river" (as the journal says) " being a mile wide, and anchored at night about thirty-six miles higher, in a region where the land was very high and mountainous." He was now evidently in the neighborhood of " the Highlands," and his anchorage was probably near West Point.

Hudson and his men seem to have been struck with the wild and beautiful appearance of the country : and strange must have been his feelings, when in his little " yacht," moored beneath the Highlands, the shadows of night fell over him. He had braved the tempests of the north, and seen the monsters of the ocean, but all now was a new world around him. A wild and beautiful wilderness hung over him. Perhaps in the distance he might see the camp fires of straggling Indians : then he might hear the screechings of the owls, and the scream of panthers in the wilderness above him, or perhaps

be startled by the strange and tremendous roar of the "Naked Bear" of the Indians.\*

\* "*Yagesho*, or *Naked Bear*."—In a note to Yates and Moulton's History of New York, there is a singular Indian tradition of a remarkable animal that lived in the northern parts of New York about two centuries ago. The note cites the manuscript of Mr. Heckewelder for the truth of it. The story, as given in the note, is the following:—

"The *Yagesho* was an animal much superior to the largest bear, remarkably long bodied, broad down by its shoulders, but thin or narrow just at its hind legs, (or where the body terminated.) It had a large head and fearful look. Its legs were short and thick. Its paws (to the toes of which were nails or claws, nearly as long as an Indian's finger) spread very wide. It was almost bare of hair, except the head and on the hinder parts of its legs, in which places the hair was very long. For this reason the Indians gave it the name of '*Naked Bear*.'

"Several of these animals had been destroyed by the Indians, but the one of which the following account is given had escaped them, and for years had from time to time destroyed many Indians, particularly women and children, when they were out in the woods gathering nuts, digging roots, or at work in the field. Hunters, when overtaken by this animal, had no way of escaping, except when a river or lake was at hand, by plunging into the stream and swimming out or down the stream to a great distance. When this was the case, and the beast was not able to pursue farther, then he would set up such a roaring noise, that every Indian hearing it would tremble. The animal preyed on every beast it could lay hold of. It would catch and kill the largest bears and devour them. While bears were plenty, the Indians had not so much to dread from him, but when this was not the case, it would run about the woods, searching for the track or scent of hunters, and follow them up. The women were so afraid of going out

The next morning a mist hung over the river and mountains until sunrise, when it cleared up with a fair wind. Just as he was weighing anchor, a circumstance happened, which afterward gave him trouble. The two Indians whom he held as hostages made their escape through

to work, that the men assembled to consider on some plan for killing him. At or near a lake where the water flowed two ways, or has two different outlets, one on the northerly and the other on the southerly end, this beast had his residence, of which the Indians were well informed. A resolute party, well provided with bows, arrows, and spears, made toward the lake. On a high perpendicular rock they stationed themselves, climbing up this rock by means of Indian ladders, and then drawing these after them. After being well fixed, and having taken up a number of stones, they began to imitate the voices and cries of the various beasts of the wood, and even that of children, in order to decoy him thither. Having spent some days without success, a party took a stroll to some distance from the rock. Before they had reached the rock again, this beast had got the scent of them, and was in full pursuit of them, yet they reached the rock before he arrived. When he came to the rock he was in great anger, sprang against it with his mouth wide open, grinning and seizing the rock as if he would tear it to pieces. He had several times sprung nearly up. During all this time, numbers of arrows and stones were discharged at him, and at last he dropped down and expired. His head being cut off, it was carried in triumph to their village or settlement on the North River, and there set up on a pole for view: and the report spreading among the neighboring tribes, numbers came to view the same, and to exalt the victors for this warlike deed. The *Mahicanni* claim the honor of this act."

the port-holes of the ship and swam to the shore, and as soon as the ship was under way, they were seen standing on the shore making loud and angry cries, and looking at them "with scornful looks." They now moved up the river, "passing by the high mountains," until, having sailed fifty miles, they came at night in sight of "other mountains which lie from the river side." Here they found (as the journal says) "very loving people and very old men," who treated them very kindly. Having cast anchor here, (which was probably near what is now Catskill Landing,) Hudson sent the boat off, and the men caught large quantities of fine fish.

It was here, perhaps, that the pleasant interview happened (of which we read in an old history of the times\*) between Hudson and an old chief of the Indians. The story is, that he went on shore in one of their canoes with an old man, who was the chief of forty men and seventeen women. These he saw in a large circular house made of oak bark. In the house, he discovered a large quantity of maize or Indian corn, and beans of the last year's growth, and near the house, for the purpose of drying, there lay enough to load their ship, besides what was growing

\* De Laet's New World.

in the fields. Upon his entering the house, two mats were immediately spread out to sit upon, and food was brought forward in large red bowls made of wood. In the mean time, two men were despatched with bows and arrows in search of game. Soon after, they returned with a pair of pigeons; then they killed a fat dog, and skinned it in great haste for their guest, with shells which they had got out of the water. After the feast, they supposed that Hudson would remain all night with them. But upon his shewing signs of departure, the hospitable old man became very uneasy—and his people, supposing that the guest might be leaving because he was afraid of them, took all their arrows, and breaking them in pieces, cast them into the fire.

The quantities of fish taken the evening before, now induced Hudson (the next morning being warm and fair) to send some of the men out upon another fishing party. This time, however, they were not so successful; for the natives had been there all night in their canoes. In the mean time, the Indians flocked on board the ship, bringing Indian corn, pumpkins, and tobacco. The whole day was consumed in trading with these friendly people, and filling the water casks with fresh water. Towards night, he again set

sail, and passing some six miles higher up, found the water shoal and cast anchor. He was now probably near the spot where the city bearing his name has since grown up. The weather was warm, and Hudson determined to take advantage of the cool hours of the morning. At dawn, therefore, the next day he weighed anchor, and ran up the river "six leagues higher"—but finding shoals and small islands in the middle of the river, he once more stopped. As night came on, the vessel drifted near the shore and grounded; but they "layed out there small anchor and heaved her off again." In a little time, she was aground again in the channel; but when the flood-tide rose she floated off, and then they anchored for the night. This anchorage, it is thought, was somewhere near Castleton.

The next day was fair, and he "rode still" all day. In the afternoon, he went ashore with "an old savage, a governor of the country, who carried him to his house, and made him good cheer."\* With the flood tide, about noon on the following day, he ran up "two leagues above the shoals," and cast anchor again in eight fathoms of water. The natives now came on

\* Possibly it was here that the scene described by De Laet occurred.



board in crowds, bringing grapes, pumpkins, beaver and other skins, for which the sailors readily gave them beads, knives, and hatchets.

Here Hudson seems to have had some misgivings as to the depth of the river above him. He had now been seven or eight days in reaching this point, and his ship had been aground, and his soundings shallow, more than once in the last three days. The next day, therefore, (the morning of the 20th,) he sent the mate with four men in the boat to explore the river and take soundings. They were gone nearly the whole day, and returned with the report that "the channel was very narrow;" that two leagues above, they found only two fathoms' water, though in some places there was a better depth. The next morning they were about starting again, to explore the depth and breadth of the stream, (for the wind was fair, and Hudson was anxious to move up with the ship,) but were prevented by the great crowds of Indians that came flocking on board. They seem again to have been afraid of these men, and unwilling to leave the ship while they were there. Finding that he was not likely to make any progress on that day, Hudson sent the carpenter ashore to make a new foreyard for the ship, and determin-

ed with his men, in the mean time, to make an experiment with some of these Indians, that he might learn if they were treacherous.

This experiment was a strange one; it was neither more nor less than intoxicating some of the Indian chiefs, and thereby throwing them "off their guard." He therefore took several of them down into the cabin, and gave them plenty of wine and brandy, until they were all merry. The poor women looked innocently on, for we are told particularly of the wife of one of these merry chiefs, who "sate in the cabin as modestly as any of our countrywomen would do in a strange place." The men drank plentifully, and presently one of them became so drunk that he fell asleep. The rest were now frightened, supposing him to be poisoned, and immediately took to their canoes and pushed for the shore. They did not, however, forget the poor man on board; for some of them soon returned, bringing long strings of beads, which they hoped the whites would accept, and release their poor countryman.

The poor Indian slept soundly all night, and the next day, when his countrymen came to see him, they were rejoiced to find him well. They returned to the shore, and about three o'clock

came again, bringing beads and tobacco, which they gave to Hudson. One of them made a long oration, and shewed him all the country round about. Anxious still farther to shew him their gratitude, they now sent one of their number ashore, who presently returned with a large platter of venison, dressed in their own style, and placed it before Hudson, that he might eat with them. After this, they all "made him reverence" and departed.

In the morning before all this scene took place, Hudson had again started the mate with the four men to sound the river. At ten o'clock at night he came back in a hard shower of rain, bringing a bad report once more. He had ascended the river eight or nine leagues, and found only seven feet water and very irregular soundings.

Disappointed in not finding this the passage to the East, Hudson was cheered by the reflection that he had passed up this noble stream nearly one hundred and fifty miles, and discovered a beautiful and fertile region, for the future enterprise of his employers. He now prepared for his return.\*

\* How far did Hudson ascend the river? The Rev. Dr. Miller (in his lecture before the New York Historical Society in '809) thinks that the ship *Half Moon* reached a little above where the city of Hudson now stands, while the boat which

About mid-day on the 23d, he commenced retracing his way, and went down the river only six miles, the wind being ahead. On the 24th, he ran down twenty-four miles farther and anchored, (it is supposed between Athens and Hudson.) Here he was detained four days by head winds, but the time was spent pleasantly and profitably in surveying the country. Some of the men went on shore gathering chestnuts, and others strolled along the bank making their observations. They found "good ground for corn and other garden herbs, with good store of goodly oaks and walnut-trees and chestnut-trees, yew-trees and trees of sweet wood, in great abundance, and great store of slate for houses and other good stones." While they lay at this anchorage, they had a visit from one who considered himself at least an old friend. On the morning of the 26th, two canoes came up from the place where they met "the loving people," was sent to explore and take soundings, went as far as the site of the city of Albany. Other writers, however, disagree with him. After examining carefully the journal of this voyage, calculating the distances run, with other circumstances, and especially bearing in mind that the small yacht, the *Half Moon*, was probably not so large as many of the sloops now sailing on the North River, they seem fairly to conclude that the *Half Moon* went nearly as high as the spot where Albany now stands, while the boat passed up as far as Waterford.

(Catskill Landing,) and in one of them was the old chief who had been made drunk above, and given so much alarm to his countrymen. The friendship of this old man must have been strong, for he seems to have followed them even to the Catskill mountains. He brought now another old chief with him, who presented strings of beads to Hudson, and "showed him all the country thereabout, as though it were at his command." The old man's wife was along, with three other Indian women. Hudson was very kind to them, invited them all to dine with him, after dinner gave them presents, and they departed begging that he would visit them as he passed by, for the place where they lived was only two leagues off.

The wind being north on the morning of the 27th, they set sail and moved onward. As they passed the old man's home, (Catskill Landing,) he came off again, hoping they would cast anchor, and go ashore and eat with him. The wind was too fair and inviting for them to listen to his invitation, and he left them, "being very sorrowful for their departure." Toward night they reached the neighborhood of what is known as Red Hook Landing, and there had fine fishing. For the two next days his progress was very slow,

for on the morning of the 30th, we are told, his ship was anchored off "the northernmost of the mountains," meaning, I suppose, the head of the highlands. Here again, the natives came on board in a friendly manner. Detained for a day by head winds, he observed the country closely. The description of the land near them is very minute, and the town of Newburgh has arisen, perhaps, upon the very spot of which the journal speaks. "This" (says the journal) "is a very pleasant place to build a town on. The road is very near, and very good for all winds, save an east-north-east wind." Here, too, they were struck with the strange appearance of some of the mountains. "The mountains look as if some metal or mineral were in them. For the trees that grow on them were all blasted, and some of them barren, with few or no trees on them. The people brought a stone aboard like to emery, (a stone used by glaziers to cut glass;) it would cut iron or steele, yet being bruised small and water put to it, it made a color like black lead, glistening. It is also good for painters' colors." On the 1st of October, with a fair wind he sailed through the highlands, and reached as far as the neighborhood of Stony Point, when being becalmed he cast anchor.

No sooner had they anchored, than the natives were crowding aboard, astonished at, and admiring everything they saw. They came trading with skins, but these could not procure all that they desired. One poor fellow, therefore, was prompted to steal. He swept his canoe lightly under the stern, crawled up the rudder into the cabin window, and stole a pillow with some articles of clothing. The mate saw him as he moved off with his canoe, shot at him and killed him. The rest now fled in terror, some taking to their canoes, and some plunging into the stream. The ship's boat was manned at once, and sent to secure the stolen articles. These were easily obtained; but as the boat came back, one of the Indians who was swimming in the water took hold of her, endeavoring to overturn her. The cook now drew a sword, and with one blow cut off his hand. The poor creature sank to the bottom—never to rise again. They now returned to the ship, got under way immediately, and passing down six miles farther, anchored, near dark, off the mouth of Croton river, near the entrance into Tappan Sea.

The next day, with a fair wind, they sailed twenty-one miles, which must have brought them somewhere near the head of Manhattan

Island. Here they soon found themselves in trouble. The two Indians who had escaped from the ship on their way up, angry and indignant at their captivity, had roused a number of their countrymen along the shores of the river, and they were now assembled near this point to attack Hudson on his return. A canoe appeared, in which was one of those who had escaped, and many others armed with bows and arrows. Hudson suspected something from their appearance, and none of them were allowed to come on board. Presently, two canoes filled with armed men dropped under the stern, and the attack was commenced with their bows and arrows—six muskets were fired from the ship, and three Indians fell dead. The Indians on the land, marking what was done, were now exasperated the more: they moved down to the shore in a solid body, (“about one hundred of them,”) and made ready with their bows as the ship passed slowly on. A cannon was now fired from the ship upon them, and two more Indians fell. The rest fled for the woods, with the exception of nine or ten desperate men, who were resolved upon revenge. These jumped into a canoe, and advanced to meet the ship. The cannon was again discharged, the canoe “shot



through," and another man killed — at the same time the men fired again with their muskets and killed three or four men. Thus the fight ended with the loss of nine Indians. The ship now moved on her way, and at the distance of "two leagues" dropped anchor under the shores of what is now known as Hoboken. The next day was stormy; but the morning of the 4th dawned upon them with a fair wind. Hudson again weighed anchor, passed through the bay, and with all sails set, put out to sea once more.\*

It is said, that Hudson's crew had more than once been dissatisfied at the length of this voyage, and at one time even threatened an open mutiny. He thought it best, therefore, to learn of them now what they desired to do; whether to return to Holland, or steer north again. One man (the mate) was in favor of wintering in Newfoundland, and seeking a passage to the East by Davis' Straits. But Hudson, perceiving the mutinous spirit of the men, opposed this, giving as his reason, the privations and sorrows of a northern winter in a strange land. He kept his course, therefore, homeward, and on the 7th

\* The author has followed Hudson very minutely in his voyage on the River, because he supposed this part of his career had more than an ordinary interest for his young countrymen and especially those of the State of New York.

of November, after an absence of little more than seven months from Amsterdam, he arrived safely at Dartmouth in England. The crew, you will remember, was composed partly of English, partly of Dutch sailors; and when off the coast of England, the English (it is said) mutinied, and forced him to put into an English harbor.\*

The Dutch historians declare that Hudson was not allowed to go over to Holland, the English king being jealous of their bold maritime enterprises. Be this as it may, certain it is, that he remembered his duty to his employers. He sent them at once the journal and chart of his discoveries, pointing them with pride to what he called "*the Great River of the Mountains*,"† and the next year the Dutch were reaping the fruits of his arduous enterprise.

The journal of this voyage‡ would seem to cast two stains upon the fair character of Henry Hudson : first, that of cruelty toward the Indians,

\* Lambrechtsen.

† The Indian names for the river were *Cahohatatea*. *Mahackanegtue*, and sometimes *Shatemuck*. It was early called by the Dutch the North River, to distinguish it from the Delaware or South River.

‡ The journal of this voyage in 1609, written by Robert Juet, will be found in *Purchas his Pilgrims*.

and secondly, that of want of principle in causing the general intoxication on the river.

As regards the first, it should be borne in mind that Hudson had under his command a mutinous body of men, and he may have found it impossible to control their refractory and ungovernable tempers. He seems not even to have thought of revenging the death of poor Colman, at Sandy Hook : the mate was the man who shot the poor Indian for the comparatively small crime of stealing the pillow and clothing, and the death of the nine Indians killed at the head of Manhattan Island, may be said to have been caused in a war of self-defence.

In reference to the second, it can only be accounted for, by supposing that Hudson was, like his men, suspicious and alarmed, and therefore determined to learn the honesty or treachery of the Indians by any means whatsoever.

## CHAPTER VI.

*Hudson starts on his fourth voyage, having command of the ship Discovery, in the service once more of the London Company—His aim is to find a North-West Passage to India—Reaches Iceland, and witnesses an eruption of Mount Hecla—Disturbance among his crew—Steers westward, encountering great quantities of ice—Discovers and explores Hudson's Bay, and resolves to winter there.*

It is said that Hudson made new proposals for a farther voyage to the Dutch East India Company, and that these proposals were declined.\* His plan was to set sail (with a crew of twenty men) from Dartmouth, on the first of March, “spend the month of April and half of May in killing whales and other creatures near the Island of Panar : after that, sail to the north-west and stay there till the middle of September, and at last return to Holland by the north-east of Scotland.”

\* Forster's Northern Voyages.

Whether this story be true or false, certain it is that he was not long seeking employment. Another voyage had given him a greater name, and the story of his discoveries roused once more the spirit of the London Company. His old employers (who had sent him out in 1607 and '8) now called him again into their own service. They determined to make an effort for a north-west passage by examining the inlets of the American continent—and more especially Davis' Straits, through which it was supposed a channel might be found into the "Great South Sea." Early in the spring of 1610, therefore, the ship *Discovery*, of fifty-five tons, was equipped, manned with twenty-three men, and the command given to Henry Hudson.

One of these twenty-three was Robert Juet, who had sailed with Hudson before, another, his son John Hudson, and another, Henry Green, whose history I will briefly relate to you, as he is to act a conspicuous part in this voyage.

Henry Green was a young Englishman, born of respectable parents, and had respectable connexions—but by his extravagant and wicked habits he had forced them to cast him off, and was now almost a beggar. In this condition, Hudson fell in with him; and having pity for his

youth, and a desire to reclaim him from his worthless ways, he clothed and fed him, hoping to gain the young man's love and gratitude. The thought now struck him that he would take Green out on this voyage. His name was not entered as one of the crew: he was only the companion of the master. Yet to rouse his ambition and prompt him to that which was good, Hudson promised him wages: and to awaken his pride the more, encouraged him to hope that he should be made upon his return one of the "Prince's Guards." Through Hudson's persuasion, a friend went to the mother of Green, and asked for enough money to purchase some clothes for the voyage. Yet she knew the madness and profligacy of her son so well, that she hesitated long before she would advance even five pounds, and then it was bestowed on the express condition that it should not be given to the young man, but expended for him.

On the 17th of April, 1610, the Discovery dropped down the Thames. It seems that the London Company had insisted upon placing aboard an experienced seaman by the name of Coleburne to make this voyage with Hudson. Whether he supposed that this cast a reflection upon his own skill, or from some other cause, Hudson was displeased with it; and ere the ship

left the river, he put this man aboard another vessel bound up to London and sent him back. It is strange that we do not know his motives for this, since he sent by the man a letter to his employers containing the reasons for his conduct.

He now kept on his voyage. On the 6th of May, he passed the north of Scotland and the Orkneys, which he says he found to be "not so northerly as is commonly set down." On the 8th, he saw the Faroe Islands, and on the 11th was upon the eastern shores of Iceland. Coasting along its southern shore, he beheld in the distance Mount Hecla casting forth its flames of fire: and after struggling for more than a fortnight against head winds and icebergs, at length, on the 30th, made a harbor in the western part of the island. The natives of this island were poor and miserable, but they treated him very kindly. He found upon going ashore a hot spring, (Iceland abounds in these springs,) so hot that "it would scald a fowl"—yet we are told the men bathed in the water freely. Here Hudson began to discover that he unfortunately had about him some dissatisfied men. It was rumored that Juet the mate had been speaking lightly of the enterprise, discouraging the men, and trying to destroy their confidence in Hudson, calling up their fears by

telling them of the hazards of the voyage: that he had even urged two of the men "to keep their muskets charged and swords ready in their cabins, for there would be blood shed before the voyage ended," and had talked boldly about turning the head of the ship homeward. While the ship lay here at anchor, a circumstance occurred, which gave Juet the chance of making new mischief. The surgeon and Henry Green got into a quarrel, and Juet took part in it. The whole story is told by Habakkuk Pricket, one of the sailors and an eye-witness, in the following words: "At Iceland, the surgeon and he (Henry Green) fell out in Dutch, and he beat him ashore in English, which set all the company in a rage, so that we had much ado to get the surgeon aboard. I told the master of it, but he bade me let it alone: for, said he, the surgeon had a tongue that would wrong the best friend he had. But Robert Juet, the master's mate, would needs burn his finger in the embers, and told the carpenter a long tale when he was drunk, that our master had brought in Green to crack his credit that should displease him: which word was carried to the master's ears, who when he understood it, would have gone back to Iceland, when he was forty leagues from thence, to have sent home his mate Robert Juet



in a fisherman. But being otherwise persuaded, all was well. So Henry Green stood upright and very inward with the master, and was a serviceable man every way for manhood: but for religion he would say, he was clean paper whereon he might write what he would.”\*

On the 1st of June, Hudson sailed from Iceland. Deceived by a fog-bank, he fancied that he saw land in the west, but it was not till the 4th, that he beheld the coast of Greenland “rising very mountainous, and full of round hills like to sugar loaves covered with snow.” The ice lay so thick along the shore, that Hudson did not attempt to make a landing, but stood immediately for the south of Greenland. In his voyage now he met great numbers of whales. Some came close alongside, and one passed directly under the ship, but fortunately no harm was done, for which they were very thankful. Doubling the southern point of Greenland, he passed in sight of Desolation Island, near which he saw a “great island or mountain of ice,” and kept his course north-west, for the American continent. As he passed on, across Davis’ Straits, he continually met these floating ice mountains, al-

\* It seems from this, that when Hudson left Iceland he was ignorant of the extent of Juet’s insolence.

ways endangering and sometimes obstructing his progress. One of these overturned once near the ship, and taught him to keep farther from them: but while struggling to avoid one, he would meet another, and the farther he went they seemed to him to grow more "numerous and terrifying." Still, by perseverance and skill, he managed to reach a bay, (supposed to be near the great strait which now bears his name,) when a storm overtook him. The ice was now driving so rapidly against the ship, that Hudson was forced as his only chance for escape, to run her into the thickest of it, and there leave her. Some of the men were now dismayed and sick, or, as the journal says, "some of our men fell sick: I will not say it was of fear, although I saw small sign of other grief." When the storm ceased they went to work to extricate themselves. It was a sad prospect, for as far as the eye could see, the waters were covered with the huge masses of floating ice. They stood now for one clear sea, and then for another, but were still hemmed in by the ice in every direction. After trying to make their way through north, north-west, west, and south-west, they at last laid the ship's course to the south. Yet the more they labored, the worse their situation became, until at last they

could proceed no farther. Hudson's heart now sickened, for as he cast his eyes again and again upon the desolate scene, there seemed no possibility of escape. Yet his courage failed not, although he afterwards confessed to one of the men that he feared he should never escape, but was doomed to perish there in the ice. His crew, however, saw no sign of fear in him, for he carried a cheerful countenance, while they were dismayed and broken spirited.

He now brought out his chart, and calling all the men around him, shewed them that they had passed three hundred miles farther than any Englishman had been before, and gave them their choice, whether they would proceed or turn back. The men could come to no decision: some were for proceeding, some for returning. One man said that "if he had one hundred pounds, he would give four score and ten to be at home;"—while the carpenter, who had some courage, said "that if he had a hundred he would not give ten upon any such condition: but would think it to be as good money as any he ever had, and to bring it as well home by the leave of God." The great majority of them did not care where they went, provided they were only clear of the ice, and some spoke angry

words against the master. This was precisely what Hudson expected. He knew that he had a mutinous set of men, and that they themselves scarcely knew what they desired. Yet this was no time to resent their words and punish them. His object was to pacify them. He therefore reasoned with them, trying to allay their fears, rouse their hopes, and inspire them with courage, until at length, they all again set resolutely at work to bring the ship from the ice, and save themselves. After much labor they succeeded in turning her round. They now worked their way by little and little, until at length they found themselves in a clear sea, and kept on their course north-west.

There is no scene in the life of Hudson shewing greater firmness and presence of mind than this. With his little ship hemmed in by mountains of ice, and a murmuring and desperate crew on board, he might naturally have exhibited some symptoms of fear, both as to the dangers without, and the danger within the ship. There can be few situations more perilous, yet he is calm. His mind rises with the occasion. He brings around him these desperate sailors, calms their fears, and inspires them with new courage. Overcoming these, he now overcomes the storm without, and presses on his voyage.

On the 8th of July, he again saw the land bearing south-west, but it was all covered with snow, and he gave it the name of *Desire Provoked*. Having now entered the straits which bear his name, he kept his course west, and spent nearly the whole month of July in passing through them. This was a new world around him, and as he passed on, he gave names to the new bays, capes, and islands, which fell under his observation. The main land he called "*Magna Britannia*." To some rocky islands near which he anchored as a shelter from a storm, he gave the name of the "*Isles of God's Mercies*," and to a high point of land which he passed, the name of "*Hold with Hope*." To other places he gave the names of *Prince Henry's Cape*, *King James's Cape*, and *Queen Ann's Cape*. They were still occasionally in the neighborhood of ice, but the men seem now to have become familiar with this sort of danger, and even from time to time to have amused themselves by chasing bears that were seen upon the floating pieces. The last point of land which he seems to have marked upon this course, was a bold headland upon the northern shore, to which he gave the name of *Salisbury's Foreland*. From this point, he stood south-west, and

running about fourteen leagues, entered a strait about two leagues broad. In honor of two of the company that had employed him, he named the cape on the south side of the strait, *Cape Worsenholme*, and that on the north, *Cape Digges*. This strait, you will find, was but the passage way to the great bay, which now bears his name.

Full of hope, now that the long-sought passage to the East was clear before him, he sent a number of the men on shore at *Cape Digges*, that they might climb the hills, and see the great ocean beyond the straits. As the men wandered on the land, which was covered with grass, (among which was much sorrel and scurvy grass,) they saw herds of deer: at one time as many as sixteen in a herd, and abundance of fowls flying over their heads. Still pressing toward the hills, which seemed to grow farther as they advanced, they met with strange piles of stones. These they thought must be the work of some civilized people, but on coming near and lifting up one of the stones, they found the piles were hollow, and filled inside with fowls hung by the neck. A thunder storm now came on, and prevented their exploring farther. With some difficulty they reached the ship, for a fog

had risen upon the water, and Hudson found it necessary to fire two guns, that they might know where he was. They told of what supplies they had found, and when the storm was over, tried to persuade the master to remain here a day or two, while they went ashore again, and provisioned the ship. But Hudson would listen to no such request. He could suffer no delay, for he felt almost certain that his way was clear before him, and he burned to press onward. He weighed anchor immediately, and keeping the main land on the left, touched the rocks among *the Sleepers*, encountered a storm, and passing south-east, soon discovered two points of land before him. He now sent some of the men ashore again, to notice if they could see the ocean beyond. They returned, reporting that the sea was open to the south. Pressing immediately between these points he entered the sea, and continuing his course south, (stopping only once to take in ballast and water,) was ere long at the southern extremity of it. It proved to be only a part of the great inland sea (Hudson's Bay) upon which he was voyaging; and disappointed that he could proceed no farther in this direction, with a sad heart he prepared to retrace his course northward. Here he began to hear once

more, the murmurings of his mutinous crew. He had borne with their complaints patiently before, but now he would endure them no longer. Robert Juet the mate, and Francis Clement the boatswain, were suspected of making the trouble, and Juet, like most guilty men, endeavored to make a show of innocence by demanding that the charges against him should be investigated. A court of inquiry was therefore appointed to try him. It was proved that before they reached Iceland, Juet had tried to dishearten the men and shake their confidence in the commander: his insolence as regards the quarrel between Green and the surgeon, and his wicked advice to some of the men to keep their arms loaded by them, were also sworn to: and there were witnesses to shew that ever since the ship left *Cape Digges*, he had been endeavoring to plot mischief. Hudson decided, therefore, that he should no longer be the mate, and Robert Bylot was appointed in his place. The boatswain was found guilty of conduct almost as bad, and his place was given to William Wilson. Hudson seems to have felt sorry that he found these acts necessary, for he admonished both Juet and Clement kindly, and promised that if they would behave well for the future he would not



only forget past injuries, but be the means of doing them good.

It was now the 10th of September, and Hudson, moving north again, spent the whole of this and the next month in exploring the great bay, still longing for his eastern passage. From time to time tempests would strike the ship, and he would make a harbor where he could. During one storm they were forced to cut their cable, and thereby lost their anchor. At another time the ship ran upon rocks, and stuck fast for twelve hours, but fortunately got off without much injury. At length, the end of October was at hand; "the nights long and cold, the land covered with snow" wherever it was seen, and it was evident that the season for navigation was well nigh past. Hudson now ran the ship into a small bay, and sent Habakkuk Pricket, one of the sailors, and Philip Staffe, the carpenter, off in the boat, to search for a proper place where they might shelter themselves for the winter. In a little time they found what they thought a suitable position, the ship was brought there, and hauled aground. It was now the first day of November; and by the tenth they found themselves shut up for the season: hard freezing weather had set in, and the ship was completely fastened in the ice.

Some have found fault with this attempt of the commander to winter in this northern bay. It is said "that Hudson, on finding, instead of the India passage, that he was embayed, became distracted, and committed many errors, especially in resolving to winter in that desolate region."\* It is easy to find fault with a man, when we do not understand the difficulties of his position, and especially when he proves in the end unfortunate. He had enough to distract him: but we can hardly call him distracted, who bore himself again and again so firmly and calmly against his mutinous crew, and met so resolutely tempest after tempest in that great bay, which the journal speaks of as "a labyrinth without end."

\* Purchas.

## CHAPTER VII

*The dreary prospect of the winter—Disturbances among the crew—Unexpected supply of wild fowl and fish—Distress from hunger—Hudson sails from his winter quarters—Green, Juet, and Wilson stir the crew up to mutiny—Hudson is seized, bound, and thrown into the shallop, with others—the shallop set adrift—Fate of the mutineers—The ship arrives in England.*

A LONG and dreary winter was now set in. Two hardships were distinctly before them, the rigors of a northern winter, and a scanty supply of provisions; for the ship had been victualled only for six months. Their only hope, therefore, was to take care of what they had, to get what they could in the neighborhood, and have patience till the spring, when they might reach *Cape Digges*, and then probably obtain supplies.

Hudson prudently commenced at once putting the men on an allowance, and then, to encourage

them to industry in procuring other provisions, offered a reward to every man who should kill a "Beast, Fish, or Fowl." In about a fortnight, one of their number (John Williams, the gunner) died:\* and in addition to the sorrow of losing a companion, another difficulty attended this misfortune.

It seems it was customary, when a man died at sea, after his burial, to bring his clothes to the main-mast, and there sell them to the highest bidder among the sailors. The poor gunner had, among other garments, left an old gray cloth gown, which Henry Green desired, and begged the commander that he would favor him and allow him to have it. Upon his agreeing to pay as much as any other man would, Hudson imprudently promised it should be his. This dissatisfied the crew, for it evidently showed that Green was a favorite.

Finding his winter quarters not so comfortable as they might be, he now ordered the carpenter to go ashore and build a house, for the better accommodation of the crew. The carpenter refused to obey, saying, that the frost and

\* Hudson is said to have treated this man cruelly, but no word or action of his is brought forward to support this charge.

snow were such, that he could not do it, and moreover that it was no work of his, for he was only the *ship carpenter*. Hudson now became angry, and driving him out of the cabin, followed him with abusive words, and even threatened to hang him. The carpenter, still insolent, replied, "that he knew what belonged to his place better than Hudson, and that he was no *house carpenter*." The carpenter, though insolent, it would seem, was right enough in one particular : it was late to build the house now ; it should have been attended to when they were first frozen in, and he had then spoken to Hudson about it, but at that time he refused to have it done. In this quarrel, Henry Green sided with the carpenter, and this displeased Hudson the more. The difficulty being ended, the carpenter had time for reflection, and thinking that obedience was best, not only built the house, (which, however, proved of little advantage,) but was ever after one of the warmest friends that Hudson had in the ship.

The day after this, the carpenter went ashore with his gun, taking Green along with him. Green left contrary to orders, and the master was again displeased with him. He now took the cloth gown of the gunner that had been prom-

ised to Green, and gave it to Robert Bylot, the mate. Upon Green's return, he was angry, and reminded the master of his promise. Hudson upon this spoke harshly to Green, telling him "that all his friends would not trust him with twenty shillings, and therefore why should he? As for his wages he had none, nor should have, if he did not please him well." These words were never forgotten by Green, but sank deeply in his heart. He seems to have forgotten all former kindness in the remembrance of them.

As the season now advanced, they suffered severely from the cold: most of the men, from time to time, having their feet frozen, and being rendered thereby lame. But in the way of provisions, they fared for a while much better than they had even expected. For three months, they found abundance of white partridges around them, and killed of these more than one hundred dozen. Other birds too, were sometimes shot. These afforded supplies through "the extreme cold weather," and when spring came, they were visited by other fowl, such as swan, geese, and ducks. These, however, were taken with difficulty. Hudson hoped, when they first made their appearance, that they came to this region to breed, and might be taken easily, but he found

they went farther north for that purpose. Before the ice broke up, these too began to fail, and starvation now drove them to sad extremities. They went climbing over the hills, and wandering through the valleys, in search of anything that might satisfy hunger. They ate the moss on the ground, and every frog that could be found. It was a great comfort to them when Thomas Woodhouse, one of their company, discovered in his wanderings a tree bearing certain buds, full of "turpentine substance." They now, from time to time, would gather these, boil them, and make a palatable drink. These buds, too, answered another purpose. When steeped hot, and applied by the surgeon to their aching limbs, they gave great relief to the sick.\*

About the time that the ice began to break up, they were visited by a savage, (the only one they had seen through the winter,) and they were greatly cheered by his arrival. Hudson treated him with great kindness, made him a present of a knife, looking-glass, and some buttons, and the man made signs that he would return again. He was true to his promise this time, for he came back before a great while, drawing his sled, load-

\* This tree is supposed by Doctor Belknap to be the "*Populus Balsamifera*."

ed with deer and beaver-skins. He was received again very kindly, and when he strangely returned the presents he had received, Hudson immediately restored them to him again. He then traded with him for one of his deer-skins, and the savage, as he left them now, made "many signs of people to the north and to the south," and promised that after so many sleeps, he would come again. Whether (as has been said) Hudson's hard bargain for the deer-skin displeased him, or whether some other cause actuated him, certain it is that he came no more, and now all hopes of obtaining provision through him were at an end.

Fortunately, now the ice was so far broken up, that they were enabled to make up a fishing party, to try their skill with the net. On the first day they were very successful: they took five hundred fish. They now began to think their sorrows at an end, so far as food was concerned, but they were doomed to disappointment, for on no day after did they take "a quarter of that number." At this time, two of the men (Henry Green and William Wilson) were so dissatisfied, that they plotted to steal the boat, push off, and shift for themselves. But Hudson now called for the boat himself, and their plot proved idle



He had perceived the woods on fire at the south for some time, and fancied that if he could reach them, he might find some of the people and obtain provisions. Accordingly he made ready the boat, took in eight or nine days provisions, and leaving orders that the crew should take in wood, water, and ballast, and have everything in readiness by his return, he departed. His voyage too, proved profitless—ere long he came back disappointed and tired, for though he could come near enough to see the people setting the woods on fire, he could never reach them.\*

The men had obeyed his orders during his absence, and were now prepared to depart from their cold winter quarters. Before he weighed anchor, Hudson, with a sad heart, “distributed among the crew the remnant of provisions,”

\* Hudson is said to have acted foolishly in leaving the men, and not prosecuting the fishing. But this is evidently incorrect, for he took the boat when they were failing in this effort, and went off with the earnest desire of doing good to them all.

Purchas (in his pilgrimage) says, “at the opening of the year there came to the ship’s side abundance of fish of all sorts, that they might therewith have fraught themselves for their return, if Hudson had not too desperately pursued the voyage, neglecting this opportunity of storing themselves with fish, which he committed to the care of certain careless, dissolute villains, which in his absence conspired against him—in a few days the fish all forsook them.”

about a pound of bread to each man, "and knowing their wretched condition, and the uncertainty of what might befall them, he also gave to every man a bill of return, which might be showed at home, if it pleased God that they came home, and he wept when he gave it to them."

It was about the middle of June, when they hoisted sail. Unfortunately, in three or four days, they found themselves surrounded by ice, and were forced to cast anchor. Here it was discovered, that some of the men had already ravenously ate up all their bread; and now some cheese was found, and divided among them, "about three pounds and a half to each person." Some of the more prudent part of the crew remonstrated against this, saying, "that if all the cheese was given out, some of the men would devour their share at once, as they had their bread," and they, therefore, advised that a part should be kept back. But as some of the cheese was bad, Hudson determined to make an equal division of all at once, and thereby prevent, as he hoped, all complaints.

They were now detained at their anchorage amid the ice for nearly a week, and it was during this time that signs of open mutiny began to

appear among the crew. Hudson, it seems, said to one of the men, (Nicholas Simmes,) that there would be a breaking up of chests, and a search for bread, and told him if he had any to bring it to him. The man obeyed, and immediately brought forward a bag, containing thirty cakes. Others of the crew now became greatly exasperated, and at once commenced their plot for the destruction of their commander.

Green and Wilson now went at midnight to Pricket, who was lame in his berth, and opened the plan. This Pricket had been a servant of Sir Dudley Digges, (one of the company who had fitted out the ship,) and the mutineers hoped to secure him as a friend, that he might intercede for pardon in their behalf with his old master when they should reach England. These men complained to Pricket, that there was only fourteen days provision in the ship, that the master was irresolute, not knowing what to do, that they had eaten nothing for three days, and "therefore, were determined either to mend or end, and what they had begun they would go through with it, or die." Declaring that they believed their only hope was in taking command of the ship themselves, they expressed themselves fully resolved to do so at all hazards. Their

plan was, to take the master and all the sick, place them in the shallop, set it adrift, and then shift for themselves.

In vain did Pricket plead with them of the blackness of this intended crime. He reminded them also, of their wives, their children, and their country, from which they would cut themselves off for ever by the deed, but all to no purpose ; they were fully bent upon it. Green told him “to hold his peace, for he knew the worst, which was, to be hanged when he came home, and therefore, of the two, he would rather be hanged at home than starved abroad.” He then commenced cursing, and threatened to have Pricket put in the shallop with the rest. Finding his efforts useless, Pricket now begged that they would delay the crime, but here again he was unsuccessful, they declaring that, if they waited, the plot would be discovered, and sorrow would fall upon themselves. He begged for a delay of three days, of two days, of even twelve hours, but all without effect. He now upbraided them, telling them that it was not their own safety they sought, but blood, and that they were actuated by feelings of revenge. Upon this, Green seized a Bible before him, and swore “he would do harm to no man, and what he did

was for the good of the voyage. and nothing else." Wilson then took the same oath, afterwards Juet, Thomas, Perce, Moter, and Bennet came in and swore to the same purpose. The precise words of their oath were as follows: "*You shall swear truth to God, your Prince, and Country; you shall do nothing but to the glory of God, and the good of the action in hand, and harm to no man.*" Pricket seems to have brought them to this positive oath, as the only means left for restraining them. How heartless they proved, and how utterly they forgot the oath, we shall presently see.

Their plan was now arranged, to be executed at day-light, and in the mean time, the wretch Green hung around the master with pretended love. Besides Hudson and the sick, they had resolved to put into the shallop the carpenter and Henry King. They pretended to be dissatisfied with these, because of some injustice done about the provisions; but the true cause of their dislike of the carpenter was, that Hudson loved him, and after leaving their winter quarters, had made him the mate in place of Robert Bylot. Pricket, however, urged that they could not do without the carpenter, and they consented that he should remain. It hap-

pened that King and the carpenter slept upon deck that night, and at day-break, King was observed to go down "into the hold," as Bennet, the cook, was going down for water. Some of the mutineers now ran and closed down the hatches on him, while others held the carpenter in a talk, so that he did not notice what was going on. Hudson now came up from his cabin, and was immediately seized by Thomas and Bennet, who held him fast, while Wilson bound his arms behind him. "He asked them what they meant? they told him he should know when he was in the shallop." In the mean time, Juet went into the hold to attack King. Here there was a sharp conflict, for King had got a sword, and not only kept him at bay, but would have killed him, had not others who heard the noise ran down to Juet's assistance. Hudson now called to the carpenter, telling him that he was bound, but he could give him no help. Lodlo and Bute reproached their shipmates, telling them "their knavery would show itself." The boat was now hastily hauled alongside, and the sick and lame were called up from their berths, to get into the shallop. Hudson now called to Pricket to come to the hatch-way to speak with him. Pricket crawled up, and on

his knees "besought them, for the love of God, to remember themselves, and do as they would be done unto." Their only answer was, to order him back to his berth, and they would not allow him one word with the commander. He went back, Hudson still calling to him at "the horn which gave light into his cabin, and telling him that Juet would overthrow them all." "Nay," replied Pricket, "it is that villain, Henry Green."

Hudson, thus bound, was put into the shallop, and his son John thrown in alongside of him. Then came the sick and the lame, Arnold Lodlo, Sidrack Faner, Thomas Wydhouse, Adam Moore, Henry King, and Michael Bute. Two others were to have been put in—Francis Clements, and the cooper; but John Thomas was a friend to Clements, and Bennet to the cooper, and while Henry Green swore they should go, they swore they should not, and at last they were allowed to remain. The carpenter was now free, and they desired him to remain, but he declared that he would not desert his commander, or stay with such villains. He asked for his chest of tools, and they placed it in the shallop. Before leaving, he went below to talk with Pricket, who begged him to remain and use his influence to

have the others taken back. But the carpenter refused, saying, that they would all be in the ship again, for there was no one on board who knew enough to carry her home. He thought the boat would be kept in tow only for a time; but begged Pricket, if they should be parted, that if it was his lot first to reach Cape Digges, he would leave some token there, by which he might know it. Promising in return that he would do the same thing, if he had the good fortune to be first there, "with tears in their eyes," they parted. The carpenter, now taking a gun, some powder and shot, an iron pot, a small quantity of meal, and some other provisions, leaped into the shallop.\* The anchor was now weighed, the sails hoisted, and with a fair wind they stood eastward, dragging the shallop at the

\* "But see what sincerity can do in the most desperate trials. Philip Staffe, an Ipswich man, who, according to his name, had been a principal *staffe* and stay to the weaker and more unsettled courage of his companions in the whole action, lightning and enlightening their drooping, darkened spirits, with sparks from his own resolution; their best purveyor with his piece on shore, and both a skilful carpenter and lusty mariner on board, when he could by no persuasions, seasoned with tears, divert them from their devilish designs, notwithstanding they entreated him to stay with them, yet chose rather to commit himself to God's mercy in the forlorn shallop, than with such villains to accept of likelier hopes."—*Purchas his Pilgrims*.



stern. When they had nearly cleared the ice, they cut the rope, and the boat was adrift.

Now they hoisted their topsails, and stood away into a clear sea. In a little time they lowered their topsails, righted helm, and commenced the work of ransacking the ship. Chests and lockers were broken open, and every place was pillaged. In the cabin they found some biscuit and a but of beer; and a few pieces of pork, some meal, and a small quantity of peas were found in the hold. While they were busy at this work, some one cried out, that the shallop was in sight. Pricket now besought them to take their poor comrades on board again. But this they refused to do. Although they had now obtained all the provisions to themselves, and might at least have taken the boat in tow as far as Cape Digges, where Hudson and his companions might have found some relief, and perhaps once more reached Europe—they positively refused to aid them in any way. The truth is, these mutineers did not desire that they should live: so they again hoisted sail, and stood away from the boat “as from an enemy.”

A more outrageous and heartless crime than this, committed by the mutineers, can hardly be thought of. It was not only murder, but murder

under the very worst circumstances. Green, the ringleader in it, had been taken by Hudson, when he was a castaway from his own mother, and treated as his own son. He repaid the love of his benefactor, by this act of base ingratitude; and his conduct serves to show how early profligacy and sin will deaden the feelings of the heart, and steel it against all that is good. Juet, another conspirator, had sailed with the commander on former voyages, and shared all his glories and his perils. Wilson, another of the set, had been selected by Hudson as a good man, and appointed the boatswain. This was the man who, more than any other, refused to hearken to the entreaty of Pricket, that the men might be taken aboard — and these were the three principal men who had plotted this mischief.

To make the crime worse, with cold-blooded cruelty, they took the sick and the lame, and gave these suffering men to the rough winds and cold waters of the Northern Sea, with scarcely a morsel to subsist upon. It would have been mercy, indeed, to have killed them all at once, but their cruelty preferred leaving them to a long, lingering, and horrible death. And this horrible death, even the young son of Hudson was to

share, though his tender years might have pleaded in his behalf.

The mutineers now kept on their way under Henry Green, who was appointed their commander. Their aim was to reach Cape Digges, but it was more than a month before this was accomplished. Green was utterly ignorant and unfit to command; Robert Juet thought he was wiser, and offered his counsels: but the truth is, Robert Bylot was the most serviceable man among them, and but for him, they would probably have never reached the Capes at any time. During this month, the ship seems to have been tossed about at the mercy of the winds, and their lives were more than once endangered. At one time they were for a fortnight embayed with ice, which stretched for miles around them, and feared they should never escape. Thrice did the ship run upon rocks, and on one occasion remained so for hours, until the flood tide floated her off. Provisions, too, were scanty; but they were able to make landings sometimes, and catch a few fish, shoot a few fowl, and gather the cockle-grass which spread itself along the shores. Guilt will make a coward of any man, and so these men were all cowards: while they feared the perils which surrounded them, they also

feared even the success of reaching England. Cursing and swearing, they were continually declaring that England was "no safe place for them;" and Green swore that the ship should keep the sea until he had the king's hand and seal for his pardon.

At length, to their great comfort, they came in sight of the Capes, where they hoped for supplies. The boat was immediately sent ashore to obtain provisions. As it approached, it was met by seven canoes filled with the natives. The savages were at first alarmed, and drew back; but presently they became familiar, and hostages were exchanged between the parties. Afterwards they all went ashore, and met in the tents of the natives. There was great joy among them. The savages danced, leaped, stroked their breasts, and offered them many things, so that the men returned to the ship greatly pleased, thinking they had found a kind and hospitable people. Some few of the mutineers were suspicious of these savages; but most of them, with Henry Green at their head, had all confidence in their kindness.

Accordingly, the next day, Green ordered the boat to be made ready, and with Wilson, Thomas, Perse, Moter, and Pricket, started for

the shore : the boat was laden with such articles as they thought of trafficking, and Pricket, being lame, was to remain in the boat, and guard the articles while the others landed. Green foolishly went unarmed, though some of his companions advised him to the contrary. As they came near, they saw the savages upon the hills, dancing and leaping. The boat touched and was fastened ; and while Green, Wilson, and Thomas met the savages on the beach, who came down displaying their articles of traffic, Perse and Moter went up on the hills to pick sorrel ; Pricket, in the mean time, remained in the stern of the boat. While matters were going on thus, one of the savages stepped into the boat ; but Pricket, being suspicious, ordered him out. In the mean time, another stole behind Pricket, unobserved, and stabbed him twice before he could reach his own dagger and despatch him. Now there was a general conflict on shore. Green, Perse, Wilson, and Thomas came tumbling into the boat, badly wounded. Moter, seeing the fight from the hill, leaped from the rocks, plunged into the sea, and held fast to the stern ; Perse helped him in, seized a hatchet, laid one of the savages dead, and pushed off the boat. They were followed by clouds of arrows : Green was

instantly killed, and Perse and Pricket again wounded ; still, Perse with Moter rowed rapidly towards the ship, until Perse fainted, and Moter was left to manage the boat alone. Fortunately, the savages did not follow them with their boats. Moter now made signals to the ship, (for he could not reach her,) and she came to his relief. The body of Green was thrown into the sea ; Wilson and Thomas died the same day, cursing and raving in the most awful manner ; and Perse died two days afterward.

The wretched crew still needed supplies, and it was necessary, even at the peril of their lives, to obtain them. A party was therefore formed, who went along the shore and managed to kill a quantity of fowl ; and now they hoisted sail again, glad enough to depart from this inhospitable region. By the time they reached the inlet of Hudson's Straits, their provisions again ran so low that they were obliged to live on short allowances, and devour even the skins of the fowls. Now they pressed toward the Desolations, as well as they could. Robert Juet urged them to steer for Newfoundland, stating that there they would find relief from some of their countrymen, or, if they failed in that, would at least discover some supplies left behind by them.

Accordingly they altered their course ; but, fortunately for them, as it turned out, the wind changed, and they now determined to shape their course for Ireland. It is hardly possible to give any idea of the sufferings of these miserable men, as they were tossed about upon the ocean. Ignorant, discontented, and sad, they lived on, with their sorrows increasing from day to day. All their meat being gone, they were forced to take salt broth for dinner, and half a fowl for supper ; then, as provisions became more scanty, they took the bones of the fowls, fried them in tallow, and ate them gladly. Even the vinegar and candles were now divided among them — about a pound of candles to each man. Yet they were far from Ireland. Exhausted and weakened, they became unable to stand at the helm, but sat and steered the ship. Juet died in agony, of starvation, and the rest were now in despair : they had lost all hope of reaching Ireland ; they cared not which way the vessel went. The poor wretches “ would sit and see the foresail or mainsail fly up to the tops, the sheets being either flown or broken, and would not help it themselves, nor call to others for help.” At length it pleased God to bring them in sight of land. They raised a joyful cry, and now

strived to reach the coast. This they could not do, but now, by God's mercy, a still more joyful cry was heard — "A sail! a sail!" A fishing bark on the coast had marked their distress, came off to them, and took them safely into a harbor in Ireland. Their wants were now supplied, and through the kindness of the commander of the bark, and the sympathy of a stranger, they were enabled to reach Plymouth; thence they proceeded to Gravesend, and ere long were in London.

Great was the astonishment of Sir Thomas Smith (one of the company who had fitted out this ship) when these men appeared before him. He had not heard of the ship for nearly eighteen months, and supposed, of course, that she was lost. Great, too, was his sorrow and the sorrow of all England, when the sad story of their sufferings and sins was made known; for Hudson had ever reflected honor upon his country, and his countrymen loved him and grieved over him.

Such was their love, that the London Company was not satisfied till it had made an effort to save him. The next year, hoping that they might learn something of the fate of Hudson, and possibly relieve him, two ships (the *Disco-*



*very*, in which Hudson had last sailed, and the *Resolution*) were sent out, under the command of Captain Thomas Button. Pricket was taken along as a sort of guide; and as the flood tide near Cape Digges was represented by him as coming from the west, a faint hope was entertained that they might also find the Northwest passage.

The ships returned the next year, having failed in both objects. No tidings of Henry Hudson were ever more received. Whether he persevered until he reached Cape Digges, and was there murdered by the savages; whether he perished in the ice, or died by famine, or was swallowed by the waves, no man can tell. All that is known is, that Hudson and his companions were never more heard of.

Whatever was his fate, however, he has left behind him a bright and honorable name. His reputation is this; that with matchless fortitude he lived amid the perils of the seas, still giving names to strange and unknown regions. In England they mourned for him, for he was their countryman, and they felt his loss. Yet, though he was no native of our land, his discoveries make him *ours*. His daring adventures were performed in this New World where we dwell;

and therefore our country has not been unmindful of perpetuating his memory. She has seized his name as something which belongs to her ; written it upon one of her fairest streams ; and graven it for ever upon the palisades and the hills of the Hudson. His best monument is indeed in this western world ; for here it is, upon the continent of North America, that a bay, a strait, a city, and a river, all bear the name of Hudson.\*

\* The story of this last voyage is gathered from Hudson's own journal, the journal of Habakkuk Pricket, and a note discovered in the desk of Thomas Wydhouse, all of which may be seen in "Purchas his Pilgrims."

The names of the crew, as far as they can be gathered, were as follows: Henry Hudson, John Hudson, Robert Juet, Henry Green, Habakkuk Pricket, Robert Bylot, William Wilson, John Thomas, Bennet the cook, Andrew Moter, Michael Perse, Philip Staffe, Arnold Lodlo, Francis Clements, Michael Bute, Thomas Wydhouse, Sidrack Faner, Adrian Moore, John King, Nicholas Simmes John Williams, Matthews and the cooper,—23.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*Claim of John and Sebastian Cabot, as having seen what is now New York in 1497; together with the claim of John de Verrazzano, to having entered New York Harbor in 1524.*

WE have now followed Henry Hudson in his last adventure. The whole of his career is interesting, but the story of his third voyage particularly so to the citizens of the State of New York—as it sets him forth as the discoverer of this portion of the New World; the first European who trod upon our own soil. I am anxious, however, to do him no more than justice, and while I believe that he was thus the discoverer of what is now New York, it is right that I should tell you, that some have supposed that the land which we tread was possibly seen, and the harbor of New York probably entered, before the days of Henry Hudson. When I shall have told you by whom it is thought this was done, then I shall have fairly finished.

The names of John and Sebastian Cabot are, I dare say, well known to many of you. If not, you will remember now that they were experienced navigators—natives of Venice, who lived in England. In the year 1497, these men, under the patronage of King Henry the Seventh, sailed from England in search of a North-West passage to India. It is said, they passed along the coast of North America, from the 67th to the 26th degree of north latitude. In this run, they must have passed what is now known as the State of New York, and it is supposed that they must have seen the land. But if they did, certain it is, that they did nothing more than see it, and even this is uncertain. It is very remarkable, that these men seem not even to have noticed the coasts along which they passed. At least, upon their return to England, they had no satisfactory knowledge to give farther than this, that there was a western continent. Intent, probably, upon the main object of their voyage, (a passage to the East,) and not finding it, they lost sight of other things. But at best, it is only claimed that they saw the land; it is not pretended that they landed on any part of it.

A stronger claim is set up in behalf of a Florentine, John de Verrazzano, who was engaged in the service of Francis First, king of France. It

seems that Verrazzano had been trusted by his master, for some time, with the command of four ships, to cruise against the Spaniards. These ships being at one time overtaken by a storm and separated, Verrazzano resolved now to keep on his way alone, and undertake a voyage in search of new regions. The world was then filled with the stories of maritime adventures and new discoveries, and he seems to have thought an effort this way more pleasant, and perhaps more profitable, than chasing the Spaniards. It was on the 7th day of January, in the year 1524, that with these feelings, he set sail from the desolate rocks to the east of Madeira, (known by the English as "the Deserters,") and kept his course westerly. Nearly two months passed away, before he came near the American coast. He then reached it in the latitude of 34 degrees north, and was of course off the coast of North Carolina. He now sailed south until he came (it is said) to the region of *Palm-trees*.\* From this point he turned and sailed north, as far as about the latitude of 41 degrees north, where he

\* Rev. Dr. Miller, in his lecture before the New York Historical Society in 1809, thinks this must have been as far as the southern part of the State of Georgia, as the *Palm-tree* is not found north of that

entered a spacious harbor. Some suppose that this was the harbor of New York. They reach this conclusion, as they think, by noticing Verrazzano's description of the harbor which he entered, together with some other circumstances. His description is in the following words: "This land is situated in the parallel of *Rome*, in forty-one degrees and two terces; but somewhat more cold by accidental causes. The mouth of the haven lieth open to the south, half a league broad, and being entered within it, between the east and the north, it stretcheth twelve leagues, where it weareth broader and broader, and maketh a gulf about twenty leagues in compass, wherein are five small islands, very fruitful and pleasant, full of high and broad trees, among the which islands, any great navy may ride safe, without any fear of tempest or other danger."\*

This has been thought a tolerably fair description of New York harbor by some; while one celebrated historian† has concluded that it "*must be that of New York.*" Others again have fancied, that it agreed better with the harbor of

\* Verrazzano's letter to Francis Frst, in Hakluyt's Collection of Voyages. The letter will be given entire at the close of this volume.

† Dr. Belknap.

Newport, in Rhode Island. I believe, however, that by looking closely to the description, it will be found by most people, difficult to apply it to either of those harbors.\*

Verrazzano remained in this harbor about fifteen days. He with many of his men was frequently on shore, trading with the natives, and he describes both the country and natives fully. Here again, his descriptions of the persons, dress, and customs of the savages, are supposed to bring before us the same people that were seen nearly a century afterward by Hudson. It must be confessed that he had time for observation, and while his descriptions of the natives may be complete, it is well known that they will apply to the savages on other parts of the American continent, as well as to those found upon the soil of what is now the State of New York. All that can therefore be fairly claimed for Verrazzano is the possibility, perhaps probability, of his having been in New York harbor.

Verrazzano left this harbor (whatever harbor it was) on the fifth of May, and keeping a northeasterly course, was ere long as high as the 56th degree of north latitude—and probably some-

\* This is the opinion of Rev. Dr. Miller

where off the coast of Labrador From this point he sailed directly toward France, which he reached in the month of July. A few days after his arrival at the port of Dieppe, he wrote his letter to the French King, giving the story of his voyage. The story, it seems, caused no excitement at home, nor did it serve as a guide to any future navigator. Nearly a century passed away before we hear anything farther of this part of the American continent, and then we hear of it through the voyage and discovery of Henry Hudson. Ignorant of the discovery of this portion of the new world by any preceding navigator, he sailed from England, and has left among us the certain memorial of his adventures.\*

It may prove uninteresting to you now, but

\* It is stated by *Charlevoix*, that Verrazzano, a short time after his arrival in France, fitted out another expedition, with the design of establishing a colony in America; and that all that is known of this enterprise is, that having embarked, he was never seen more, and that it never has been ascertained what became of him.

It is stated, however, by *Ramusio*, that when Verrazzano landed, he and the people who went ashore with him were cut to pieces and devoured by the savages, in the sight of the rest of the crew, who had remained on board the ship, and were unable to help them. This last story is believed both by Dr. Forster and Dr. Belknap.



possibly interesting to older readers, and to yourselves hereafter—and I therefore give, in an appendix, the entire letter of John de Verrazzano to the King of France, that every one may judge fairly for himself, who was the discoverer of what is now the State of New York. The style and spelling of the letter are quaint and old fashioned, but I prefer publishing it precisely as it is written.



## APPENDIX.

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TO THE MOST CHRISTIAN KING OF FRANCE,  
FRANCIS THE FIRST.

THE RELATION OF JOHN DE VERRAZZANO, A FLOREN-  
TINE, OF THE LAND BY HIM DISCOVERED IN THE  
NAME OF HIS MAIESTIE. WRITTEN IN DIEPE, THE  
EIGHT OF JULY, 1524.\*

I WROTE not to your Maiesty, most Christian King, since the time we suffered the Tempest in the North partes, of the successe of the foure shippes, which your Maiestie sent forth to discover new lands by the Ocean, thinking your Maiestie had bene already duely enformed thereof. Now by these presents I will give your Maiestie to understand, how by the violence of the Windes we were forced with the two shippes, the Norman and the Dolphin, (in such euill case as they were,) to land in Britaine. Where after

\* Taken from Hakluyt's Voyages.

wee had repayred them in all poynts as was needefull. and armed them very well, we took our course along by the coast of Spaine, which your Maiestie shall understand by the profite that we receiued thereby. Afterwards with the Dolphin alone we determined to make discoverie of new Countries, to prosecute the Nauigation we had already begun, which I purpose at this present to recount unto your Maiestie, to make manifest the whole proceeding of the matter.

The 17 of January, the yeere 1524, by the Grace of God, we departed from the dishabited rocke by the isle of Madeira, appertaining to the King of Portugal, with 50 men, with victuals, weapons, and other ship-munition very well provided and furnished for eight months; and sailing Westward with a faire Easterly winde, in 25 dayes we ran 500 leagues, and the 20 of Februarie, we were ouertaken with as sharpe and terrible a tempest as euer any saylers suffered, whereof with the diuine helpe and mercifull assistance of Almighty God, and the goodnesse of our shippe, accompanied with the good happe of her fortunate name, we were deliuered, and with a prosperous winde followed our course West and by North. And in other 25 dayes we made aboue 400 leagues more, where we

discovered a new land, neuer before seene of any man either ancient or moderne, and at the first sight it seemed somewhat low, but being within a quarter of a league of it, we perceiued by the great fires that we saw by the sea-coast, that it was inhabited; and saw that the lande stretched to the southwards. In seeking some conuenient harborough, wherein to anchor and to have knowledge of the place, we sayled fiftie leagues in vaine, and seeing the lande to runne still to the southwards, we resolved to returne backe againe towards the north, where wee found our selves troubled with the like difficultie. At length, being in despaire to find any porte, wee cast anchor upon the coast and sent our boate to shore, where we saw great store of people which came to the seaside; and seeing us approach, they fled away, and sometimes would stand still and looke backe, beholding us with great admiration; but, afterwards, being animated and assured with signes that we made them, some of them came hard to the seaside, seeming to reioyce very much at the sight of us, and marvelling greatly at our apparel, shape and whitenesse, shewed us by sundry signes, where we might most commodiously come aland with our boate, offering us also of their victuals to

eat. Now I will briefly declare to your Maies-  
tie their life and maners, as farre as we could  
have notice thereof: These people goe alto-  
gether naked, except only that they couer their  
loines with certain skins of beastes, like unto  
marterns, which they fasten unto a narrow gir-  
dle made of grasse very artificially wrought,  
hanged about with tayles of divers other beastes,  
which, round about their bodies, hang dangling  
down to their knees. Some of them weare gar-  
lands of byrdes feathers. The people are of  
colour russet, and not much unlike the Saracens;  
their hayre blacke, thicke, and not very long,  
which they tye together in a knot behind, and  
weare it like a little taile. They are well fea-  
tured in their limbes, of meane stature, and com-  
monly somewhat bigger than wee, broad breast-  
ed, strong armed, their legs and other parts of  
their bodies well fashioned, and they are dis-  
figured in nothing, sauing that they haue some-  
what broade visages, and yet not all of them,  
for we saw many of them wel favoured, hauing  
blacke and great eyes, with a cheerefull and  
steady looke, not strong of body, yet sharpe wit-  
ted, nimble and exceeding great runners, as farre  
as we could learne by experience, and in those  
two last qualities they are like to the people of

the east partes of the world, and especially to them of the uttermost parts of China. We could not learne of this people their manner of liuing, nor their particular customs, by reason of the short abode we made on the shore, our company being but small, and our ship ryding farre off in the sea. And not farre from these we found another people, whose liuing wee think to be like unto theirs (as hereafter I will declare unto your Maiestie) shewing at this present the situation and nature of the foresayd land. The shoare is all couered with small sand, and so ascendeth upwards for the space of 15 foote, rising in form of little hils, about 50 paces broad. And sayling forwards, we found certaine small rivers and armes of the sea, that fall downe by certaine creeks, washing the shoare on both sides as the coast lyeth. And beyond this we saw the open country rising in height above the sandy shoare, with many faire fields and plaines, full of mightie great woods, some very thicke, and some thinne, replenished with diuers sorts of trees as pleasant and delectable to behold, as is possible to imagine. And your Maiestie may not thinke that these are like the woods of *Hercynia* or the wilde deserts of *Tartary*, and the northerne coasts, full of fruitlesse

trees; but they are full of palme trees, bay trees, and high cypresse trees, and many other sorts of trees unknowen in *Europe*, which yeeld most sweete sauours farre from the shoare, the propertie whereof we could not learn for the cause aforesaid, and not for any difficulty to passe through the woods, seeing they are not so thicke but that a man may passe through them, neither doe we thinke that they partaking of the east world round about them, are altogether voyd of drugs or spicery, and other riches of golde, seeing the colour of the land doth so much argue it. And the land is full of many beastes, as stags, deere and hares, and likewise of lakes and pooles of fresh water, with great plentie of fowles, convenient for all kinde of pleasant game. This land is in latitude 34 degrees, with good and wholesome ayre, temperate, betweene hot and colde; no vehement windes doe blowe in those regions, and those that doe commonly reigne in those coasts, are the north west and west windes in the summer season, (in the beginning whereof we were there) the skie cleere and faire with very little raine; and if at any time the ayre be cloudie and mistie with the southerne winde, immediately it is dissolved and wareth cleere and fayre againe. The sea is



calme, not boysterous, the waues gentle, and although all the shoare be somewhat sholde and without harborough, yet it is not dangerous to the saylers, being free from rocks and deepe, so that within 4 or 5 foote of the shoare there is 20 foote deepe of water without ebbe or flood, the depth still increasing in such uniform proportion. There is very good ryding at sea, for any ship being shaken in a tempest, can neuer perish there by breaking of her cables, which we have proved by experience. For in the beginning of March (as it is usual in all regions) being in the sea oppressed with northerne windes, and ryding there, we found our anchor broken before the earth fayled or moved at all. We departed from this place, still running along the coast, which we found to trend toward the east, and we saw every where very great fires, by reason of the multitude of the inhabitants. While we rode on that coast, partly because it had no harborough, and for that we wanted water, we sent our boat ashoare with 25 men; where, by reason of great and continual waues that beat against the shoare, being an open coast, without succour, none of our men could possibly goe ashoare without loosing our boate. We saw there many people which came unto the shoare;

making diuers signes of friendship, and shewing that they were content we should come aland, and by trial we found them to be very corteous and gentle, as your Maiestie shall understand by the successe. To the intent we might send them of our things, which the Indians commonly desire and esteeme, as sheetes of paper, glasses, bells, and such like trifles, we sent a young man one of our mariners ashoare, who swimming towards them, and being within 3 or 4 yards of the shoare, not trusting them, cast the things upon the shoare; but seeking afterwards to returne, he was with such violence of the waues beaten upon the shoare, that he was so bruised that he lay there almost dead; which the Indians perceiuing, ranne to catch him, and drawing him out, they caried him a litle way off from the sea. The young man perceiuing they caried him, being at the first dismaied, began then greatly to feare, and cried out piteously; likewise did the Indians which did accompany him, going about to cheere him and to giue him courage, and then setting him on the ground at the foote of a litle hil against the sunne, they began to behold him with great admiration, marueiling at the whitenesse of his flesh; and putting off his clothes, they made him warme at

a great fire, not without our great feare which remained in the boate, that they would have rosted him at that fire, and have eaten him. The young man hauing recouered his strength, and hauing stayed a while with them, shewed them by signes that he was desirous to returne to the ship, and they with great loue clapping him fast about, with many embracings, accompanying him unto the sea, and to put him in more assurance, leaving him alone, went unto a high ground, and stood there, beholding him untill he was entred into the boate. This young man obserued, as we did also, that these are of colour inclining to blacke as the other were, with their flesh very shining, of meane stature, handsome visage, and delicate limnes, and of very little strength, but of prompt wit, farther we observed not.

Departing from hence, following the shore which trended somewhat toward the north, in 50 leagues space we came to another land which shewed much more faire and ful of woods, being very great, where we rode at anker; and that we might have some knowledge thereof, we sent 20 men aland, which entred into the country about 2 leagues, and they found that the people were fled to the woods for feare. They saw

only one old woman, with a young maid of 18 or 20 yeeres old, which seeing our company, hid themselves in the grasse for feare; the olde woman caried two infants on her shoulders, and behind her necke a child of 8 yeeres olde. The young woman was laden likewise with as many, but when our men came unto them, the women cried out, the olde woman made signes that the men were fledde unto the woods. As soone as they saw us to quiet them and to win their favour, our men gave them such victuals as they had with them, to eate, which the olde woman received thankfully, but the young woman disdained them all, and threw them disdainfully on the ground. They tooke a child from the olde woman to bring into France, and going about to take the young woman which was very beautiful and of tall stature, they could not possibly for the great outcries that she made bring her to the sea; and especially having great woods to passe thorow, and being farre from the ship, we purposed to leaue her behind, beareing away the child onely; we found those folkes to be more white than those that we found before, being clad with certaine leaues that hang on boughs of trees, which they sew together with threds of wilde hempe; their heads were trussed up after

the same maner as the former were, their ordinary foode is of pulse, whereof they haue great store, differing in colour and taste from ours; of good and pleasant taste. Moreover they live by fishing and fowling, which they take with ginnies, and bowes made of hard wood, the arrowes of canes, being headed with the bones of fish and other beastes. The beastes in these partes are much wilder then in our Europe, by reason they are continually chased and hunted. We saw many of their boates, made of one tree 20 foote long and 4 foote broad, which are not made with yron or stone, or any other kind of metall (because that in all this country for the space of 200 leagues which we ranne, we neuer saw one stone of any sort :) they help themselves with fire, burning so much of the tree as is sufficient for the hollownesse of the boate. The like they doe in making the sterne and the foreparte, until it be fit to saile upon the sea. The land is in situation, goodness and fairnesse like the other; it hath woods like the other, thinne and full of diuers sorts of trees, but not so sweete, because the country is more northerly and colde.

We saw in this country many vines growing naturally, which growing up, took holde of the

trees as they doe in Lombardie, which, if by husbandmen they were dressed in good order, without all doubt they would yeeld excellent wines; for hauing oftentimes seene the fruit thereof dryed, which was sweete and pleasant, and not differing from ours, we thinke that they doe esteeme the same, because that in euery place where they growe, they take away the under branches growing round about, that the fruit thereof may ripen the better. We found also roses, violets, lilies, and many sortes of herbes, and sweete and odoriferous flowers different from ours. We knewe not their dwellings, because they were farre up in the land, and we iudge by many signes that we saw, that they are of wood and of trees framed together. We doe belieue also by many conjectures and signes, that many of them sleeping in the fields, have no other couert then the open sky. Farther knowledge haue we not of them; we think that all the rest whose countreys we passed, liue all after one maner. Hauing made our aboade three days in this country, and ryding on the coast for want of harboroughs, we concluded to depart from thence trending along the shore betweene the north and the east, sayeling onely in the day time, and ryding at anker by night. In the space of 100

leagues sayling we found a very pleasant place situated among certaine little steape hils; from amidst the which hils there ranne downe into the sea an exceeding great streme of water, which within the mouth was very deepe, and from the sea to the mouth of the same with the tide which we found to rise 8 foote, any great ship laden may passe up. But because we rode at anker in a place well fenced from the wind we would not venture ourselues without knowledge of the place, and we passed up with our boate onely into the sayd river, and saw the countrey very well peopled. The people are almost like unto the others, and are clade with the feathers of fowles of diuers colours; they came towards us very cheerefully, making great showts of admiration, shewing us where we might come to land most safely with our boate. We entered up the said riuer into the land about halfe a league, where it made a most pleasant lake aboute 3 leagues in compasse, on the which they rowed from the one side to the other, to the number of 30 of their small boats, wherein were many people which passed from one shore to the other to come and see us. And, behold, upon a sudden (as it is woont to fall out in sayling) a contrary flaw of winde comming from the

sea, we were inforced to returne to our ship, leauing this land to our great discontentment, for the great commodity and pleasantnesse thereof, which we suppose is not without some riches, all the hils shewing mineral matters in them. We weyed anker and sayled toward the east, for so the coast trended, and so alwayes for 50 leagues being in the sight thereof, we discovered an island in forme of a triangle, distant from the main land 10 leagues about the bignesse of the island of the Rhodes; it was full of hils covered with trees, well peopled, for we saw fires all along the coast; we gave it the name of your Maiesties mother,\* not staying there by reason of the weather being contrary.

And we came to another land being 15 leagues distant from the island, where we found a passing good hauen, wherein being entred, we found about 20 small boats of the people, which with diuers cries and wondrings came about our ship, comming no neerer than 50 paces towards us; they stayed and beheld the artificialnesse of our ship, our shape and apparel, they then all made a loud showt together, declaring that they reioyced. When we had something animated

\* Claudian Island. Claudia was the mother of King Francis.



them, using their gestures they came so neere us, that we cast them certaine bells and glasses, and many toyes, which when they had received, they looked on them with laughing, and came without feare a board our ship. There were amongst these people 2 kings of so goodly stature and shape as is possible to declare, the eldest was about 40 yeeres of age, the seconde was a yong man of 20 yeeres olde, their apparell was on this manner, the elder had upon his naked body a harts skin wrought artificially with diuers branches like damaske, his head was bayre with the hayre tyed up behind with diuers knots; about his necke he had a large chaine, garnished with diuers stones of sundry colours, the young man was almost apparelled after the same maner. This is the goodliest people, and of the fairest conditions that we have found in this our voyage. They exceed us in bigness, they are of the colour of brasse, some of them incline more to whitenesse, others are of yellow colour, of comely visage, with long and black hair, which they are very careful to trim and decke up; they are black and quick eyed, and of sweete and pleasant countenance, imitating much the old fashion. I write not to your Maiestie of the other parts of their body, hauing al such propor-

tion as apperteeneth to any handsome man. The women are of the like conformitie and beautie, very handsome and wel favoured, of pleasant countenance, and comely to behold; they are as wel manered and continent as any women, and of good education, they are all naked saue their loines, which they couer with a deeres skin branched or embrodered as the men use, there are also of them which weare on their armes uery rich skins of *Luzernes*, they adorne their heads with diuers ornaments made of their owne hair, which hang downe before on both sides their brestes, others use other kind of dressing themselues like unto the women of *Egypt* and *Syria*, these are of the elder sort; and when they are married, they wear diuers toyes, according to the usage of the people of the east, as well men as women.

Among whom we saw many peices of wrought copper, which they esteeme more than goolde, which for the colour they make no account, for that among all other it is counted the basest; they make most account of *azure* and *red*. The things that they esteeme most of all those which we gaue them, were bells, christal of azure colour, and other toyes to hang at their eares or about their necke. They did not desire clothe of silke

or of golde, much lesse of any other sort, neither cared they for thyngs made of steele and yron, which we often shewed them in our armour which they made no wonder at ; and in beholding them they onely asked the arte of making them ; the like they did at our glasses, which, when they beheld, they suddenly laught, and gave them us againe. They are very liberal, for they give that which they haue ; we became great friends with these, and one day we entred into the haven with our ship, whereas before we rode a league off at sea, by reason of the contrary weather. They came in great companies of their small boats unto the ship with their faces all bepainted with diuers colours, shewing us that it was a signe of ioy, bringing us of their victuals, they made signes unto us where we might safest ride in the hauen for the safeguard of our ship keeping still our company, and after we were come to an anker, we bestowed 15 dayes in prouiding ourselues many necessary things, whither euery day the people repaired to see our ship, bringing their wiues with them, whereof they were very ielous ; and they themselves entring a board the ship and staying there a good space caused their wiues to stay in their boats, and for all the entreatie we could make, offering

to giue them diuers things, we could neuer obtaine that they would suffer them to come aborde our ship. And oftentimes one of the two kings comming with his queene, and many gentlemen for their pleasure to see us, they all stayed on the shore 200 paces from us, sending us a small boat to giue us intelligence of their comming, saying they would come and see our ship; this they did in token of safety, and as soone as they had answered from us, they came immediately, and hauing staid a while to behold it, they wondred at hearing the cries and noyses of the Mariners. The Queene and her maids staid in a very light boat, at an Iland a quarter of a league off, while the King abode a long space in our ship uttering diuers conceits with gestures, viewing with great admiration all the furniture of the Shippe, demanding the property of euery thing particularly. He tooke likewise great pleasure in beholding our apparell, and in tasting our meats, and so courteously taking his leave departed. And sometimes our men staying 2 or 3 daies on a little Iland neere the Shippe for diuers necessaries, (as it is the use of seamen,) he returned with 7 or 8 of his gentlemen to see what we did, and asked of us oftentimes if we meant to make any long abode there, offering us of their prouision;

Then the King drawing his bow and running up and down with his gentlemen, made much sport to gratifie our men: we were oftentimes within the land five or six leagues, which we found as pleasant as is possible to declare, very apt for any kind of husbandry, of Corne, Wine and Oyle for that there are plaines twentie-five or thirtie leagues broad, open and without any impediment, of trees of such fruitfulnessse, that any seed being sowed therein, wil bring forth most excellent fruit. We entered afterwards into the woods, which we found so great and thicke, that any army were it neuer so great might have hid it selfe therein, the trees whereof are okes, cipresse trees, and other sortes unknowen in Europe. We found *Pome* appil, damson trees, and nut trees, and many other sortes of fruit differing from ours; there are beasts in great abundance, as harts, deere, luzernes, and other kinds which they take with their nets and bowes which are their chief weapons, the arrowes which they use are made of great cunning, and instead of yron, they head them with flint, with jasper stone and hard marble, and other sharp stones which they use instead of yron to cut trees, and to make their boates of one whole piece of wood making it hollow with great and wonderful art, wherein

10 or 12 men may sit commodiously, their oares are short and broad at the end, and they use them in the sea without any danger, and by maine force of armes, with as great speediness as they lift themselves. We saw their Houses made in circular or round forme 10 or 12 paces in compasse, made with halfe circles of Timber, separate one from another without any order of building, couered with mattes of Straw wrought cunningly together, which saue them from the winde and raine; and if they had the order of building and perfect skill of workmanship as we have, there were no doubt but that they would also make eftsoons great and stately buildings. For all the sea coastes are ful of clear and glistering stones and alabaster, and therefore it is ful of good hauens and harboroughs for Shippes. They moove the foresaid Houses from one place to another, according to the commodity of the place and season wherein they wil make their abode; and only taking off the mattes they haue other Houses builded incontinent. The Father and the whole Family dwell together in one house in great number, in some of them we saw 25 or 30 persons. They feede as the other doe afore-said, of pulse which grow in that Country, with better order of husbandry than in the others.

They observe in their sowing the course of the Moone and the rising of certaine Starres, and divers other customs spoken of by antiquity. Moreover they liue by hunting and fishing. They live long and are seldom sicke, and if they chance to fall sicke at any time, they heal themselves with fire without any phisician, and they say that they die for very age. They are very pitifull and charitable towards their neighbours, they make great lamentations in their aduersitie, and in their miserie, the kindred reckon up all their felicitie. At their departure out of life, they use mourning mixt with singing, which continueth for a long space. This is as much as we could learne of them. This Land is situate in the Paralele of Rome in 41 degrees and 2 terces, but somewhat more cold by accidentall causes and not of nature, (as I will declare unto your highnesse elsewhere,) describing at this present the situation of the fore-said country, which lieth east and west. I say that the mouth of the haven lieth open to the south halfe a league broad, and being entred within it betweene the east and the north it stretcheth twelve leagues, where it wareth broader and broader, and maketh a gulfe about 20 leagues in compasse, wherein are five small

islands very fruitful and pleasant, full of hie and broad trees among the which islandes any great nauie may ride safe without any feare of tempest or other danger. Afterwards turning towards the south in the entring into the hauen, on both sides there are most pleasant hils, with many riuers of most cleare water falling into the sea. In the middest of this entrance there is a rocke of free stone, growing by nature, apt to build any castle or fortresse there for the keeping of the haven. The fift of May being furnished with all things necessarie, we departed from the said coaste, keeping along in the sight thereof, and wee sailed 150 leagues, finding it alwayes after one maner, but the land somewhat higher with certaine mountaines, all which beare a shew of minerall matter, wee sought not to land there in any place, because the weather serued our turne for sailing; but wee suppose that it was like the former, the coaste ranne eastward for the space of fiftie leagues. And trending afterwards to the north, wee found another land high full of thicke woods, the trees whereof were firres, cipresses, and such like as are wont to grow in cold countreys. The people differ much from the other, and looke howe much the former seemed to be courteous and gentle, so much were



these full of rudenesse and ill maners, and so barbarous that by no signes that euer we could make, we could have any kind of traffic with them. They clothe themselues with beares skinnes and luzernes, and seales and other beastes skinnes. Their foode, as farre as we could perceiue, repairing often unto their dwellings, we suppose to be by hunting and fishing, and of certaine fruits, which are a kind of roots which the earth yeeldeth of her own accord. They haue no graine, neither saw we any kind of signe of tillage, neither is the land for the barrennesse thereof, apt to beare fruit or seed. If at any time we desired by exchange to haue any of their commodities, they used to come to the sea shore upon certaine craggy rocks, and we standing in our boats, they let downe with a rope what it pleased them to give us, crying continually that we should not approach to the land, demanding immediatly the exchange, taking nothing but kniues, fish-hooks, and tooles to cut withall, neyther did they make any account of our courtesie. And when we had nothing left to exchange with them, when we departed from them, the people shewed all signes of discourtesie and disdaine, as were possible for any creature to inuent. We were in despight of

them 2 or 3 leagues within the land, being in number twenty-five armed men of us: And when we went on shore they shot at us with their bowes, making great outcries, and afterwards fled into the woods. We found not in this land any thing notable or of importance, sauing very great wood and certaine hills, they may haue some mineral matter in them, because wee saw many of them haue beadstones of copper hanging at their eares. We departed from thence, keeping our course north east along the coaste, which we found more pleasant champion and without woods, with high mountains within the land; continuing directly along the coast for the space of fiftie leagues, we discovered 32 islands, lying al neere the land, being small and pleasant to the view, high, and having many turnings and windings between them, making many fair harboroughs and chanel as they doe in the gulf of *Venice*, in *Sclauonia* and *Dalmatia*, we had no knowledge or acquaintance with the people: we suppose they are of the same maners and nature as the others are. Saying north east for the space of 150 leagues, we approched the land that was in times past discovered by the Britons, which is in fiftie degrees. Hauling now spent all our prouision and

victuals, and hauing discovered about 700 leagues and more of new countreys, and being furnished with water and wood, we concluded to returne into France. Touching the religion of this people which we have found, for want of their language we could not understand, neither by signes nor gestures, that they had any religion or laws at all, or that they did acknowledge any first cause or mouer, neither that they worship the heauen or starres, the sunne or moone, or other planets, and much lesse whether they be idolaters, neither could we learne whether that they used any kind of sacrifices or other adorations, neither in their villages haue they any temples or houses of prayer; we suppose that they haue no religion at all, and that they liue at their owne libertie. And, that all this proceedeth of ignorance, for that they are very easie to be persuaded; and all that they see us Christians doe in our diuine service, they did the same with the like imitation as they saw us to doe it.

THE END.

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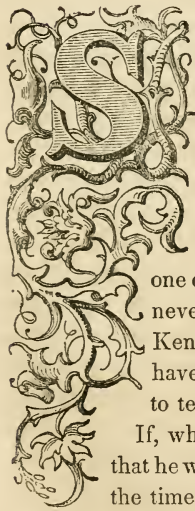
DANIEL BOONE.

From the Barco Relation of the Redoubt  
of the Frontiers of Kentucky.

THE

ADVENTURES OF DANIEL BOONE.

CHAPTER I.



SOME men choose to live in crowded cities ;—others are pleased with the peaceful quiet of a country farm ; while some love to roam through wild forests, and make their homes in the wilderness. The man of whom I shall now speak, was one of this last class. Perhaps you never heard of DANIEL BOONE, the Kentucky rifleman. If not, then I have a strange and interesting story to tell you.

If, when a child was born, we knew that he was to become a remarkable man, the time and place of his birth would, perhaps, be always remembered. But as this cannot be known, great mistakes are often made on these points. As to the time when Daniel Boone

was born, there is no difficulty ; but people have fallen into many blunders about the place. Some have said that he was born in England, before his parents left that country ; others that he came into this world during the passage of his parents across the Atlantic. One has told us that he was born in Virginia ; another in Maryland ; while many have stated that he was a native of North Carolina. These are all mistakes. Daniel Boone was born in the year 1746, in Bucks county, in the state of Pennsylvania.

From some cause or other, when the boy was but three years old, his parents moved from this home, and settled upon the Schuylkill river, not far from the town of Reading. Here they lived for ten years ; and it was during this time that their son Daniel began to show his passion for hunting. He was scarcely able to carry a gun, when he was shooting all the squirrels, rackoons, and even wild-cats (it is said), that he could find in that region. As he grew older, his courage increased, and then we find him amusing himself with higher game. Other lads in the neighborhood were soon taught by him the use of the rifle, and were then able to join him in his adventures. On one occasion, they all started out for a hunt, and after amusing themselves till it was almost dark, were returning homeward, when suddenly a wild cry was heard in the woods. The boys screamed out,



“A panther! - a panther!” and ran off as fast as they could. Boone stood firmly, looking around for the animal. It was a panther indeed. His eye lighted upon him just in the act of springing toward him : in an instant he levelled his rifle, and shot him through the heart.

But this sort of sport was not enough for him. He seemed resolved to go away from men, and live in the forests with these animals. One morning he started off as usual, with his rifle and dog. Night came on, but Daniel did not return to his home. Another day and night passed away, and still the boy did not make his appearance. His parents were now greatly alarmed. The neighbors joined them in making search for the lad. After wandering about a great while, they at length saw smoke rising from a cabin in the distance. Upon reaching it, they found the boy. The floor of the cabin was covered with the skins of such animals as he had slain, and pieces of meat were roasting before the fire for his supper. Here, at a distance of three miles from any settlement, he had built his cabin of sods and branches, and sheltered himself in the wilderness.

It was while his father was living on the headwaters of the Schuylkill, that young Boone received, so far as we know, all his education. Short indeed were his schoolboy days. It happened that an Irish schoolmaster strolled into the settlement,

and, by the advice of Mr. Boone and other parents, opened a school in the neighborhood. It was not then as it is now. Good schoolhouses were not scattered over the land ; nor were schoolmasters always able to teach their pupils. The schoolhouse where the boys of this settlement went was a log cabin, built in the midst of the woods. The schoolmaster was a strange man : sometimes good-humored, and then indulging the lads ; sometimes surly and ill-natured, and then beating them severely. It was his usual custom, after hearing the first lessons of the morning, to allow the children to be out for a half hour at play, during which time he strolled off to refresh himself from his labors. He always walked in the same direction, and the boys thought that after his return, when they were called in, he was generally more cruel than ever. They were whipped more severely, and oftentimes without any cause. They observed this, but did not know the meaning of it. One morning young Boone asked that he might go out, and had scarcely left the schoolroom, when he saw a squirrel running over the trunk of a fallen tree. True to his nature, he instantly gave chase, until at last the squirrel darted into a bower of vines and branches. Boone thrust his hand in, and, to his surprise, laid hold of a bottle of whiskey. This was in the direction of his master's morning walks, and he thought now that he understood the secret of

much of his ill-nature. He returned to the school-room ; but when they were dismissed for that day, he told some of the larger boys of his discovery. Their plan was soon arranged. Early the next morning a bottle of whiskey, having tartar emetic in it, was placed in the bower, and the other bottle thrown away. At the usual hour, the lads were sent out to play, and the master started on his walk. But their play was to come afterward : they longed for the master to return. At length they were called in, and in a little time saw the success of their experiment. The master began to look pale and sick, yet still went on with his work. Several boys were called up, one after the other, to recite lessons, and all whipped soundly, whether right or wrong. At last young Boone was called out to answer questions in arithmetic. He came forward with his slate and pencil, and the master began : " If you subtract six from nine, what remains ?" said he. " Three, sir," said Boone. " Very good," said the master ; " now let us come to fractions. If you take three quarters from a whole number, what remains ?"—" The whole, sir," answered Boone. " You blockhead !" cried the master, beating him, " you stupid little fool, how can you show that ?"—" If I take one bottle of whiskey," said Boone, " and put in its place another in which I have mixed an emetic, the whole will remain, if nobody drinks it !" The

Irishman, dreadfully sick, was now doubly enraged. He seized Boone, and commenced beating him : the children shouted and roared ; the scuffle continued, until Boone knocked the master down upon the floor, and rushed out of the room. It was a day of freedom now for the lads. The story soon ran through the neighborhood ; Boone was rebuked by his parents, but the schoolmaster was dismissed, and thus ended the boy's education.

Thus freed from school, he now returned more ardently than ever to his favorite pursuit. His dog and rifle were his constant companions, and day after day he started from home, only to roam through the forests. Hunting seemed to be the only business of his life ; and he was never so happy as when at night he came home laden with game. He was an untiring wanderer.

I do not know but that this passion for roaming was in some degree inherited by Daniel Boone. His father had already had three homes : one in England, one in Bucks county, and another on the Schuylkill ; and he now thought of removing further. It is said that the passion of Daniel for hunting was one cause which prompted his father to think of this. Land was becoming scarce, the neighborhood a little crowded, and game less abundant ; and, to mend matters, he began to cast his eyes around for a new home. He was not long in choosing one. He had heard of a rich and

beautiful country on the banks of the Yadkin river in North Carolina, and he determined that this should be the next resting-place for him and his household.

All things were made ready as soon as possible, and the journey commenced. It was a fine spring morning when the father started for his new home, with his wife and children, his flocks and herds. Their journey lay hundreds of miles through a trackless wilderness; yet with cheerful and fearless hearts they pressed onward. When hungry, they feasted upon venison and wild turkeys (for Daniel, with his rifle, was in company); when thirsty, they found cool springs of water to refresh them by the way; when wearied at night, they laid themselves down and slept under the wide-spreading branches of the forest. At length they reached the land they looked for, and the father found it to be all that he expected. The woods in that region were unbroken; no man seemed yet to have found them. Land was soon cleared, a cabin built, and the father in a little time found himself once more happily settled with his family.

The old man with his other sons went busily to the work of making a farm. As for Daniel, they knew it was idle to expect his help in such employment, and therefore left him to roam about with his rifle. This was a glorious country for the youth; wild woods were all around him, and the game,

having not yet learned to fear the crack of the rifle, wandered fearlessly through them. This he thought was, of all places, the home for him. I hope you will not think that he was the idle and useless boy of the family, for it was not so. While the farm was improving, Daniel was supplying the family with provisions. The table at home was always filled with game, and they had enough and to spare. Their house became known as a warm-hearted and hospitable abode; for the wayfaring wanderer, when lost in the woods, was sure to find here a welcome, a shelter, and an abundance. Then, too, if money was wanted in the family, the peltries of the animals shot by Daniel supplied it: so that he was, in a large degree, the supporter of the household. In this way years rolled onward—the farm still enlarging and improving, Daniel still hunting, and the home one of constant peace, happiness, and plenty.

At length the story of the success and comfort of the family brought neighbors around them. Different parts of the forests began to be cleared; smoke was soon seen rising from new cabins; and the sharp crack of other rifles than Daniel's was sometimes heard in the morning. This grieved him sadly. Most people would have been pleased to find neighbors in the loneliness of the woods; but what pleased others did not please him. They were crowding upon him; they were driving away

his game : this was his trouble. But, after all, there was one good farmer who came into the region and made his settlement ; which settlement, as it turned out, proved a happy thing for Daniel. This was a very worthy man named Bryan. He cleared his land, built his cabin upon a sloping aill, not very far from Mr. Boone's, and before a great while, by dint of industry, had a good farm of more than a hundred acres. This farm was beautifully situated. A pretty stream of water almost encircled it. On the banks of the Schuylkill, Daniel Boone found all his education, such as it was ; on the banks of the Yadkin he found something far better. I must tell you now of a very strange adventure.

One evening, with another young friend, he started out upon what is called a "*fire-hunt*." Perhaps you do not know what this means. I will explain it to you. Two people are always necessary for a fire-hunt. One goes before, carrying a blazing torch of pitch-pine wood (or lightwood, as it is called in the southern country), while the other follows behind with his rifle. In this way the two hunters move through the forests. When an animal is startled, he will stand gazing at the light, and his eyes may be seen shining distinctly : this is called "*shining the eyes*." The hunter with the rifle, thus seeing him, while the other *shines* him, levels his gun with steady aim, and has a fair shot.

This mode of hunting is still practised in many parts of our country, and is everywhere known as a *fire-hunt*.

Boone, with his companion, started out upon such a hunt, and very soon reached the woods skirting the lower end of Mr. Bryan's farm. It seems they were on horseback, Boone being behind with the rifle. They had not gone far, when his companion reined up his horse, and two eyes were seen distinctly shining. Boone levelled his rifle, but something prevented his firing. The animal darted off. Boone leaped from his horse, left his companion, and instantly dashed after it. It was too dark to see plainly, still he pursued; he was close upon its track, when a fence coming in the way, the animal leaped it with a clear bound. Boone climbed over as fast as he could with his rifle, but the game had got ahead. Nothing daunted by this, he pushed on, until he found himself at last not very far from Mr. Bryan's home. But the animal was gone. It was a strange chase. He determined to go into Mr. Bryan's house, and tell his adventure. As he drew near, the dogs raised a loud barking, the master came out, bade him welcome, and carried him into the house. Mr. Bryan had scarcely introduced him to his family as "the son of his neighbor Boone," when suddenly the door of the room was burst open, and in rushed a little lad of seven, followed by a girl of sixteen years, crying



out, "O father! father! sister is frightened to death! She went down to the river, and was chased by a panther!" The hunter and his game had met. There stood Boone, leaning upon his rifle, and Rebecca Bryan before him, gasping for breath. From that moment he continued to pursue it; Farmer Bryan's house became a favorite resort for him; he loved it as well as the woods. The business was now changed: Rebecca Bryan completely *shined his eyes*; and after a time, to the great joy of themselves and both families, Daniel Boone and Rebecca Bryan were married. It proved, as you will see, a very happy marriage to both parties.

Being now a married man, it became Daniel Boone's duty to seek a new home for himself. In a little time, therefore, he left his wife, and wandered into the unsettled parts of North Carolina in search of one. After moving about for some time, he found, upon the head-waters of the Yadkin, a rich soil, covered with a heavy and once more unbroken forest. "Here," thought Daniel Boone, "is the resting-place for me; here Rebecca Bryan and myself may be happy: this shall be our home." He returned to his wife, and she, with a cheerful heart, joined in all his plans. With tears in her eyes, she bade farewell to her friends; yet, with a light spirit, she started off with her husband. A clearing in the woods was

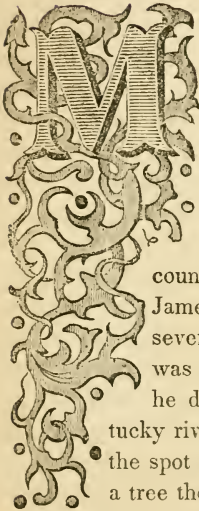
soon made, a log cabin of his own soon built, and a portion of ground planted. Boone seems now to have thought that he must do something more than use his rifle. He was to make a home for his wife ; and busied himself, accordingly, in enlarging his farm as fast as he could, and industriously cultivating it. Still, on his busiest day, he would find a leisure hour to saunter with his gun to the woods, and was sure never to return without game. His own table was loaded with it, as when at his father's, and his house, like his father's, soon became known as a warm and kind shelter for the wandering traveller. In this industrious and quiet way of farming and hunting, years were spent, and Daniel Boone was contented and happy. Several little children were now added to his group ; and, with his wife, his children, and his rifle, for companions, he felt that all was well.

But his peace was at length disturbed once more. His old troubles pursued him ; men again began to come near. The crash of falling trees was heard, as the new settlers levelled the forests ; huts were seen springing up all around him ; other hunters were roaming through the woods, and other dogs than his were heard barking. This was more than he was willing to bear. Happy as he had made his home, he determined to leave it, and find another in the wilderness, where he could have that wilderness to himself. For some time he was

at a loss to know where to go ; yet his heart was fixed in the determination to move. The circumstances which pointed him to his new home, and where that new home was made, you may learn in the next chapter.

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## CHAPTER II.



Y young friends all know where the state of Kentucky is situated. It is hardly necessary for me to say, that at the time of which I am writing, that region was an unbroken wilderness.

It was in the year 1754 that a white man first visited the country of Kentucky. This was James M'Bride. In company with several others during that year, he was passing down the Ohio, when he discovered the mouth of Kentucky river, and made a landing. Near the spot where he landed, he cut upon a tree the first letters of his name ; and these letters, it is said, could be seen and distinctly read for many years afterward. With his companions, he wandered through the wilderness ; the country struck them all as being remarkably beautiful. It is not wonderful, then, that when they returned home, they were filled with fine stories

about the new region. They declared that it was "the best tract of land in North America, and probably in the world."

In spite of their pleasant stories, however, it was a long time before any one was disposed to follow in their track. At length, Doctor Walker, of Virginia, with a number of friends, started upon a western tour of discovery. Some say that he was in search of the Ohio river particularly; others that he went merely to collect strange plants and flowers. Be this as it may, he with his party wandered through Powell's Valley, and passed the mountains at what is called the Cumberland Gap. They then crossed the Cumberland river, and roaming on through the forests, at length, after much fatigue and suffering, reached the Big Sandy. The country was beautiful, yet they were too much worn out to go further, and from this point began to return homeward. They had suffered more than M'Bride, and therefore their story was not so bright as his; yet they gave a very pleasant account of the new country.

No one yet, however, seemed ready to make his home in Kentucky; and accident at last seems to have thrown one man into that country, whose story, upon his return, made some anxious to go there. This was John Finley, a backwoodsman of North Carolina. He was in the habit of roving about and trading with the Indians. In the year

1767, he, with certain companions as fearless as himself, led on from place to place by the course of trade, wandered far into Kentucky. Here he remained for some time. It was a very beautiful, yet, as he learned also, a very dangerous country. No Indian tribe lived there, but all the tribes roamed over it as a hunting-ground. Upon these hunts, the fierce and warlike people would often meet and wage their bloody battles. These fights were so frequent and so awful, that the region was known by the name of the "Dark and Bloody Ground." In spite of danger, Finley lived there, until at last the traders and the Indians began to quarrel, and, for safety's sake, he was forced to run off. He returned to North Carolina, filled with wonderful stories. Sights like those on the "Dark and Bloody Ground," were nowhere to be seen. The land was rich, and covered with trees and flowers ; there were lofty mountains, beautiful valleys, and clear streams, throughout it. Then he spoke of the strange caves in the mountains ; of curious salt springs ; of the foot-prints of men to be seen distinctly upon the solid rocks ; of the strange figures of huge animals on the sides of the high cliffs. Game of all sorts was abundant, from the buffalo down to the partridge. There was no country (he declared) like *Kain-tuck-kee*.\* His

\* This was the Indian name for the country.

tale was so wonderful, that people could not well help listening to it.

Whether John Finley was led there by a knowledge of the man's character, or whether it was an accident, it so happened, that about a year after his return, he wandered into the neighborhood of Daniel Boone's home. It was not long before he fell in with Boone, and completely charmed him with his stories. Boone had known some sport in the forests himself, but the adventures of Finley were to him marvellous. He was so much pleased with the man, that he invited him, as it was now winter, to come to his house, and make his home there through the season. The invitation was gladly accepted; and in the cabin of Boone, again and again was the wild beauty of the "Dark and Bloody Ground" laid before him. There was no end to Finley's stories of this region. The wind whistled without, but the fire blazed cheerfully within; and here they sat, on many a night, almost till dawn, Finley talking, and Boone listening. The end of all this was, that they determined, when spring opened, to go to Kentucky. Boone knew that there were hardships and perils in the way, and Finley had practically felt them; but what were dangers or difficulties to these fearless men? The first of May was agreed upon as the day for starting, and Finley was then again to meet Boone at his house.

It is not strange that other bold men, who heard Finley's stories, were seized with the same desire for going west. Indeed, Boone helped to give them that desire, knowing that a few brave spirits would be of great service in the new country. He talked, therefore, warmly of the comforts of a new home in the forest, where there was an abundance of game, and a complete absence of towns and villages. Accordingly, on the first of May, 1769, when Finley repaired to Boone's house, he found four others ready for the adventure: these were John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool. The people in the neighborhood, learning what was going on, had likewise gathered to look with surprise upon these six men. What could prompt men to leave the comforts of their quiet homes, and wander off into the wilderness? They surely were crazy. Boone was much beloved as a kind neighbor, and they mourned most over his madness. Nothing daunted by all this, they were then ready for a start, and were now on the point of leaving. We are told that, with tears in his eyes, Daniel Boone kissed his wife and children; and if the story be true, I love him the more for it. His spirit was beating for his new hunting-forests; he could face all the dangers of the "Dark and Bloody Ground," but then it was doubtful whether he was not parting with his wife and children for ever. At all events, he was leaving



them for months, perhaps for years—he knew not how long—and who can wonder that tears stood in his eyes? Each man shouldered his rifle, shot-bag, powder-horn, and knapsack, and off they started—every neighbor straining his eyes after them as far as he could see, as the men upon whom he was looking for the last time.

For two or three days they saw nothing new, for they were passing over their old hunting-grounds. After this, they came to a wild and trackless region, and saw from time to time the lofty ridge of mountains which separated them from the western country. In two days more, the provisions with which they had started gave out, and the first thing to be done was to find a fresh supply. Accordingly they halted, chose a suitable spot for their camp, and part of them commenced building it of logs and branches; the others went into the woods in search of game. It was impossible for such men to starve in such a region; game was abundant. The hunters returned toward night, with several deer and wild turkeys. The camp was finished, a bright fire was burning, and in a little time the venison was dressed, cooked, and eaten. The supper was scarcely finished, when they saw dark clouds gathering, and presently they were visited by a tremendous thunder-storm. The sharp lightning flashed through the woods, and the rain poured down in torrents; yet, in their camp they fearlessly sheltered

themselves, the branches covering them from the rain. A man can scarcely be placed during a thunder-storm in a more dangerous place than a forest : every tree is a mark for the lightning ; yet these men were calm and self-possessed, and were mercifully protected.

The storm having passed over, they made their arrangements for the night. For safety's sake, two men were to keep a constant watch, while the others slept ; and in this duty of watching, they were to take turns. About midnight, while Boone and Holden were keeping the watch, a sharp shrill cry was heard in the woods. They sprang to their feet. "What noise is that ?" said Holden. The sound was familiar to Boone. "Be still," said he ; "it is only a panther ; come along with me." Moving cautiously from the camp, they listened again for the cry. Once more they heard it. Creeping through the woods in the direction of the sound, they at length saw through the darkness the wild, glaring eyes of the animal. Boone levelled his rifle with steady aim, and fired. With a wild yell the panther fell to the ground, and began to retreat. Both were satisfied that the ball had struck him, and returned again to the camp. The crack of the rifle had waked their companions ; the adventure was made known to them, and they went quietly to sleep again, satisfied that for the rest of the night at least that panther would not disturb them.

The next day was a very busy one. Finding game so plenty in the neighborhood, they determined to lay in a good supply. Part of them were therefore out in the woods, hunting, while the rest were in the camp, smoking, drying, and packing the venison for the journey. Fatigued with these labors, when night came they gladly laid themselves down, and, like wearied men, slept soundly.

By the first ray of the morning's light the camp was stirring. Shouldering their rifles and knapsacks, they started on their way. In a little time they found a dead panther. Boone declared that this was his panther; the animal was killed with one ball, and by comparing that ball with those in his shot-bag, he found they were of the same size. In two or three days they reached the foot of the mountains, and began to ascend. Their journey was now rough and wearisome, and they made slow progress. To any men but these, the mountains might have proved impassable; but they were bent upon finding the new hunting-grounds of Kentucky, and nothing could keep them back. After climbing the hills day after day, they found once more that their provisions were gone, and were again forced to halt. Their camp was built on the side of the mountain, and their rifles easily supplied their wants. The journey was rigorously renewed, and after many days of further struggling, they at length found themselves on one of the tops of the

Alleghany ridge. Here they were, upon Cumberland mountain. At this place they halted once more, to look down upon the magnificent prospect which was spread out before them. This was their first view of the new region, and they felt that it was all that Finley had described it to be. It was indeed a glorious country. The land was covered with trees and flowers; there were the rolling hills, and the beautiful valleys, and the clear sparkling streams, of which he had spoken.

The prospect was too beautiful to allow them to tarry long: they panted to be in that country. With more earnest desires than ever, they commenced descending the mountains. This part of the journey was comparatively easy. In a few days now they reached the western base of the hills, and entered a lovely plain. Here, for the first time, the new hunters saw the finest of western game—a herd of buffaloes. From the skirt of the wood at the end of the plain, a countless troop of these animals came rushing over it. The men were delighted; they had heard of these noble beasts of the forest, but none of them, except Finley, had ever seen one. As the mass came tramping toward them, they stood gazing in astonishment. Finley, who knew that men were sometimes trampled to death by these moving troops, kept his eye steadily upon the herd until the foremost was within rifle-shot; he then levelled

his gun, and the leader fell dead. With a wild bellow the herd parted on each side of the fallen animal, and went scampering through the plain. There seemed no end to the number, as they still came rushing from the wood. The mass appeared closing again in a solid body, when he seized Holden's rifle, and shot another. Now they were completely routed ; branching off on the two sides of the plain, they went bellowing and tearing past them. " An amazing country, this !" cried Boone ; " who ever beheld such an abundance ?" The camp was once more soon built, a blazing fire made, and, for the first time in their lives, five of these men sat down to a supper of buffalo-meat. They talked of their new country, the quantity of game, and how joyously they would roam through the huge forests, until the night had worn far away.

The next morning, after breakfast, they packed up such portions of the animals as they could readily carry, and resumed their march. In a little time they reached Red river. Here Finley began to feel more at home, for on this river he had lived. Following the course of the stream, ere long they came to the place which had been his trading-post with the Indians. They had been more than a month reaching this point, and, naturally enough, were wearied. Finley, too, could no longer guide them ; and here, for the present, they determined

to halt again. It was now the seventh day of June.

As this was to be their headquarters for some time, they built at once a substantial log cabin. They were now fairly in the wilds of Kentucky; and remembering that the whole region was the fighting-ground of the wandering Indians, the cabin was built not only to protect them from the weather, but to answer as a sort of fort against the savages. This shelter being provided, their whole time now was given to hunting and exploring the country. Hunting was a pastime indeed, the game was so abundant. They could look out upon herds of buffaloes scattered through the canebrakes, browsing upon the leaves of the cane, or cropping the tall grass; the deer bounded fearlessly by the very door of their hut, and wild turkeys were to be found everywhere. Everything was in a state of nature; the animals had not yet learned to be afraid of man. Of course, they did not suffer with hunger: provisions of the finest kind were ever in their cabin. But the buffaloes provided them with more than food. From time to time, as they needed moccasins for their feet, his skin supplied them; and when at night they felt the dampness of the weather, his hide was the blanket in which they wrapped themselves and slept soundly.

The country, as they wandered through it, struck them as beautiful indeed. There were the lofty

trees of the forest, with no undergrowth except the cane, the grass, and the flowers. They seemed to have been planted by the hand of man at regular distances. Clear streams were seen winding through lovely meadows, surrounded by the gently-sloping hills; and the fearless buffalo and deer were their companions every hour. In their wanderings they came several times to hard and well-tramped roads. It was by following these that they discovered many of the salt springs or licks where salt is made even now. The roads to these were worn thus hard by the buffaloes and other animals that were in the habit of visiting the springs.

The place of Finley's old trading-post, where their cabin now stood, seems to have been chosen by him not only as a central point for trade: it was on the side of a finely-sloping hill, and commanded a good view of the country below. The situation was beautiful. Perhaps he chose it when he was a lonely white man in the wilderness, because thence he might readily see the approach of Indians, and make his escape, or perhaps it was the very beauty of the spot that charmed him. He had a love for the beautiful. One day, he and Boone were standing by the door of the cabin. The wind was sighing in the tops of the forest, and while they were listening to the music, they were looking out upon the beautiful region below; the

grass was green, and the bright flowers turned up their leaves to the sun. "Glorious country!" cried Finley; "this wilderness does indeed blossom like the rose."—"Yes," replied Boone, "and who would live amid the barren pine-hills of North Carolina, to hear the screaming of the jay, and now and then shoot a deer too lean to be eaten? This is the land for hunters. Here man and beast may grow to their full size."

In this way, for more than six months, these men fearlessly hunted and roamed through the woods. Contrary to their expectations, through the whole summer they saw no Indians, nor did they meet with any remarkable adventure. The precaution of a nightly watch was adopted, but they met with no disturbance from man or beast. They had glorious sport by day, and slept quietly at night. After this, as you will see, they began to meet difficulties.

On the 22d of December, Boone and Stewart started off, as they had often done before, upon an exploring tour. After wandering several miles, they pressed their way through a piece of thick woods, and came out upon a boundless open forest. Here they found quantities of persimmon-trees loaded with ripe fruit, while clusters of wild grapes covered the vines that were hanging from the lofty branches. Flowers were still in bloom, and scented the air; herds of animals might be seen through



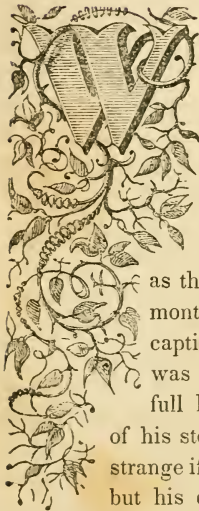
the forest in every direction : add to this that the day was beautiful, and you will not be surprised to learn that they continued to wander—indeed, that they wandered much further than they supposed. It was nearly dark when they reached the Kentucky river, and stood looking upon its rippling waters. Perceiving a hill close by, they climbed it, that they might take a better view of the course of the stream. They were now descending, on their way homeward, when suddenly they heard an Indian yell, and out rushed from the canebrake a party of savages. They had no time for resistance—indeed, time was nothing ; they were overpowered by numbers. The savages seized them, took away their rifles and ammunition, bound them, and marched them off to their camp. The next morning they started off with their prisoners, the poor fellows not knowing where they were going, or what was to be done to them. They did not know one word of their language, and could therefore learn nothing : this much, however, they very well understood—that it would not do to show any signs of fear to the Indians ; and therefore they went on cheerfully. In a little time they became better acquainted with their captors, and judged, from certain signs, that the Indians themselves had not determined what was to be done. Part seemed to be for sparing them, part for killing ; still their cheer-

fulness was the same. This apparent fearlessness deceived the Indians ; they supposed the prisoners were well pleased with their condition, and did not watch them closely. On the seventh night of their march, the savages, as usual, made their camp, and all laid down to sleep. About midnight, Boone touched Stewart, and waked him : now or never was their time. They rose, groped their way to the rifles, and stole from the camp. They hardly dared to look behind them ; every sound startled them, even the snapping of the twigs under their feet. Fortunately, it was dark, even if the Indians pursued. They wandered all that night and the whole of the next day, when at last, without meeting a man, they reached their own camp. But what was their surprise on finding the camp plundered, and not one of their companions to be seen ? What had become of them ? Perhaps they were prisoners ; possibly they were murdered ; or it might be that they had started back for North Carolina. They were safe, but where were their comrades ? Wearied in body, and tormented with fears for their friends, they commenced preparing for the night. A sound was now heard. They seized their rifles, and stood ready, expecting the Indians. Two men were seen indistinctly approaching. " Who comes there ?" cried Boone. " White men and friends," was the answer. Boone knew the voice. In an instant more, his brother

Squire Boone, with another man, entered the cabin. These two men had set out from Carolina for the purpose of reaching them, and had for days been wandering in search of their camp. It was a joyous meeting—the more joyous, because unexpected. Big tears were again in Daniel Boone's eyes when he heard, from his brother, that his wife and children were well.

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## CHAPTER III.



HEN Squire Boone had told his brother all the news of home, it became his turn to be a listener, while Daniel talked to him of all that happened since they parted. After telling him of the beautiful country, and their happy freedom as they wandered through it for six months, then came the story of his captivity and escape. That escape was but just now made, and with a full heart he dwelt upon this part of his story. It would not have been strange if Squire had now felt alarmed ; but his disposition was much like his brother's : he loved the woods, and was afraid of nothing.

In a little time, the four were once more hunting freely through the forests. Signs of Indians were to be seen around, however ; possibly they were

the very Indians who had captured them. In their wanderings, therefore, they kept together usually, for self-protection. One day, they started out upon a buffalo-hunt. As they came upon a herd of these animals, Stewart lodged his ball in one of them, without bringing him down. The buffalo went tearing through the forest ; and Daniel Boone, with Stewart, forgetful of everything else, went chasing after him. Naturally enough, like excited men, they had no idea how far they had travelled, until their very weariness reminded them that it was time to turn back. Tired as he was, a harder race was now before Boone. They had scarcely started on their return, when a party of Indians rushed from the cane-brake, and let fly their arrows. Stewart fell dead on the spot. Boone would have fired his rifle, but he felt it was useless : he could kill but one man ; his only chance of escape was in flight. With Indian yells and arrows close behind him, he leaped forward, and, by tremendous exertions, at last distanced his pursuers. When he reached the camp, he fell, completely exhausted.

The party, now cut down to three, was in a little time reduced to two. From some cause or other, they could not tell what—possibly the sad story of Stewart's death, and the fear of like troubles—the companion who had come out with Squire Boone determined upon returning to North

Carolina. Very soon, therefore, he left them alone in the wilderness.\*

It is not strange that, being thus deserted, Squire Boone felt restless and dissatisfied; the wonder is, that Daniel was not dissatisfied likewise. But he was happy and contented, and often struggled to call up the same feelings in his brother. "You see," he would often say, "how little nature requires, to be satisfied. Happiness, the companion of content, is rather found in our own breasts than in the enjoyment of external things. I firmly believe it requires but a little philosophy to make a man happy in whatsoever state he is. This consists in a full resignation to the will of Providence; and a resigned soul finds pleasure in a path strewed with briars and thorns." This was good counsel, my young friends, and I hope you will bear it with you through life. It will serve to comfort you as much as it did Squire Boone.

To be idle, was to allow time for this melancholy, and Daniel Boone kept his brother constantly busy. The Indians, they were certain,

\* It is said by some that this man did not thus leave them. Their story is, that the three started out upon a hunt; that this man was separated from the Boones, and became entangled in a swamp. The Boones searched for him, but could not find him. Afterward, they found fragments of his clothes, which convinced them that the poor man had been torn to pieces by wolves.

Daniel Boone, however, tells a different story. He says that the man left them, "and returned home by himself;" and I have preferred his statement to any other.

knew where their present camp was, and therefore they resolved to make another. After choosing their spot, they employed themselves industriously in erecting another cabin, which might serve to shelter them through the coming winter. This being finished, they went to their old sport, wandering through the woods, admiring the country, and bringing down now and then a buffalo or a deer with their rifles. At night, they would return to their camp, raise a fire, cook their supper, and sit till long after midnight, talking of their old home on the Yadkin. Squire forgot his loneliness, and became quite satisfied. In this way time rolled off until the winter had passed away, and spring appeared. Strangely enough, they had been undisturbed; they had met not even with one Indian.

They had learned in the wilderness to dispense well nigh with all comforts; food and sleep were all they expected. But their powder and shot were now beginning to run low, and without these they could not long procure food. It was necessary, therefore, to make some arrangement whereby they might obtain a fresh supply. Their plan was soon settled: Squire Boone was to go back to North Carolina, and return with ammunition. They supposed horses would be valuable, also, and he was likewise to bring with him two of these. Perilous as the plan was, Squire agreed to bear his part in it, and Daniel as cheerfully consented to his. Accord-

ingly, on the first day of May, Squire set off for the Yadkin ; and, as if nothing was to be wanting to leave Daniel in perfect loneliness, their only dog followed Squire as he started.

Here, then, Daniel Boone was left entirely alone. Here he was a sort of Robinson Crusoe in the wilderness—with this difference, that Robinson was shipwrecked, and had no choice ; while Boone chose the wilderness as his home. He was now completely the “man of the woods”—far away, hundreds of miles from any white settlement. For the first time in his life, according to his own confession, he felt lonely. His mind was filled with the remembrance of his wife and children, and the thought that he should never see them again. He knew, however, that sad thoughts, when indulged in, will grow very rapidly, and therefore dismissed them.

For safety's sake now, he changed his camp every night, that he might avoid the Indians. Sometimes he slept in the canebrake ; sometimes he laid himself by the side of a stream ; sometimes in the caves of the rocks. By day he was surrounded by his old companions the buffaloes and deer, and at night was not unfrequently disturbed by the howling of the wolves. He roamed over many a beautiful tract of country. Now he would ascend a hill, and look down upon the scene spread like a map before him ; now he would trace some stream



to its source, or, following the well-tramped roads of the buffaloes, would find some spring bubbling in the forest. In this way he moved over a large part of the country. At one time, he struck the Ohio river, and wandered for days on the banks of that noble stream. It is said, that in his rambles, he one day stood upon the spot where the city of Louisville now stands. He learned to love the woods more than ever. Long after this, he used to declare, that "no crowded city, with all its commerce and noble buildings, could give him as much pleasure as the beauty of Kentucky at that time afforded him."

Fortunately, he met no Indians. At one time he came in sight of a roving party, but managed to escape from them. The mode in which he escaped will show you his perfect self-possession. He had stopped one day to rest under the shade of a tree, when suddenly he spied the party in the distance. 'This was enough for him. He immediately commenced his course through the forest, hoping that they had not seen him, and therefore would not pursue. From time to time he would look back through the woods ; and at length became convinced, to his sorrow, that if they had not seen him, they had marked his tracks, and were now on his trail. He pushed on for more than two miles, trying in various ways to break the trail, and thus put them out ; still, as he looked

back, he could see that they were following him. He was puzzled to know what to do. A happy thought now struck him. He had just passed the brow of a small hill ; the heavy grape-vines were hanging from the trees all around him. He seized one of these, and, bracing himself against the tree with his feet, threw himself as far as he could. This broke the trail, and he now kept directly on from the spot where he landed, in a different direction. The Indians came up, tracking him as far as the tree : were then lost, and gave up the chase.

Another adventure is told of him during his lonely wanderings, more perilous even than this. One day he heard a strange noise in the woods ; he could see nothing, but stood ready with his rifle. Presently an immense she-bear was seen approaching him. Surrounded by her young cubs, she was doubly fierce. As she came near, Boone levelled his rifle and fired. Unfortunately, his steady eye failed this time ; the ball did not strike as he had aimed, and the animal pressed forward, the more enraged. It was impossible to load again : the bear was upon him ; he had only time to draw his hunting-knife from his belt. The bear laid her paws on him, and drew him toward her. The rifle in his left hand was a sort of guard, while with his right he pointed the knife directly for the heart of the animal. As she grasped him, the knife entered her body, and she fell dead.

As the time drew near for the return (as he thought) of his brother, Boone went back to the old camp where they had lodged together, to meet him. Here day after day he kept his lookout—day after day he was disappointed. He began now to be very sad. He did not doubt his brother's fidelity; he knew he would not desert him; but there were many dangers by the way, and perhaps he had perished. Then he thought, too, of his wife and little ones. If that brother had perished, he likewise must die without seeing them. Without ammunition to procure food, or defend himself, what could he do? He must die, there in the wilderness. His brother had been absent now nearly three months: surely it was time for his return. Another day of disappointment was now drawing to a close, as Boone sat, sick at heart, by the door of his cabin. A sound broke on his ear; he rose and stood listening, with his hand on the lock of his rifle. It was the tread of horses. The next moment he saw his brother through the forest leading two horses heavily laden. Here was abundance of ammunition and other comfort. The evening of the 27th of July was long after this remembered by Daniel Boone as one of the most joyous of his life.

A fire was soon made, their supper cooked, and long after midnight they sat talking. Thousands of questions were asked and answered, until,

wearied out, at last they lay down to sleep. The sun was high in the heavens when they waked in the morning.

After breakfast, Daniel Boone proposed a new plan to his brother. Much as he loved the woods, he felt that two men could hardly be safe in the neighborhood of so many Indians. Moreover he longed to see his family: the stories of Squire had called up fresh recollections in his heart. The plan therefore was, to select a suitable spot for their home, then return to Carolina and bring out his family. Squire readily assented to this; and now they employed themselves for several days in hunting and laying in a supply of provisions. This being done, they went to the Cumberland river, and wandered for some time along the stream without finding a place to please them. Roaming about now, they found many new streams, to which, as the first discoverers, they gave names. Anxious as they were to return to the Yadkin, they were in no such hurry as to neglect making a full survey. The whole winter passed away before they pleased themselves. At length they came upon the Kentucky river. Here the lands delighted them. On the banks of this stream they determined to make their settlement, and now (March, 1771) turned their faces homeward. As he left the chosen spot, Boone says that "he felt it was a second paradise, and was resolved, at tho

risk of his life and fortune, that his family should have a home there.”

As they journeyed eastward from the Kentucky river, they occasionally blazed their pathway (as huntsmen say) that they might find their way back. It was necessary thus to leave some track through the forest wilderness, that they might again reach their chosen spot.\* Fortunately they met with no Indians.

We hear of but one adventure on their way homeward. After travelling quietly several days, they were one morning startled by a noise. Presently a herd of buffaloes came rushing and tearing through the forest; they seemed frantic. The cause of all this was soon seen. A panther, seated upon the back of one of the buffaloes, had plunged his claws and teeth into him. The blood was streaming down his sides, and the poor animal, struggling to shake him off, rushed into the midst of the herd. This frightened the rest, and they went bellowing and dashing through the woods. Daniel Boone raised his rifle, and sent a ball through the panther. He fell dead. Not far off they met a pack of wolves, following as usual in

\* This mode of marking their track is often practised by hunters in the woods. As they pass through the forest, they mark the trees by cutting off a small piece of the bark. This enables them again to find the same pathway, and is commonly called “blazing the track.”

the track of the buffaloes. For the fun of seeing them scatter, Squire now fired his rifle, and away they went, scampering in all directions.

In due time they came to the mountains. After trying to ascend in various places, at length they found a narrow and rugged gap, through which with great difficulty they made their way. It was, however, the best pass they could discover, and they blazed their track, that they might find it again. In a little time now, Daniel Boone was again in his cabin on the banks of the Yadkin. I need hardly say there was a joyous meeting; he was once more happy in the bosom of his family. He had been absent nearly two years.

Amid the joys of home, however, he did not forget his chosen spot in Kentucky; his heart was filled with the thought that his happy home might be happier there. As this was to be his final move, it was necessary to settle all his business on the Yadkin; and as he had tried the wilderness, he felt that a few trusty companions would be invaluable in that new region. He commenced, therefore, making what he thought proper preparations for a return. To beat up such neighbors as they desired, he and Squire gave glowing accounts of the new country; the rich lands, the forests, the streams, the flowers, and the game, were all talked of. They saw only, and consequently spoke only, of the bright side of the pic-

ture. But there were numbers of people to talk of difficulties ; these spoke of the folly of the Boones, in thinking of making such a country their home, and the madness of any man who should think of following them ; the country was wild, and all who settled there must suffer many privations : then, too (according to their story), it was afflicted with terrible diseases, and they might all expect to die there, or, if they escaped the climate, they must fall into the hands of the fierce and cruel Indians who roamed through those forests ; the place they declared was so dangerous that it was known, wherever it was known, as "the dark and bloody ground." With these sad stories floating about continually, it is not wonderful that the Boones found difficulty in beating up companions, and that more than two years passed away before they were ready for a start. At the end of that time they found that, while many were opposed to them, and others wavering as to what they would do, there were some, prompted by a spirit of bold adventure, ready to join them. Five families were willing to go with them to Kentucky.

Daniel Boone now sold his farm, and all things being made ready, on the 25th of September, 1773, the little company bade farewell to their friends and started for the west, driving before them their flocks and their herds. In their route, not a great

way from the Yadkin, was the settlement of Powel's valley. The story of their plan had spread through the neighborhood, and when they reached this spot they were delighted to find that the people were not so timid as those on the Yadkin: forty men here joined the party. Now they travelled on in high spirits; the whole body, old and young, numbering between seventy and eighty souls.

In a little time they came to the mountains, and found the pathway blazed by the Boones. In less than a fortnight they passed the first ridge of the Alleghanies, known as "Powel's range," and were now quietly descending the second, known as "Walden's range," when sorrow overtook them. They were in a dark and narrow gap, when the wild yell of Indians broke upon their ears. The savages rushed into the gap behind them, and let fly their arrows. Six of the party fell dead, a seventh was wounded. The men rallied around the women and children; the first discharge of their rifles scattered the savages. But the mischief was done; the sudden attack of the Indians was like a flash of lightning; they were seen only for an instant; yet, like the lightning, they had done their work: there were the dead, and alas! among them was the oldest son of Daniel Boone

The party, a little time before so happy, was



now in deep sorrow. What was to be done? The Indians had not only killed their companions, but their flocks and herds had all fled in fright, and could not be again gathered together. In dismay, the greater part were for retreating instantly to the nearest white settlement; this was upon the Clinch river, forty miles behind them. The Boones begged them to keep on their way—not to think of turning back; but it was all to no purpose; most of them insisted on retreating, and they at length yielded to the general desire. Accordingly, the dead were decently buried, and in great sadness they all traced their way back to Clinch river.

Here Daniel Boone remained with his family eight months. At the end of that time he was requested by Governor Dunmore, of Virginia, to go to the falls of the Ohio, to serve as a guide to a party of surveyors who had been sent there some months before. The western country was now beginning to attract attention, and the Indians were becoming very hostile to the whites. Accordingly, on the 6th of June, 1774, he started (with one man, Michael Stoner), and without any accident reached the point at which he aimed—the spot where Louisville now stands. The service for the surveyors was promptly performed, and they were enabled to complete their work, while Boone was at liberty to return to his fam-

ily. It is remarkable that he made this journey on foot, a distance of eight hundred miles, through a trackless wilderness, in the short period of sixty-two days.

He was not allowed to remain quiet long ; soon after his return, the Indians northwest of the Ohio, especially the Shawanese, made open war upon the whites. Governor Dunmore felt bound to protect his countrymen, and, among other acts for their defence, sent Daniel Boone, with the title of captain, to take command of three garrisons. This service was likewise well performed ; matters were soon more quiet, the soldiers were discharged, and Boone was relieved from his post.

He had not been a wanderer in the woods in vain ; his fame had gone abroad, and his services were in the following spring sought again. A company of gentlemen in North Carolina—the principal man of whom was Colonel Richard Henderson—were attempting to purchase the lands on the south side of the Kentucky river, from the Cherokee Indians.\* They had agreed to hold a treaty with the Indians, at Wataga, in March, 1775, to settle the boundaries of their intended purchase, and they now desired Boone to attend that treaty, and manage their business. In compliance with their wish, he went to Wataga, and

\* It is said that it was by Daniel Boone's advice that they first thought of making this purchase.

performed their service so well, that they gave him further employment. He was now requested to mark out a road from their settlement, through the wilderness, to Kentucky river. This was a work of great labor. It was necessary to make many surveys to find the best route, and when the best was found, it was, much of it, over mountains and rugged regions. With a number of laborers, he commenced the work. He met with two attacks from the Indians by the way, in which four of his men were killed, and five wounded. Undaunted, he pushed resolutely on, and, in the month of April, reached the Kentucky river. To guard themselves from the savages, they immediately commenced the building of a fort at a salt lick, about sixty yards from the south bank of the stream. The Indians annoyed them from time to time, while they were thus engaged, but fortunately killed but one man. On the 14th day of June the fort was finished, and Boone started back for his family on Clinch river. As an honor to him, the party gave to this first settlement in the wilderness of Kentucky the name of Boonesborough.

He reached his family without accident, and, as rapidly as he could, retraced his way with them through the forest. The fort consisted of several cabins, surrounded by pickets ten feet high, planted firmly in the ground. In one of these, Daniel

Boone found a shelter for his family. The long desire of his heart was at last gratified : he had a home in Kentucky. He was the first settler of that region, and (as he proudly said) his "wife and daughter the first white women that ever stood on the banks of Kentucky river."

## CHAPTER IV.



IT was now the season of autumn; the trees had not yet shed their leaves, and the forests were still beautiful. Mrs. Boone felt happy as she looked upon her new home. Winter came, and glided rapidly and joyously away. With their axes and rifles, the men in the settlement brought in constant and ample supplies of fuel and game, and around the blazing hearth of Daniel Boone there was not one in the family who sighed for the old home on the Yadkin. Boone naturally supposed that a fear of the Indians would be the principal trouble with his wife; and well she might dread them, remembering the loss of her son formerly in the pass of the mountains. Fortunately, however, she did not see an Indian through the season. But one white man was killed by them during the winter, and he lost his

life by unfortunately wandering away from the fort unarmed. After this, the other settlers were more prudent ; they never went without the pickets for fuel without taking their rifles.

When spring opened, they were soon very busy. A small clearing without the pickets was first made for a garden-spot. Mrs. Boone and her daughter brought out their stock of garden-seeds, and commenced cultivating this, while the men went on earnestly in the work of preparing for their fields. They were calculating that they were making their homes for life. Day after day the neighborhood resounded with the crash of falling trees, as these hardy men levelled the forests. While they were thus engaged, they were made happy by a new arrival. Colonel Calloway, an old companion of Boone's, led by the desire of finding his old friend and a new country, came out to the settlement this spring, and brought with him his two young daughters. Here, then, were companions for Boone's daughter. The fathers were happy, and the mother and girls delighted.

Spring had not passed away, however, before they were in sorrow about these children. When the wild flowers began to bloom in the woods, the girls were in the habit of strolling around the fort and gathering them to adorn their humble homes. This was an innocent and pleasant occupation ; it pleased the girls as well as their parents.

They were only cautioned not to wander far, for fear of the Indians. This caution, it seems, was forgotten. Near the close of a beautiful day in July, they were wandering, as usual, and the bright flowers tempted them to stroll thoughtlessly onward. Indians were in ambush; they were suddenly surrounded, seized, and hurried away, in spite of their screams for help. They were carried by their captors to the main body of the Indian party, some miles distant. Night came, and the girls did not return; search was made for them, and they were nowhere to be found. The thought now flashed upon Boone that the children were prisoners; the Indians had captured them. The parents were well nigh frantic: possibly the girls were murdered. Boone declared that he would recover his child, if alive, if he lost his own life in the effort. The whole settlement was at once roused: every man offered to start off with the two fathers in search of the children. But Boone would not have them all; some must remain behind, to protect the settlement. Of the whole number he chose seven; he and Calloway headed them; and, in less time than I have been telling the story, laden with their knapsacks and rifles, they were off in pursuit.

Which way were they to go? It was a long time before they could find a track of the party. The wily Indians, as usual, had used all their cun-

ning in hiding their footprints and breaking their trail. Covering their tracks with leaves ; walking at right angles occasionally from the main path ; crossing brooks by walking in them for some time, and leaving them at a point far from where they entered : all this had been practised, and I presume that the fathers never would have got on the track if the girls had not been as cunning as their captors. After wandering about for some time, they came at length to a brook, and waded along it for a great while in search of footprints. They looked faithfully far up and down the stream, for they knew the Indian stratagem. Presently Calloway leaped up for joy. " God bless my child !" cried he ; " they have gone this way." He had picked up a little piece of riband which one of his daughters had dropped, purposely to mark the trail. Now they were on the track. Travelling on as rapidly as they could, from time to time they picked up shreds of handkerchiefs, or fragments of their dresses, that the girls had scattered by the way. Before the next day ended, they were still more clearly on the track. They reached a soft, muddy piece of ground, and found all the footprints of the party ; they were now able to tell the number of the Indians. The close of the next day brought them still nearer to the objects of their search. Night had set in ; they were still wandering on, when, upon reaching a small hill,



they saw a camp-fire in the distance. They were now delighted ; this surely was the party that had captured the girls. Everything was left to the management of Boone. He brought his men as near the fire as he dared approach, and sheltered them from observation under the brow of a hill. Calloway and another man were then selected from the group ; the rest were told that they might go to sleep : they were, however, to sleep on their arms, ready to start instantly at a given signal. Calloway was to go with Boone ; the other man was stationed on the top of the hill, to give the alarm, if necessary. The two parents now crept cautiously onward to a covert of bushes not far from the fire. Looking through, they saw fifteen or twenty Indians fast asleep in the camp ; but where were the girls ? Crawling to another spot, they pushed the bushes cautiously aside, and, to their great joy, saw in another camp the daughters sleeping in each other's arms. Two Indians with their tomahawks guarded this camp. One seemed to be asleep. They crept gently around in the rear of this. They were afraid to use their rifles : the report would wake the other camp. Calloway was to stand ready to shoot the sleeping Indian if he stirred, while Boone was to creep behind the other, seize, and strangle him. They were then to hurry off with the children. Unfortunately, they calculated wrong : the Indian

whom they supposed to be sleeping was wide awake, and, as Boone drew near, his shadow was seen by this man. He sprang up, and the woods rang with his yell. The other camp was roused; the Indians came rushing to this. Boone's first impulse was to use his rifle, but Calloway's prudence restrained him. Had he fired, it would have been certain destruction to parents and children. They surrendered themselves prisoners, pleading earnestly at the same time for their captive daughters. The Indians bound them with cords, placed guards over them, and then retired to their camp. The poor girls, roused by the tumult, now saw their parents in this pitiable condition. Here they were, likewise made captives, for their love of them.

There was no more sleep in the Indian camp that night. Till the dawn of the day they were talking of what should be done to the new prisoners: some were for burning them at the stake; others objected to this. Boone and Calloway were to be killed, but they were too brave to be killed in this way. Some proposed making them run the gauntlet. At last it was decided (in pity for the girls, it is said) that the parents should be killed in a more decent and quiet way. They were to be tomahawked and scalped, and the girls were still to be kept prisoners. With the morning's light they started out to execute the sentence. That the

poor girls might not see their parents murdered, the men were led off to the woods, and there lashed to two trees. Two of the savages stood before them with their tomahawks, while the rest were singing and dancing around them. At length the tomahawks were lifted to strike them; at that instant the crack of rifles was heard, and the two Indians fell dead. Another and another report was heard: others fell, and the rest fled in dismay. Boone's companions had saved them. All night long they had waited for the signal: none had been given; they had heard the Indian yell; they feared that they were taken. They had watched the camp with the greatest anxiety, and now had delivered them. They were instantly untied; the girls were quickly released, and in the arms of their parents; and they all started joyously homeward. Mrs. Boone was delighted to see them. The party had been so long gone, that she feared her husband and child were alike lost to her for ever.

It is not surprising that when men found out that a settlement had been made in Kentucky, others were soon ready to start off for that fertile region. Accordingly, we find many arriving this year, and settling themselves in the country. Harrod, Logan, Ray, Wagin, Bowman, and many other fearless spirits, now threw themselves, like Boone, into the heart of the wilderness, and made their forts, or stations, as they were called. These

were just like the home of Boone—nothing more than a few log cabins, surrounded by pickets. Indeed, the country began now to assume so much importance in the eyes of men, that the Governor of Virginia thought proper to take some notice of it. When the legislature met, he recommended that the southwestern part of the county of Fin-castle—which meant all the large tract of country west of the Alleghanies now known as Kentucky—should be made into a separate county, by the name of Kentucky. The legislature thought it well to follow his advice. The new county was made, and had the privilege of sending two members to the Virginia legislature.

Nor is it surprising that the Indians began now to be more violent than ever in their enmity. They had been unwilling before that a white man should cross their path as they roamed over their hunting-grounds; but now, when they saw clearings made, and houses built, they felt that the whites meant to drive them for ever from that region. Their hatred consequently increased now every hour. Another circumstance at this time served to rouse them the more against the settlers. If you will think of the period of which I am speaking (the year 1776), perhaps you may guess what it was. The colonists of America in that year, you will remember, declared themselves independent of Great Britain. In the war which

followed (known among us always as the Revolutionary War), England struggled hard to subdue them ; nor was she always choice as to the means which she used for the purpose. She did not hesitate even to rouse the red men of the forests, and give them arms to fight the colonists. They were not only turned loose upon them with their own tomahawks and scalping-knives, but were well supplied with British rifles and balls. All the new settlements in the land were troubled with them, and Kentucky had to bear her part of the sorrow. These Indians would scatter themselves in small parties, and hang secretly for days and nights around the infant stations. Until one is acquainted with Indian stratagems, he can hardly tell how cunning these people are. By day they would hide themselves in the grass, or behind the stumps of trees, near the pathways to the fields or springs of water, and it was certain death to the white man who travelled that way. At night they would creep up to the very gateway of the pickets, and watch for hours for a white man. If any part of his person was exposed, he was sure to catch a rifle-ball. It was impossible to discover them, even when their mischief was done. They would lie in the grass flat on their bellies for days, almost under the very palisades. Sometimes an Indian yell would be heard near one point of the fort, startling all the settlers—a yell raised only to draw

them all in one direction, while the Indians did their mischief in another. In this sneaking mode of warfare, men, women, and children, were killed in many places ; and not unfrequently whole droves of cattle were cut off.

At length, to the great joy of the settlers, the Indians began to show themselves more boldly : for anything was better than these secret ambushes of the savages ; an open enemy is not so much to be dreaded as a secret one. Boonesborough and Harrodsburgh (a settlement made by James Harrod, a bold adventurer from the banks of the Monongahela) were now the principal stations. Toward these, new emigrants were from time to time moving, and against these stations, as being the strongest, the Indians felt the greatest hatred, and directed their principal attacks. Early in the spring of 1777, a party was moving toward Harrodsburgh : fortunately, the Indians attacked them ; for, though two whites were killed, the attack probably saved the settlement. It was only four miles from the place, and the Indians were now on their way there. One young man escaped in the midst of the fight to give the alarm at Harrodsburgh. The station was instantly put in a state of defence. Ere long, the Indians appeared. A brisk firing at once commenced on both sides ; the savages saw one of their men fall, and finding that they were not likely to gain any advantage, soon

scattered for the woods. The whites lost one man also, and three were slightly wounded.

On the 15th of April, a party of one hundred savages appeared boldly before Boonesborough. Every man of them was armed with his gun, as well as bow and arrows. Boone, however, was prepared for them, and gave them a warm reception—so warm, that they soon gladly retreated. How many of their men were killed it was impossible to tell, for they dragged away their dead with them. In the fort one man was killed, and four were badly wounded.

Their loss this time only served to make them more revengeful. In July following they again came against Boonesborough, resolved upon vengeance. They numbered this time more than two hundred. To prevent any of the white settlements from sending aid to Boonesborough, they had sent off small parties to molest them, and keep them busy. The savages now commenced their attack, and for two days a constant firing was kept up. At last, finding their efforts again idle, they raised a loud yell; and returned to the forests. The whites could now count their slain and wounded as they dragged them off: seven were killed, and numbers wounded, while in the fort only one white man was slain. In spite of their numbers and their cunning, they did but little harm: for Boone was never found sleeping; he knew that Indians

were his neighbors, and he was always ready for them. After this, they learned to dread him more than ever. He now went by the name of the "*Great Long Knife*."

Attacks of this kind were made from time to time openly against the settlements, but especially against these two principal stations. They all ended very much in the same way, and it would only weary you if I should attempt to speak of them. It is enough for you to know that the whites were always on the lookout, and that Boone was regarded as their principal leader and protector. We will pass on, therefore, to something more interesting.

I have already stated that the stations of these settlers were usually built, for comfort's sake, in the neighborhood of salt licks or springs; and near such a lick, as you will remember, Boonesborough stood. The supply of salt, however, was not sufficient; new settlers were often arriving, and it became necessary to seek a place which would afford more of that article. Boone was the father of the settlement, and he undertook to find it. Having selected thirty men as his companions, on the 1st of January, 1778, he started for the Blue Licks, on Licking river—a stream, as you know, emptying itself into the Ohio opposite where Cincinnati now stands. Upon reaching this spot, the thirty men were soon very busy in making salt.



Boone, having no taste for the work, sauntered off to employ himself in shooting game for the company. He had wandered some distance from the river one day, when suddenly he came upon two Indians armed with muskets. It was impossible for him to retreat, and the chances were against him if he stood. His usual coolness did not forsake him; he instantly jumped behind a tree. As the Indians came within gun-shot, he exposed himself on the side of the tree: one savage immediately fired, and Boone dodged the ball. One shot was thus thrown away, and this was just what he desired. Exposing himself immediately in precisely the same way, the other musket was discharged by the other Indian, to as little purpose. He now stepped boldly out; the Indians were trying hard to load again; he raised his rifle, and one savage fell dead. He was now on equal terms with the other. Drawing his hunting-knife, he leaped forward and placed his foot upon the body of the dead Indian; the other raised his tomahawk to strike; but Boone, with his rifle in his left hand, warded off the blow, while with his right he plunged his knife into the heart of the savage. His two foes lay dead before him. If you should ever visit Washington city, you will see a memorial of this deed. The act is in sculpture, over the southern door of the rotundo of the capitol.

After this he continued his hunting excursions,

as usual, for the benefit of his party ; but he was not so fortunate the next time he met with Indians. On the 7th of February, as he was roaming through the woods, he saw a party of one hundred savages on their way to attack Boonesborough. His only chance for escape now was to run. He instantly fled, but the swiftest warriors gave chase, and before a great while he was overtaken and made a prisoner. He was, of all men, the one whom they desired to take ; they could now gain, as they thought, some information about Boonesborough. They now carried him back to the Blue Licks. As they drew near, Boone, knowing that it was idle to resist, made signs to the salt-makers to surrender themselves. This they did, and thus the savages soon had in their possession twenty-eight captives. Fortunately for themselves, three of the men had started homeward with a supply of salt, and thus escaped.

Now was the time for the savages to have attacked Boonesborough ; for, with the loss of so many men, and Boone their leader, we may readily suppose that the station might have surrendered. Flushed, however, with the capture of their prisoners, they seem not to have thought of it any longer.

The prisoners were marched immediately to Old Chilicothe, the principal Indian town on the Little Miami, where they arrived on the 18th. There

was great rejoicing over them when they reached this old settlement of the savages, though Boone says they were "treated as kindly as prisoners could expect." Early in the next month Boone with ten of his men was marched off to Detroit by forty Indians. Here Governor Hamilton, the British commander of that post, treated them with much kindness. The ten men were soon delivered up for a small ransom. But when the Governor offered them one hundred pounds to give up Boone, that he might allow him to return home, they refused to part with him; they looked upon him as too dangerous an enemy to be allowed to go free upon any terms. Several English gentlemen were moved with pity when they saw Boone thus a helpless prisoner, and offered to supply his wants. He thanked them for their feeling, but refused to receive any aid, stating that he never expected to be able to return their kindness, and therefore was unwilling to receive it. The truth was, he was not disposed to receive assistance from the enemies of his country.

With no other prisoner than Boone, the party now started again for Old Chilicothe. As they drew near, after a very fatiguing march, Boone thought he understood why they had refused to part with him. Before they entered the village, they shaved his head, painted his face, and dressed him like themselves; they then placed in his

hands a long white staff, ornamented with deers' tails. The chief of the party then raised a yell, and all the warriors from the village answered it, and soon made their appearance. Four young warriors commenced singing as they came toward him. The two first, each bearing a calumet, took him by the arms and marched him to a cabin in the village; here he was to remain until his fate was made known to him. Of all strange customs of the Indians (and he had seen many of them), this was the strangest to him. It is not wonderful that he thought he was now to die.

Yet this was a common custom (it is said) among the Shawanese, who inhabited this village. Prisoners were often thus carried to some cabin, and then the Indian living in the cabin decided what should be done—whether the prisoner should die, or be adopted into the tribe. It happened that in this cabin lived an old Indian woman, who had lately lost a son in battle. She, of course, was to decide Boone's fate. She looked at him earnestly, admired his noble bearing and cheerful face, and at length declared that he should live. He should be her son, she said; he should be to her the son whom she had lost. The young warriors instantly announced to him his fate, and the fact was soon proclaimed through the village. Food was brought out and set before him; and every effort, which Indian love could think of, was used to make him

happy. He was fairly one of the tribe ; and the old woman who was to be his mother was especially delighted.

He was now as free as the rest ; his only sorrow was that he had to live among them. He knew, too, that if he should be caught trying to make his escape, it would be certain death to him. He pretended, therefore, to be cheerful and happy ; and fortunately his old habits enabled him to play his part well. Like them, he was a man of the woods, and as fond of hunting as any of them. They all soon became attached to him, and treated him with the utmost confidence.

Sometimes large parties would go out to try their skill at their sports of racing and shooting at a mark. Boone was always with them ; he knew, however, that in trials of this kind the Indians were always jealous if they were beaten, and therefore he had to act very prudently. At racing, they could excel him ; but at shooting, he was more than a match for any of them. Still, when the target was set up, he was always certain to be beaten. If he shot too well, they would be jealous and angry ; if he shot badly, they would hold him in contempt : and therefore he would manage to make good shots, and yet never be the successful man. He knew too much of Indians not to conduct himself properly.

Sometimes they would start out upon hunting-

parties. Here Boone was at home ; there was no jealousy when he brought down a buffalo or a deer with his rifle-ball. He might do his best ; they were true hunters themselves, and were delighted with every successful shot. Returning to the village, Boone would always visit the Shawanese chief, and present him a portion of his game. By this kindness and civility he completely won the heart of the chief, and was not unfrequently consulted by him on important matters. Thus he passed his time, joining in all their modes of living ; he was beloved by the old woman, the chief, and all the tribe : and none suspected that he was not contented and happy.

On the 1st of June, a large party was starting from the village for the salt-licks on the Scioto, to make salt. Boone pretended to be indifferent whether he went or not. The truth was, however, that he was very anxious to go, for he thought it would afford a fine opportunity for him to escape. He seemed so indifferent about the matter, that the party urged him to accompany them, and off he started. For ten days most of them were busy making salt, while Boone and two or three of the best marksmen hunted for the benefit of the rest. He watched his chance for escape, but none occurred ; he was closely observed ; it was impossible for him to attempt it. To his great sorrow, he was forced to return home with the salt-makers.

They had scarcely got back, when the whole village was summoned to the council-house, to attend a council of war. Boone, as belonging to one of the principal families, went to this council. Here he met four hundred and fifty armed Indians, all gayly painted. One of the oldest warriors then struck a large drum, and marched with the war-standard three times round the council-house: this was the sure signal that they were about to make war upon some enemy. But who was the enemy? What was Boone's surprise when it was announced that they meant to attack Boonesborough! He resolved now that he would escape, even at every hazard, and alarm the settlement. Still his prudence did not forsake him.

The old warriors at once commenced gathering together a supply of parched corn, and beating up more recruits for the expedition. All the new men (Boone among the rest, for he was forced to join them) were then marched off to the "winter-house" to drink the war-drink. This was a mixture of water and bitter herbs and roots, and was to be drank steadily for three days, during which time no man was to eat a morsel. Even if a deer or buffalo passed by, no man was to kill it; the fast must be kept. In fact, no man was allowed even to sit down, or rest himself by leaning against a tree. This was done by the old men to purify the young warriors, as they said, and to gain the

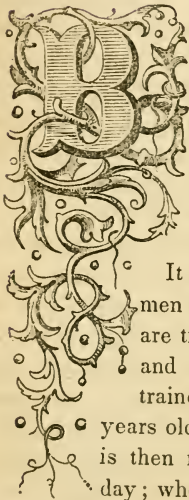
favor of the Great Spirit. All this was a common practice with the tribe before they went to battle ; and the more strictly the fast was kept, the greater (as they supposed) were the chances of success. During these three days, Boone, like the rest, kept the fast, drank the war-drink, and did not even leave the " medicine-ground."

The fast being over, they fired their guns, yelled, danced, and sang ; and in the midst of this noise the march commenced. The leading war-chief, bearing the medicine-bag, or budget (as it was called), went before ; the rest followed in single file. Nothing but shouting and yelling, and the noise of guns, was heard, as they passed through the village. When they reached the woods, all the noise ceased ; they were fairly on their march, and that march was to be made after the Indian fashion, in dead silence. For several days this dead march was kept up, Boone looking every hour for his chance of escape. At length, early one morning, a deer dashed by the line. Boone leaped eagerly after him, and started in pursuit. No sooner was he out of sight of the Indians, than he pressed for Boonesborough. He knew they would give chase, and therefore he doubled his track, waded in streams, and did everything that he could to throw them off his trail. Every sound startled him ; he thought the Indians were behind him. With no food but roots and



berries, and scarcely time to devour these, he pushed through swamps and thickets for his old home. Now or never was his chance for liberty, and as such he used it. At length, after wandering nearly two hundred miles, on the fourth day he reached Boonesborough in safety.

## CHAPTER V.



BEFORE we go on, let me tell you of some of the curious customs which Boone noticed among the Indians, during his captivity. He had a fine opportunity for observation, and I think these strange customs will interest you.

It is not wonderful that Indian men and women are so hardy ; they are trained to it from their youth : and Boone tells us how they are trained. When a child is only eight years old, this training commences ; he is then made to fast frequently half a day ; when he is twelve, he is made to fast a whole day. During the time of this fast, the child is left alone, and his face is always blacked. This mode of hardening them is kept up with girls until they are fourteen—with boys until they are eighteen. At length, when a boy

has reached the age of eighteen, his parents tell him that his education is completed, and that he is old enough to be a man. His face is now to be blacked for the last time. He is taken to a solitary cabin far away from the village ; his face is blacked, and then his father makes to him a speech of this kind : “ My son, the Great Spirit has allowed you to live to see this day. We have all noticed your conduct since I first began to black your face. All people will understand whether you have followed your father’s advice, and they will treat you accordingly. You must now remain here until I come after you.” The lad is then left alone. His father then goes off hunting, as though nothing had happened, and leaves his boy to bear his hunger as long it is possible for him to starve and live. At length he prepares a great feast, gathers his friends together, and then returns. The lad is then brought home, his face is washed in cold water, his hair is shaved, leaving nothing but the scalp-lock ; they all commence eating, but the food of the lad is placed before him in a separate dish. This being over, a looking-glass and a bag of paint are then presented to him. Then they all praise him for his firmness, and tell him that he is a man. Strange as it may seem, a boy is hardly ever known to break his fast when he is blacked this way for the last time. It is looked upon as something base, and they have a

dread that the Great Spirit will punish them if they are disobedient to their parents.

Another curious habit which surprised Boone was that of continually changing names. A white man carries the same name from the cradle to the grave, but among these people it was very different. Their principal arms, as you know, are the tomahawk and scalping-knife, and he who can take the greatest number of scalps is the greatest man. From time to time, as warriors would return from an attack upon some enemy, these new names would begin to be known. Each man would count the number of scalps he had taken, and a certain number entitled him to a new name, in token of his bravery. It is not wonderful that they were revengeful, when they were stimulated by this sort of ambition. Besides this, they believed that he who took the scalp of a brave man received at once all his courage and other good qualities ; and this made them more eager in their thirst for scalps. In this way, names of warriors were sometimes changed three or four times in a year.

Marriages in this tribe were conducted very decently. When a young warrior desired to marry, he assembled all his friends, and named the woman whom he wished for his wife. His relations then received his present, and took it to the parents of the young woman. If they were pleased with

the proposal, they would dress the young woman in her gayest clothes, and take her, with bundles of presents, to the friends of the warrior; then, if she pleased, she was to be married. There was no compulsion in the matter. If she was not satisfied, she had only to return his present to the young warrior, and this was considered a refusal.

Their mode of burying their dead was very much like that of all the Indians. The dead body was sometimes placed in a pen made of sticks and covered over with bark; sometimes it was placed in a grave, and covered first with bark, and then with dirt; and sometimes, especially in the case of the young, it was placed in a rude coffin, and suspended from the top of a tree. This last was a common mode of infant burial, and the mother of the child would often be found, long after, standing under the tree, and singing songs to her babe.

Boone witnessed, too, the mode in which war-parties start off for war. The budget, or medicine-bag, is first made up. This bag contains something belonging to each man of the party—something usually representing some animal, such as the skin of a snake, the tail of a buffalo, the horns of a buck, or the feathers of a bird. It is always regarded as a very sacred thing. The leader of the party goes before with this; the rest follow in single file. When they come to a stand, the

budget is laid down in front, and no man may pass it without permission. To keep their thoughts upon the enterprise in which they are engaged, no man is allowed to talk of women or his home. At night, when they encamp, the heart of whatever animal has been killed during the day is cut into small pieces and then burnt. During the burning no man is allowed to step across the fire, but must always walk around it in the direction of the sun. When they spy the enemy, and the attack is to be made, the war-budget is opened. Each man takes out his budget, or *totem*, and fastens it to his body. After the fight, each man again returns his *totem* to the leader. They are all again tied up, and given to the man who has taken the first scalp. He then leads the party in triumph home.

Boone had not long been a prisoner among them when a successful war-party returned home and celebrated their victory. When the party came within a day's march of the village, a messenger was sent in to tell of their success. An order was instantly issued that every cabin should be swept clean, and the women as quickly commenced the work. When they had finished, the cabins were all inspected, to see if they were in proper order. Next day the party approached the village. They were all frightfully painted, and each man had a bunch of white feathers on his head. They were marching in single file, the chief of the party

leading the way, bearing in one hand a branch of cedar, laden with the scalps they had taken, and all chanting their war-song. As they entered the village, the chief led the way to the war-pole, which stood in front of the council-house. In this house the council-fire was then burning. The waiter, or *Etissu* of the leader, then fixed two blocks of wood near the war-pole, and placed upon them a kind of ark, which was regarded by them as one of their most sacred things. The chief now ordered that all should sit down. He then inquired whether his cabin was prepared, and everything made ready, according to the custom of his fathers. They then rose up and commenced the war-whoop, as they marched round the war-pole. The ark was then taken and carried with great solemnity into the council-house, and here the whole party remained three days and nights, separate from the rest of the people. Their first business now was to wash themselves clean, and sprinkle themselves with a mixture of bitter herbs. While they were thus in the house, all their female relatives, after having bathed and dressed themselves in their finest clothes, placed themselves in two lines facing each other on each side of the door. Here they continued singing a slow monotonous song all day and night; the song was kept up steadily for one minute, with intervals of ten minutes of dead silence between. About once in

three hours the chief would march out at the head of his warriors, raise the war-whoop, and pass around the war-pole, bearing his branch of cedar. This was all that was done for the whole three days and nights. At length the purification was ended, and upon each of their cabins was placed a twig of the cedar with a fragment of the scalps fastened to it, to satisfy the ghosts of their departed friends. All were now quiet as usual, except the leader of the party and his waiter, who kept up the purification three days and nights longer. When he had finished, the budget was hung up before his door for thirty or forty days, and from time to time Indians of the party would be seen singing and dancing before it. When Boone asked the meaning of all this strange ceremony, they answered him by a word which he says meant *holy*.

As this party had brought in no prisoners, he did not now witness their horrible mode of torture. Before he left them, however, he saw enough of their awful cruelty in this way. Sometimes the poor prisoner would be tied to a stake, a pile of green wood placed around him, fire applied, and the poor wretch left to his horrible fate, while, amid shouts and yells, the Indians departed. Sometimes he would be forced to run the gauntlet between two rows of Indians, each one striking at him with a club until he fell dead. Others would be fastened between two stakes, their arms



and legs stretched to each of them, and then quickly burnt by a blazing fire. A common mode was to pinion the arms of the prisoner, and then tie one end of a grape-vine around his neck, while the other was fastened to the stake. A fire was then kindled, and the poor wretch would walk the circle; this gave the savages the comfort of seeing the poor creature literally roasting, while his agony was prolonged. Perhaps this was the most popular mode, too, because all the women and children could join in it. They were there, with their bundles of dry sticks, to keep the fire blazing, and their long switches, to beat the prisoner. Fearful that their victim might die too soon, and thus escape their cruelty, the women would knead cakes of clay and put them on the scull of the poor sufferer, that the fire might not reach his brain and instantly kill him. As the poor frantic wretch would run round the circle, they would yell, dance, and sing, and beat him with their switches, until he fell exhausted. At other times, a poor prisoner would be tied, and then scalding water would be poured upon him from time to time till he died. It was amazing, too, to see how the warriors would sometimes bear these tortures. Tied to the stake, they would chant their war-songs, threaten their captors with the awful vengeance of their tribe, boast of how many of their nation they had scalped, and tell their tormentors how they might

increase their torture. In the midst of the fire they would stand unflinching, and die without changing a muscle. It was their glory to die in this way; they felt that they disappointed their enemies in their last triumph.

While Boone was with them, a noted warrior of one of the western tribes, with which the Shawanese were at war, was brought in as a captive. He was at once condemned, stripped, fastened to the stake, and the fire kindled. After suffering without flinching for a long time, he laughed at his captors, and told them they did not know how to make an enemy eat fire. He called for a pipe and tobacco. Excited by his bravery, they gave it to him. He sat down on the burning coals, and commenced smoking with the utmost composure; not a muscle of his countenance moved. Seeing this, one of his captors sprang forward and cried out that he was a true warrior. Though he had murdered many of their tribe, yet he should live, if the fire had not spoiled him. The fire had, however, well nigh done its work. With that, he declared that he was too brave a man to suffer any longer. He seized a tomahawk and raised it over the head of the prisoner: still a muscle did not move. He did not even change his posture. The blow was given, and the brave warrior fell dead.

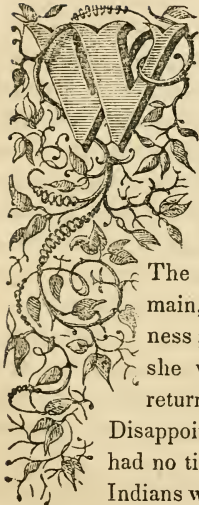
While among them, Boone also witnessed the

mode in which the Shawanese make a treaty of peace. The warriors of both tribes between which the treaty was to be made, met together first, ate and smoked in a friendly way, and then pledged themselves in a sacred drink called *cussena*. The Shawanese then waved large fans, made of eagles' tails, and danced. The other party, after this, chose six of their finest young men, painted them with white clay, and adorned their heads with swans' feathers; their leader was then placed on what was called the "consecrated seat." After this they all commenced dancing, and singing their song of peace. They danced first in a bending posture; then stood upright, still dancing, and bearing in their right hands their fans, while in their left they carried a calabash, tied to a stick about a foot long, and with this continually beat their breasts. During all this, some added to the noise by rattling pebbles in a gourd. This being over, the peace was concluded. It was an act of great solemnity, and no warrior was considered as well trained, who did not know how to join in every part of it.

Many other strange things were seen by Boone among these people, but these are enough to show you that he was among a strange people, with habits very unlike his own. It is not wonderful that he sighed to escape, when he looked upon their horrid tortures. Independently of his love

for Boonesborough, he did not know but that such tortures might be his at any moment, when they became excited. Fortunately, as we have seen, he did escape, and we will now go on with his story.

## CHAPTER VI.



WHEN Boone reached Boonesborough, the object he most loved was not to be found. His poor wife, wearied with waiting for him, and naturally concluding that he was lost to her for ever, had returned to her friends on the Yadkin.

The settlers had begged her to remain, and offered her every kindness; but her husband was gone: she was heart-sick, and longed to return to her friends in Carolina.

Disappointed as he was, however, he had no time to waste in sorrow. The Indians were approaching, and Boonesborough was well nigh defenceless. Just before his return, a Major Smith had taken charge of the post, and been busy in strengthening it, but much was still to be done. Boone's energies were now at work, and in a little time the station was ready for an attack. A white man now came into the set-

tlement with news. He had escaped from the Indians. The party from which Boone had escaped had postponed their attack for three weeks, and gone back to strengthen themselves. They felt that Boone had reached home—the alarm was given, the place fortified—and that it was idle to attack it at this time.

Boone determined at once to improve the mean season. With nineteen men, he started off to surprise the Indians at Paint Creek Town, a small village on the Scioto. When he came within four miles of the place, he met a party of the savages on their way to join the large body marching against Boonesborough. The fight instantly commenced: one Indian fell dead, several were wounded, and the rest were forced to retreat; their horses and all their baggage fell into the hands of Boone. Two men were now sent to reconnoitre the town. They found no Indians there; they had all left. After setting fire to the village, they returned, and Boone immediately hurried homeward.

He had scarcely entered the station, and closed the gates, when an army of four hundred and forty-four Indians, led on by a Frenchman named Duquesne, appeared before the settlement. They soon sent in a flag, demanding, in the name of the King of Great Britain, that the station should instantly surrender. A council was immediately

held in the fort. With such a force before them, Smith was in favor of meeting their proposal; Boone opposed it; the settlers backed him in this opposition; and he sent back for an answer to the Indians that the gates should never be opened to them. Presently another flag of truce was sent in, with a message that they had a letter for Colonel Boone from Governor Hamilton, of Detroit. Upon hearing this, it was thought best that Boone and Smith should go out and meet them, and hear what they had to say.

Fifty yards from the fort they were met by three chiefs, who received them very cordially, and led them to the spot where they were to hold the parley. Here they were seated upon a panther's skin, while the Indians held branches over their heads to protect them from the sun. The chiefs then commenced talking in a friendly way, and some of their warriors now came forward, grounded their arms, and shook hands with them. Then the letter of General Hamilton was read; he invited them to surrender and come at once to Detroit where they should be treated with all kindness. Smith objected to this proposal, declaring that it was impossible for them, at this time, to move their women and children; but the Indians had an answer ready: they had brought forty horses with them, they said, expressly to help them in removing. After a long and friendly talk, the

white men returned to the fort, for the purpose, as they said, of considering the proposal. They now informed the settlers that the Indians had no cannon, and advised them never to think of surrendering. Every man thought the advice good.

The Indians now sent in another flag, and asked what treaty the whites were ready to make. Boone, who had suspected treachery all the time, at once sent a reply, that if they wished to make a treaty, the place for making it, must be within sixty yards of the fort. This displeased them at first, but at last, they consented. He then stationed some of his men, with their guns, in one angle of the fort, with orders to fire if it became necessary, and, with Smith, started out to meet them. After a long talk with thirty chiefs, terms were agreed upon, and the treaty was ready to be signed; the chiefs now said that it was customary with them, on such occasions, for the Indians to shake hands with every white man who signed the treaty, as a token of the warmest friendship. Boone and Smith agreed to this, and the shaking of hands commenced; presently, they found themselves seized in the crowd—the Indians were dragging them off; a fire from the fort now levelled the savages who grasped them; the rest were in confusion, and, in the confusion, Boone and Smith escaped and rushed into the fort. In the struggle Boone was wounded, though not dan-



gerously. It was a narrow escape for both of them.

There was no more chance for deception now ; the Indians were disappointed, and the whites were provoked at their treachery. A brisk firing now commenced on both sides ; Duquesne harangued the Indians and urged them on, while the whites shouted from the fort, upbraided them as treacherous cowards, and defied them. The attack was furious, the firing was kept up till dark, and many an Indian fell that day before Boonesborough. The whites, sheltered by their pickets, made easy havoc among them.

When night came, the exasperated Indians crawled under the pickets and began to throw burning materials into the fort, hoping to set all on fire ; but in this they were disappointed—there were ample supplies of water inside, and the fire was put out as fast as it fell.

The next day the firing was resumed, and day after day it continued, the Indians failing to make any impression. They were too far from the fort—the first day's work had taught them not to come near. At last they formed a wiser plan for doing mischief. Boonesborough, as you will remember, was only sixty yards from the river, and they determined, by the advice of the Frenchman, to let the water in and force the settlers out. In the night, they commenced the work of digging a

trench under ground, from the river. In the morning Boone looked out upon the river, and perceiving that it was muddy, instantly guessed the cause. He immediately set his men to the work of cutting a trench inside the fort, to cross the subterranean passage of the Indians. The savages saw what was doing, for Boone's men were constantly shovelling dirt over the pickets, but they persevered earnestly in their design. At last, however, they were forced to stop, for the dirt caved in as fast as they dug; disappointed in this, they now summoned the station once more to a treaty. But Boone laughed at them. "Do you suppose," said he, "we would pretend to treat with such treacherous wretches? Fire on, you only waste your powder; the gates shall never be opened to you while there is a man of us living." Taking his advice, they commenced their firing again; at last, on the ninth day of the siege, wearied with their fruitless labor, they killed all the cattle they could find, raised a yell, and departed. This was a terrible siege for the Indians; it is said that they lost two hundred men; Boone counted thirty-seven chief warriors; while the whites, defended by their pickets, had but two killed and four wounded. You may judge, too, how industrious the savages had been, when I tell you that the whites who wanted lead, commenced gathering their balls after they left, and succeeded in picking out of the

logs, and from the ground, one hundred and twenty-five pounds.

Boone having thus successfully defended his settlement, determined now to go in search of his wife. Accustomed to travelling through the woods, he soon made his lonely journey to the Yadkin. They were amazed as he entered the house of Mr. Bryan, his wife's father. The appearance of one risen from the grave could not have surprised them more than that of Boone—the lost man was among them, and great was their rejoicing. He now remained here with his family for some time, and here we will leave him for a little while, to talk of what happened in Kentucky during his absence.

The Kentuckians, roused by the Indian hostility and treachery, determined soon after he left to inflict punishment upon them; against the Shawanese they were most provoked; it was among them that most of the plots against the whites were formed, and the attack, therefore, was to be made upon them. An army of one hundred and sixty men was soon collected, and the command was given to a brave man named Colonel Bowman; they were to march directly against old Chilicothe, the den of the savages.

In July of this year (1779), they started and reached the home of the Indians, without being discovered. At daylight, the fight commenced and

continued till ten o'clock. Bowman's men fought bravely, but the Indians had every advantage. Knowing all the woods about their settlement, while one party fought openly, the other, concealed behind the grass and trees, poured in a deadly fire upon the whites. He was forced at last to retreat as rapidly as possible to a distance of thirty miles ; but the Indians pursued him here, doing more mischief than before. The savages fought desperately. His men were falling around him, and but for Colonel Harrod, every man of them might have been killed. Seeing the slaughter that was continually increasing, he mounted a body of horsemen and made a charge upon the enemy ; this broke their ranks, they were thrown into confusion, and Bowman, with the remnant of his men, was enabled to retreat.

This attack only exasperated the Indians. In the course of the next summer (after doing much mischief in a smaller way in the meantime), they gathered together to the number of six hundred, and led on by Colonel Bird, a British officer, came down upon Riddle's and Martin's stations, at the forks of Licking river. They had with them six cannons, and managed their matters so secretly, that the first news of their approach was given to the settlers by the roar of their guns. Of course it was of no use to resist ; the pickets could not defend them from cannon-balls ; the settlers were

forced to surrender. The savages rushed into the station and instantly killed one man and two women with their tomahawks ; all the others, many of whom were sick, were now loaded with baggage and forced to march off with the Indians. It was certain death to any one, old or young, male or female, who became, on the march, too weak and exhausted to travel farther ; they were instantly killed with the tomahawk.

Flushed with success, the Indians were now more troublesome than ever ; it was impossible for the whites to remain in the country if matters were to go on in this way. The inhabitants at last threw themselves upon the protection of Colonel Clarke, who commanded a regiment of United States soldiers at the falls of the Ohio. At the head of his men and a large number of volunteers, he marched against Pecaway, one of the principal towns of the Shawanese ; numbers of the savages were killed, and the town was burnt to ashes. This was a triumph, but it was a triumph gained by the loss of seventeen of his men.

In 1780, Boone again returned to Boonesborough with his family, bringing with him also a younger brother. The elder brother (who had been in Kentucky before, as you will remember) now returned also, and made his home at a spot not far from the place where the town of Shelbyville now stands. The settlers were all delighted to see

their old friend Daniel Boone once more among them ; they now felt that their leader was on the ground. Mrs. Boone too felt happy. 'Though she was again on "*the dark and bloody ground,*" her husband was with her.

In a little time his services were again especially needed. The want of salt, their old trouble was upon them, and they looked to Boone to procure it. Ever ready, he started off with his younger brother to the Blue Licks, the place of his former trouble ; here he was destined to meet with trouble again. They had made as much salt as they could carry, and were now returning to Boonesborough with their packs, when they were suddenly overtaken by a party of savages ; the Indians immediately fired, and Boone's brother fell dead. Daniel Boone turned, levelled his rifle at the foremost Indian, and brought him down ; with a loud yell the party now rushed toward him. He snatched his brother's rifle, levelled another, and then ran. The Indians gave chase, but he managed to keep ahead, and even found time to reload his rifle. He knew that his only chance for escape was to distance them, and break his trail. He passed the brow of a hill, jumped into a brook below, waded in it for some distance, and then struck off at right angles from his old course. Upon looking back he found, to his sorrow, that he had not succeeded—the Indians were still on

his track. Presently, he came to a grape-vine, and tried his old experiment at breaking the trail. This was to no purpose, he found the savages still following him. After travelling some distance farther, upon looking round he saw the cause of his trouble ; the Indians had a dog with them, and this dog, scenting his track, kept them for ever on his course. His rifle was loaded—the dog was far ahead of the party—and Boone sent a rifle ball through him. He now pushed on, doubling his course from time to time ; the Indians lost track of him, and he reached Boonesborough in safety.

In spite of the continued annoyance of the Indians, the white settlements had continued to grow, and there were now so many white men in the country, that in the fall of this year (1780), Kentucky was divided into the three counties of Jefferson, Fayette, and Lincoln. Our friend, Daniel Boone, was appointed to command the militia in his county, and William Pope, and Benjamin Logan, two brave men, were to have the command in theirs.

The winter of this year soon set in, and it proved a hard one. The settlers, however, bore it cheerfully, for they were accustomed to hardships. Hard as it was, too, it proved mild to the next that followed. The winter of 1781 was long remembered as “ the cold winter ” in Kentucky. To make it harder, the Indians, after doing much mischief through the summer, had destroyed most of the

crops the preceding fall, and the settlers had small supplies of food. But the forest was around them; Boone and Harrod were among them, and these two men found food enough. Every day they went out in the winter's storms—every night they came in laden with deer and buffaloes. The people learned to live on nothing but meat. Boone and Harrod drove away all thoughts of starvation. They had, however, this one comfort: the cold weather kept the Indians at home. They had no disturbances throughout the winter from them.

When spring opened, however, the savages showed themselves more furious, if possible, than ever. Their plans of mischief were better laid; they seemed to have been feeding their revenge fat. Open and secret war was all around the settlers. It would be idle for me to attempt to give details of the doings of the savages. Ashton's, Hoy's, M'Afee's, Kincheloe's, and Boone's station, near Shelbyville, were all attacked. Men were shot down in the open fields, or waylaid in every pathway. The early annals of Kentucky are filled with stories of many a brave white man at this time. There were Ashton, Holden, Lyn, Tipton, Chapman, White, Boone, Floyd, Wells, the M'Afees, M'Gary, Randolph, Reynolds, and others, some of whom were killed, and all of whom had their hard struggles. The history of that spring is only a story of burnings, captures, and



murders, on the part of the savages. It was a dark period for the white men ; even Boone, with all his vigor and fearlessness, thought it the darkest period he had known in that region. The savages seemed bent upon a war of extermination.

Not satisfied with such mischief as they had already done, in the early part of the summer the savages held a grand council at Old Chillicothe, to arrange their plans for further destruction. There were chiefs there from the Cherokees, Wyandots, Tawas, Pottawattomies, and most of the tribes bordering on the lakes. Two notorious white villains—whose names will never be forgotten in Kentucky—were there also, to aid them with their counsels. These were Girty and M'Kee, infamous men, who lived among the Indians, and lived only by murdering their own countrymen. Their plan was soon settled. Bryant's station, near Lexington, was known to be a strong post, and this was to be attacked. This station had within it forty cabins, and here it was thought they might make the greatest slaughter. The warriors were to gather as rapidly as possible for the enterprise.

In a little time, five hundred of them rallied at Girty's cabin, ready for their departure. The white rascal then made a speech to them. He told them that " Kentucky was a beautiful hunting-ground, filled with deer and buffaloes, for their comfort ; the white men had come to drive them

away ; the ground was now red with the blood of the red men that had been slain. But vengeance they would have—now, before the whites were yet fastened in the country, they would strike a blow, and drive them off for ever.” Then he talked of the plan before them. He advised them to descend the Miami in their canoes, cross the Ohio, ascend the Licking, and then they might paddle their boats almost to the station. His speech was answered by a loud yell from the Indians, and they all started off for their boats—Simon Girty, with his ruffled shirt and soldier coat, marching at their head.

On the night of the 15th of August, they arrived before the station. In the morning, as the gates were opened, the men were fired at by the savages, and this was the first news to the whites of the approach of the enemy. It was fortunate that they had shown themselves thus early : in two hours more, most of the men were to have started off to aid a distant feeble station. As soon as the whites found they were besieged, they managed to send off the news to Lexington.

The Indians now, as usual, commenced their stratagems. The large body concealed themselves in the grass near the pathway to the spring, while one hundred went round and attacked the southeast angle of the station. Their hope was to draw the whites all to that quarter, while they forced an en-

trance on the other side. But the white men understood this sort of cunning; they had lived among the Indians too long to be caught by such tricks: instead of noticing the attack, they went on quietly with the work of repairing and strengthening their palisades.

But water, one of the necessaries of life, was soon wanting. The whites, as they looked at the tall grass and weeds near the spring, felt that Indians were lurking there. The women now came forward and insisted upon it that they would go and bring water. "What if they do shoot us?" they said; "it is better to lose a woman than a man at such a time." With that, they started out, and, strange to tell, went back and forth, bringing supplies of water, without any difficulty. Some of the young men now went out upon the same purpose. They had scarcely left the station, when they were fired upon. Fortunately, the Indians were too far to do any mischief; the men retreated rapidly within the palisades. The Indians, finding their stratagem fruitless, now rushed forward, and commenced a tremendous attack. The whites received them with a steady fire, and many of them fell. Enraged the more, they now discharged their burning arrows into the roofs of the houses; some of the cabins were burnt, but an east wind was blowing at the time, and that saved the station.

The enemy now fell back into the grass. They had found out, in some way, that help was expected from Lexington, and they were preparing to cut it off. In a little time, all was still. Presently sixteen horsemen, followed by thirty-one foot-soldiers, were seen coming; these were the men from Lexington. Thinking only of the distress of their friends, they were hurrying along, when the Indians opened a fire upon them. The horsemen galloped off in a cloud of dust, and reached the station in safety. The soldiers on foot, in their effort to escape, plunged into the cornfields on either side of the road, only to meet the enemy. A desperate fight commenced on both sides: two soldiers were killed; the rest—four of them having dangerous wounds—reached the pickets. The exasperated Indians, disappointed at the escape of this party, now wreaked their vengeance by killing all the cattle they could find.

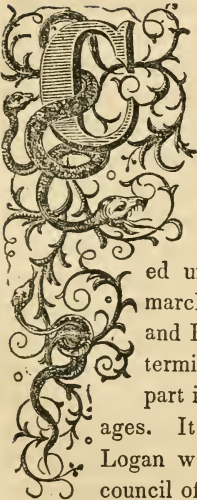
Finding all their efforts to enter the station idle, Simon Girty now came near enough to be heard, mounted a stump, and holding in his hand a flag of truce, began to talk. "Surrender promptly," cried Simon; "if you surrender promptly, no blood shall be shed; but if you will not surrender, then know that our cannons and reinforcements are coming. We will batter down your pickets as we did at Riddle's and Martin's; every man of you shall be slain; two are dead already—

four are wounded ; every man shall die." This language was so insolent, that some of the settlers cried out, " Shoot the rascal !" No man, however, lifted his rifle ; the flag of truce protected him. " I am under a flag of truce," cried Simon ; " do you know who it is that speaks to you ?"

Upon this, a young man named Reynolds leaped up and cried out, " Know you ! know you ! yes, we know you well. Know Simon Girty ! yes : he is the renegado, cowardly villain, who loves to murder women and children, especially those of his own people. Know Simon Girty ! yes : his father must have been a panther, and his mother a wolf. I have a worthless dog that kills lambs : instead of shooting him, I have named him Simon Girty. You expect reinforcements and cannon, do you ? Cowardly wretches like you, that make war upon women and children, would not dare to touch them off, if you had them. We expect reinforcements, too, and in numbers to give a short account of the murdering cowards that follow you. Even if you could batter down our pickets, I, for one, hold your people in too much contempt to shoot rifles at them. I would not waste powder and ball upon you. Should you even enter our fort, I am ready for you ; I have roasted a number of hickory switches, with which we mean to whip you and your naked cut-throats out of the country !"

Simon was now furious ; cursing and swearing, he went back to his friends, amid the loud laughs and jeers of the whites. In a little time, the firing was renewed ; it was all to no purpose : no white man suffered, and every Indian who came within gun-shot of the fort was sure to fall. In the course of the night the whole party sneaked off, and their tracks indicated that they had started for the Blue Licks. They left behind them thirty of their number slain.

## CHAPTER VII.



COLONEL TODD, of Lexington, instantly despatched news of this attack on Bryant's station, to Colonel Boone, at Boonesborough, and Colonel Trigg, near Harrodsburgh. In a little time, one hundred and seventy-six men were collected under these three officers, to march in pursuit. Majors M'Gary and Harland now joined them, determined that they would have a part in the punishment of the savages. It was known, too, that Colonel Logan was collecting a force, and a council of officers was at once held, to determine whether they should march on, or wait for him. They were all so eager to be off, that it was thought best to march immediately. The march was therefore commenced forthwith.

Following on in the trail of the Indians, they had not gone far, when Boone saw enough to convince him that the Indians would not only be willing, but glad to meet them. No effort had been made to conceal their trail; the trees were even marked on their pathway, that the whites might follow on; and they had tried to conceal their numbers, by treading in each other's footsteps. He called the attention of his companions to this, but still they proceeded onward.

They saw no Indians until they came to the Licking river, not far from the Blue Licks. A party was now seen on the other side of the stream, leisurely crossing a hill. A council was at once held, and the officers all turned to Boone for advice. His advice was given frankly: he was for waiting till Logan should arrive with his men. The Indian party, he felt assured, was at the least from four to five hundred strong, and the unconcerned mode in which the Indians crossed the hill showed that the main body was near, and their design was to draw them over the river. Moreover, he was acquainted with all that region of the country. After they crossed the ford, they would come upon deep ravines not far from the bank, where, no doubt, the Indians were in ambush. If, however, they were determined not to wait for Logan, he advised that the country might at least be reconnoitred before the attack was made. A



part of the men, he thought, might cross the stream, and move up cautiously on the other side, while the remainder would stand where they were, ready to assist them at the first alarm. 'Todd and Trigg thought the advice good, and were disposed to heed it; but, just at this moment, Major M'Gary, more hot-headed than wise, spurred his horse into the water, gave the Kentucky war-whoop, and cried out, "All those that are not cowards will follow me; I will show them where the Indians are." The men were roused by this show of bravery, and they all crossed the ford.

The banks were steep on the other side, and many of them now dismounted, tied their horses, and commenced marching on foot. M'Gary and Harland led the way. They had not proceeded far when they came to one of the ravines. It was just as Boone had supposed; the savages were in ambush. A deadly fire was now poured in upon the whites; the men staggered and fell in every direction. The fire was returned, but to little purpose, for the enemy was completely concealed; a retreat was all that was left. The whites hurried back toward the river; the Indians pursued; and now commenced the slaughter with the tomahawk. The ford was narrow, and multitudes were slaughtered there. Some were trying to get to their horses; others, more fortunate, were mounted and flying; and some were plunging into the stream.

In the midst of all this confusion, the Indians were doing their work of destruction.

A man by the name of Netherland (who had been laughed at for his cowardice) had never dismounted his horse, and was the first to reach the opposite shore. In a little time, some of his comrades were around him. He now turned, and, looking back, saw the massacre that was going on. 'This was more than he could bear. "Halt! fire on the Indians," cried he; "protect the men in the river." With this, the men wheeled, fired, and rescued several poor fellows in the stream, over whom the tomahawk was lifted.

Reynolds, the man who answered Girty's insolence, made a narrow escape. Finding, in the retreat, one of the officers wounded, he gave him his horse, and was soon after taken by three Indians. They were now over him, ready to despatch him, when two retreating white men rushed by. Two of the savages started in pursuit; the third stooped for an instant to tie his moccasin, when Reynolds sprang away from him and escaped.

'This was a terrible battle for the white men. More than sixty of their number were slain, and among them were most of their officers: Colonels Todd and Trigg, Majors Harland and Bulger, Captains Gordon and M'Bride, and a son of Colonel Boone, were all among the dead.

Those who had regained the other shore, not having strength to rally, started homeward in great sadness. On their way they met Colonel Logan. He had gone to Bryant's station with his five hundred men, and was greatly disappointed when he found they had all started without him ; he pushed on, however, as rapidly as he could, hoping to overtake them before they made their attack on the savages. The sad story of the defeat was soon told. All that remained to be done now was to go back, and, if possible, bury the dead. Upon this sad business Logan continued his march. Upon reaching the ground, the spectacle was awful : the dead bodies were strewn over it just as they had fallen, the heat was intense, and birds of prey were feeding upon the carcasses. The bodies were so mangled and changed, that no man could be distinguished ; friends could not recognise their nearest relatives. The dead were buried as rapidly as possible, and Logan left the scene in great sorrow.

Nor was this all the carnage. The Indians, after the defeat, had scattered, and it was soon found that on their way homeward they had swept through several settlements, carrying destruction before them. Emboldened by their triumph, no man could tell what they might next attempt.

It was no time for the whites to be idle. They soon rallied in large numbers at Fort Washington,

the present site of the city of Cincinnati. General Clarke was at once made commander-in-chief, and Colonel Logan was placed next under him in command. Clarke immediately started with a thousand men to attack the Indian towns on the Miami. On his way he came upon the cabin of Simon Girty; it was fortunate for Simon that a straggling Indian spied Clarke's men coming, in time to let him escape. The news was now spread everywhere that an army of white men was coming from Kentucky. The consequence was, that as Clarke approached the towns, he found them all deserted; the Indians had fled to the woods. His march, however, was not made for nothing. The towns of Old and New Chilicothe, Pecaway, and Wills' Town, were all reduced to ashes. One old Indian warrior was surprised, and surrendered himself a prisoner. This man, to the great sorrow of General Clarke, was afterward murdered by one of the soldiers.

Notwithstanding this punishment, Indian massacres still went on. Stories of savage butchery were heard of everywhere; every station that they dared approach felt their fury, and the poor settler who had built his cabin away from any station was sure to be visited.

General Clarke started out again, against the Indians on the Wabash. Unfortunately, his expedition failed this time, for the want of provisions for

his men. Another expedition of Colonel Logan, against the Shawanese Indians, was more successful. He surprised one of their towns, killed many of their warriors, and took many prisoners.

The war had now become so serious, that in the fall of 1785 the General Government invited all the lake and Ohio tribes of Indians to meet at the mouth of the Great Miami. It was hoped that in this way matters might be settled peaceably. But many of the tribes were insolent and ill-natured; they refused to come in, giving as an excuse that the Kentuckians were for ever molesting them. Emboldened by the very invitation, they continued the warfare more vigorously than ever. They not only assaulted the settlements already made, but made an attempt to guard the Ohio river, to prevent any further settlers from reaching the country in that direction. Small parties placed themselves at different points on the river, from Pittsburgh to Louisville, where they laid in ambush and fired upon every boat that passed. Sometimes they would make false signals, decoy the boat ashore, and murder the whole crew. They even went so far at last as to arm and man the boats they had taken, and cruise up and down the river.

I must tell you of a very bold defence made on the Ohio about this time by a Captain Hubbel, who was bringing a party of emigrants from Vermont.

His party was in two boats, and consisted in all of twenty. As Hubbel came down the river, he fell in with other boats, was told of the Indian stratagems, and advised to be careful. Indeed, the inmates of some of the boats begged that he would continue in their company, and thus they would be able to meet the Indians better if they should be attacked; the stronger the party, the better, in such a condition. But Hubbel refused to do this, and proceeded onward. He had not gone far, when a man on the shore began to make signs of distress, and begged that the boat might come and take him off. Hubbel knew well enough that this was an Indian disguised as a white man, and therefore took no notice of him. In a little time, a party of savages pushed off in their boats, and attacked him fiercely. The fight was hot on both sides. The savages tried to board Hubbel's boat, but the fire was too hot for this. Hubbel received two severe wounds, and had the lock of his gun shot off by an Indian; still he fought, touching off his broken gun from time to time with a firebrand. The Indians found the struggle too hard, and were glad to paddle off. Presently they returned, and attacked the other boat; this they seized almost without an effort, killed the captain and a boy, and took all the women as prisoners to their own boats. Now they came once more against Hubbel, and cunningly placed the women

on the sides of their boats as a sort of bulwark. But this did not stop Hubbel : he saw that his balls must strike the women ; but it was better that they should be killed now, rather than suffer a death of torture from the savages, and the fire was at once opened upon them again. They were soon driven off once more. In the course of the action, however, Hubbel's boat drifted near the shore, and five hundred savages renewed the fire upon them. One of the emigrants, more imprudent than the rest, seeing a fine chance for a shot, raised his head to take aim, and was instantly killed by a ball. The boat drifted along, and at length reached deep water again. It was then found, that of the nine men on board, two only had escaped unhurt ; two were killed, and two mortally wounded. A remarkable lad on board showed great courage. He now asked his friends to extract a ball that had lodged in the skin of his forehead ; and when this was done, he begged that they would take out a piece of bone that had been fractured in his elbow by another ball. His poor frightened mother, seeing his suffering, asked him why he had not complained before ; to which the little fellow replied that he had been too busy, and, besides that, the captain had told them all to make no noise.

It was idle to attempt now to settle matters peaceably. The general government had tried that and the plan had failed. The war was now

to be carried on to a close, come what might. An expedition was accordingly planned, against all the tribes northwest of the Ohio. The Indians were to be brought out, if possible to a general fight; or, if that could not be done, all their towns and cabins on the Scioto and Wabash, were to be destroyed. General Harmar was appointed commander of the main expedition, and Major Hamtranck was to aid him with a smaller party.

In the fall of 1791, Harmar started from Fort Washington with three hundred and twenty men. In a little time he was joined by the Kentucky and Pennsylvania militia, so that his whole force now amounted to fourteen hundred and fifty-three men. Colonel Hardin, who commanded the Kentucky militia, was now sent ahead with six hundred men, principally militia, to reconnoitre the country. Upon reaching the Indian settlements, the savages set fire to their houses and fled; to overtake them, he pushed on with two hundred of his men. A party of Indians met and attacked them. The cowardly militia ran off, leaving their brave companions to be slaughtered. It was a brave struggle, but almost all were cut down; only seven managed to escape and join the main army.

Harmar felt deeply mortified. He commenced forthwith his return to Fort Washington, but determined that, on the way, he would wipe off this disgrace from his army. Upon coming near Chili-



cothe he accordingly halted, and in the night despatched Colonel Hardin once more ahead, with orders to find the enemy and draw them into an engagement. About daybreak Hardin came upon them, and the battle commenced. It was a desperate fight on both sides. Some of the militia acted badly again, but the officers behaved nobly. The victory was claimed on both sides, but I think the Indians had the best of it. Three gallant officers, Fontaine, Willys, and Frothingham, were slain, together with fifty regulars and one hundred militia.

Harmar now moved on to Fort Washington. So much was said about his miserable campaign, that he requested that he might be tried by a court-martial. Accordingly he was tried and honorably acquitted.

A new army was soon raised, and the command was now given to Major-General Arthur St. Clair. His plan was to destroy the Indian settlements between the Miamies, drive the savages from that region, and establish a chain of military posts there, which should for ever keep them out of the country. All having rallied at Fort Washington, he started off in the direction of the Miami towns. It was a hard march, for he was forced to cut his roads as he passed along. Upon arriving near the Indian country, he built forts Hamilton and Jefferson and garrisoned them. This left him nearly two thousand men to proceed with. In a little time some of the worthless militia deserted. This

was a bad example to the rest, and St. Clair instantly sent Major Hamtranck, with a regiment, in pursuit of them, while he continued his march. When he arrived within fifteen miles of the Miami villages he halted and encamped ; he was soon after joined by Major Hamtranck, and St. Clair proposed now immediately to march against the enemy.

But the enemy had already got news of them, and had made ready. They were determined to have the first blow themselves. At daybreak the next morning, the savages attacked the militia and drove them back in confusion. These broke through the regulars, forcing their way into the camp, the Indians pressing hard on their heels. The officers tried to restore order, but to no purpose : the fight now became general. This, however, was only a small part of the Indian force—there were four thousand of the party ; they had nearly surrounded the camp, and sheltered by the trees and grass as usual, were pouring in a deadly fire upon the whites. St. Clair and all his officers behaved with great courage. Finding his men falling fast around him, he ordered a charge to be made with the bayonet. The men swept through the long grass driving the Indians before them. The charge had no sooner ceased than the Indians returned. Some forced their way into the camp, killed the artillerists, wounded Colonel But-

ler, and seized the cannon. Wounded as he was, Butler drove them back and recovered the guns. Fired with new ardor, they returned again, once more entered the camp—once more had possession of the cannon. All was now confusion among the whites—it was impossible to restore order—the Indians brought them down in masses—a retreat was all that remained. But they were so hemmed in, that this seemed impossible. Colonel Darke was ordered to charge the savages behind them, while Major Clarke with his battalion was commanded to cover the rear of the army. These orders were instantly obeyed, and the disorderly retreat commenced. The Indians pursued them four miles, keeping up a running fight. At last their chief, a Mississago, who had been trained to war by the British, cried out to them to stop as they had killed enough. They then returned to plunder the camp and divide the spoils, while the routed troops continued their flight to Fort Jefferson, throwing away their arms on the roadside that they might run faster. The Indians found in the camp seven pieces of cannon, two hundred oxen, and several horses, and had a great rejoicing. Well might the Mississago chief tell his people they had killed enough: thirty-eight commissioned officers were slain, and five hundred and ninety-three non-commissioned officers and privates. Besides this, twenty-one officers and

two hundred and forty-two men were wounded, some of whom soon died of their wounds.

This was a most disastrous battle for the whites, the most disastrous they had yet known. The triumphant Indians were so delighted that they could not leave the field, but kept up their revels from day to day. Their revels, however, were at length broken up sorrowfully for them. General Scott, hearing of the disaster, pushed on for the field with one thousand mounted volunteers from Kentucky. The Indians were dancing and singing, and riding the horses and oxen in high glee. Scott instantly attacked them; two hundred were killed, their plunder retaken, and the whole body of savages driven from the ground.

When Congress met soon after this, of course this wretched Indian war was much talked of. It was proposed at once to raise three additional regiments. Upon this a hot debate sprang up, the proposal was opposed warmly; the opponents said that it would be necessary to lay a heavy tax upon the people to raise them, that the war had been badly managed, and should have been trusted to the militia in the west under their own officers, and, moreover, that no success could be expected so long as the British continued to hold posts in our own limits, and furnish the Indians with arms, ammunition, and advice.

On the other hand, it was declared that the war

was a just and necessary one. It was shown that in seven years (between 1783 and 1790), fifteen hundred people in Kentucky had been murdered or taken captives by the savages; while in Pennsylvania and Virginia matters had been well nigh as bad; that everything had been done to settle matters peaceably but all to no purpose. In 1790, when a treaty was proposed to the Indians of the Miami, they asked for thirty days to deliberate—the request was granted—during those thirty days one hundred and twenty persons had been killed or captured, and at the end of the time the savages refused to give any answer to the proposal. At last the vote was taken—the resolution passed—the war was to be carried on—the regiments were to be raised.

General St. Clair now resigned the command of the army, and Major General Anthony Wayne was appointed to succeed him. This appointment gave great joy to the western people; the man was so well known among them for his daring and bravery, that he commonly went by the name of “Mad Anthony.”

After much delay, the regiments were at last gathered together. Some still opposed this war and in order to prove to them that the government was willing to settle matters peaceably, if possible, two officers—Colonel Hardin and Major Truman, were now sent off to the Indians with proposals

of peace. They were both seized and murdered by the savages.

Wayne now started out upon his expedition. In a little time he passed Fort Jefferson, took possession of St. Clair's fatal field, and erected a fort there which he called Fort Recovery. He now learned the truth of the stories about the British. A number of British soldiers had come down from Detroit, and fortified themselves on the Miami of the lakes. It was rumored too, that in some of the Indian fights and massacres, the English were seen among them, fighting and urging them on.

The General continued his march, and early in August reached the confluence of the Miami of the Lakes and the Au Glaize. This was one of the finest countries of the Indians, it was about thirty miles from the British post, and he discovered here, that two thousand warriors were near that post ready to meet him. Wayne was glad to hear this ; his army was quite as strong, and he longed to meet the savages. As he drew near, however, he determined once more to have peace if possible, without shedding blood. A message was sent to the Indians, urging them not to follow the advice of bad men, to lay down their arms, to learn to live peaceably, and their lives and their homes should be protected by the government. An insolent answer, was all that was received in reply.

Wayne's army now marched on in columns—a select battalion, under Major Price, moving in front to reconnoitre. After marching about five miles, Price was driven back by the fire of the Indians. As usual, the cunning enemy was concealed; they had hid themselves in a thick wood a little in advance of the British post, and here Price had received their fire.

Wayne had now found out precisely where they were, and gave his orders accordingly. The cavalry under Captain Campbell were commanded to enter the wood in the rear of the Indians, between them and the river, and charge their left flank. General Scott, with eleven hundred mounted Kentucky volunteers, was to make a circuit in the opposite direction, and attack the right. The infantry were to advance with trailed arms, and rouse the enemy from their hiding-places. All being ready, the infantry commenced their march. The Indians were at once routed at the point of the bayonet. The infantry had done the whole; Campbell and Scott had hardly the chance of doing any of the fighting. In the course of an hour, they had driven the savages back two miles; in fact, within gun-shot of the British post.

Wayne had now the possession of the whole ground, and here he remained three days, burning their houses and cornfields above and below the fort. One Englishman suffered, too, in this work

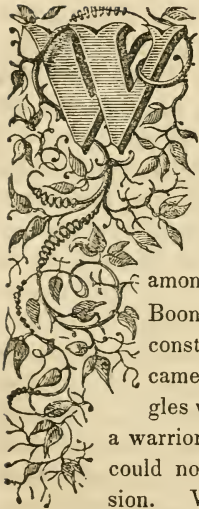
of destruction. Colonel M'Kee was known as a British trader, for ever instigating the Indians against the Americans, and Wayne did not scruple to burn all his houses and stores likewise. Major Campbell, who commanded the British fort, remonstrated at this, but Wayne gave him a bold and determined answer in reply, and he had no more to say. A few words from him would only have caused Wayne to drive him from the country.

The army now returned to Au Glaize, destroying all the houses, villages, and crops by the way. It was one complete work of destruction; within fifty miles of the river everything was destroyed. In this campaign, Wayne had lost one hundred and seven men, and among them were two brave officers—Captain Campbell and Lieutenant Towles, but still he had gained a glorious victory. In his track, too, he had not forgotten to build forts, to guard against the savages in future.

The story of the victory soon spread, and struck terror to the hearts of the Indians north and south. They were restless and dissatisfied, but war was sure destruction to them; they felt that it was idle to attempt it further, and were ready to be quiet. In less than a year from this time, Wayne concluded a treaty, in behalf of the United States, with all the Indian tribes northwest of the Ohio. The settlers at last had peace—a blessing which they had long desired.



## CHAPTER VIII.



WITH the return of peace, the settlers were very happy. They could now go out, fell the forests, and cultivate their fields in safety. There was no longer any wily savage to lay in ambush, and keep them in perpetual anxiety. No man among them was happier than Boone. He had been harassed by constant struggles ever since he came to Kentucky, and these struggles with the savages had made him a warrior rather than a hunter ; but he could now return to his darling passion. While others cultivated the ground, he roamed through the wilderness with his rifle ; he was now a hunter indeed, spending weeks and months uninterruptedly in the forests. By day he moved where he pleased, and at night made his camp fearlessly wherever the shades of

night overtook him. His life was now happier than ever.

Ere long, however, a cloud came over this happiness. Men began again to crowd too closely upon him. In spite of all the early struggles with the savages in Kentucky, emigrants had continued to flow into that country. As early as 1783, Kentucky had been laid off into three counties, and was that year formed into one district, and called the District of Kentucky. In 1785, a convention was called at Danville, and a memorial was addressed to the legislature of Virginia, proposing that Kentucky should be erected into an independent State. In 1786, the legislature of Virginia took the necessary steps for making the new State, if Congress would admit it into the Union. In 1792, Kentucky was admitted into the Union as one of the United States of America. And now that peace had come to aid the settlers, emigration flowed in more rapidly. Court-houses, jails, judges, lawyers, sheriffs, and constables, began necessarily to be seen. Kentucky was becoming every day a more settled and civilized region, and Boone's heart grew sick. He had sought the wilderness, and men were fast taking it away from him. He began to think of moving.

Another sorrow now came over him, and soon fixed in him the determination to seek a new home. Men began to dispute with him the title to his

land. The State of Kentucky had not been surveyed by the government, and laid off into sections and townships, as the lands north of the Ohio river have since been. The government of Virginia had issued certificates, entitling the holder to locate where he pleased the number of acres called for. To actual settlers, who should build a cabin, raise a crop, &c., pre-emption rights to such lands as they might occupy were also granted. Entries of these certificates were made in a way so loose, that different men frequently located the same lands; one title would often lap over upon another; and almost all the titles conferred in this way became known as "the lapping, or shingle titles." Continued lawsuits sprang out of this state of things; no man knew what belonged to him. Boone had made these loose entries of his lands: his titles, of course, were disputed. It was curious to see the old man in a court of law, which he thoroughly despised, fighting for his rights. He was greatly provoked; he had explored and redeemed the wilderness, as he said, borne every hardship with his wife and children, only to be cheated at last. But the law decided against him; he lost his lands, and would now no longer remain in that region.

Hearing that buffaloes and deer were still plenty about the Great Kanhawa river, he started thither with his wife and children, and settled near Point

Pleasant. Here he remained several years. He was disappointed in not finding game as he expected, and was more of a farmer here than ever before ; he turned his attention earnestly to agriculture, and was very successful in raising good crops. Still he was dissatisfied ; he longed for the wilderness. Hunting and trapping were the constant thoughts of his life.

While living here, he met accidentally with a party of men who had been out upon the upper waters of the Missouri. These men talked of the beauty of that region : they had stories to tell of grizzly bears, buffaloes, deer, beavers, and otters—in fact, the region was in their eyes “ the paradise for a hunter.” Fired by these stories, Boone resolved to go there. Accordingly, he gathered together all that he possessed, and with his wife and family started for Missouri, driving his herds and cattle before him. It was strange to see an old man thus vigorous in seeking a new home. He was an object of surprise to every one. When he reached Cincinnati, on his route, some one, marking his age, and surprised at his adventure, asked him how, at his time of life, he could leave all the comforts of home, for the wilderness. His answer shows his whole character : “ Too much crowded, too much crowded,” said he ; “ I want more elbow-room.” Travelling on, he at length reached Mis-

souri, and, proceeding about fifty miles above St. Louis, settled in what is now St. Charles county.

Here everything pleased Boone. The country, as you know, was then in the possession of the French and Spanish, and the old laws by which their territories were governed were still in force there. They had no constitution, no king, no legislature, no judges, lawyers, or sheriffs. An officer called the commandant, and the priests, exercised all the authority that was needed. The horses, cattle, flocks, and herds of these people all grazed together upon the same commons ; in fact, they were living here almost in primitive simplicity. Boone's character for honesty and courage soon became known among them, and he was appointed by the Spanish commandant the commandant over the district of St. Charles.

Boone now had the satisfaction of settling all his children comfortably around him, and in the unbroken wilderness his hunting and trapping was unmolested. In his office of commandant he gave great satisfaction to every one, and continued to occupy it until Missouri was purchased by our government from the French. When that purchase was made, American enterprise soon came upon him again—he was once more crowded by his fellow-men. His old office of commandant was soon merged in the new order of things—his hunting-grounds were invaded by others.

Nothing remained for him now, but to submit to his fate ; he was too old to move again, nor indeed did he know where to go. He continued his old habits, as well he might. He would start out with his rifle, now marked with a paper sight to guide his dim eye, and be absent from his home for weeks. Nearly eighty years had passed over him, yet he would lie in wait near the salt-licks, and bring down his buffalo or his deer, and as bravely and cheerily as in his younger days, would he cut down bee-trees. As the light-hearted Frenchmen swept up the river in their fleets of periogues on their hunting excursions, Boone would cheer them as they passed, and sigh for his younger days that he might join their parties. He was a complete Nimrod, now almost worn out.

It was while he was living here, I think, that he was met by that very interesting man, Mr. Audubon, the natural historian of our continent. He was struck with the man, and has given the story of his interview with Boone. It is so illustrative of the character of the hunter, that I give it to you in Mr. Audubon's words.

“ Daniel Boone, or as he was usually called in the western country, Colonel Boone, happened to spend a night under the same roof with me, more than twenty years ago. We had returned from a shooting excursion, in the course of which his extraordinary skill in the management of a rifle

had been fully displayed. On retiring to the room appropriated to that remarkable individual and myself for the night, I felt anxious to know more of his exploits and adventures than I did, and accordingly took the liberty of proposing numerous questions to him. The stature and general appearance of this wanderer of the western forests, approached the gigantic. His chest was broad and prominent; his muscular powers displayed themselves in every limb; his countenance gave indication of his great courage, enterprise, and perseverance; and when he spoke, the very motion of his lips brought the impression, that whatever he uttered could not be otherwise than strictly true. I undressed, while he merely took off his hunting shirt, and arranged a few folds of blankets on the floor; choosing rather to lie there, as he observed, than on the softest bed. When we had both disposed of ourselves, each after his own fashion, he related to me the following account of his powers of memory, which I lay before you, kind reader, in his own words, hoping that the simplicity of his style may prove interesting to you.

“I was once,” said he, “on a hunting expedition on the banks of the Green river, when the lower parts of this (Kentucky) were still in the hands of nature, and none but the sons of the soil were looked upon as its lawful proprietors. We Virginians had for some time been waging a war

of intrusion upon them, and I, among the rest, ram-  
bled through the woods, in pursuit of their race,  
as I now would follow the tracks of any ravenous  
animal. The Indians outwitted me one dark night,  
and I was as unexpectedly as suddenly made a pris-  
oner by them. The trick had been managed with  
great skill ; for no sooner had I extinguished the  
fire of my camp, and laid me down to rest, in full  
security, as I thought, than I felt myself seized by  
an indistinguishable number of hands, and was  
immediately pinioned, as if about to be led to the  
scaffold for execution. To have attempted to be  
refractory, would have proved useless and danger-  
ous to my life ; and I suffered myself to be re-  
moved from my camp to theirs, a few miles dis-  
tant, without uttering even a word of complaint.  
You are aware, I dare say, that to act in this man-  
ner, was the best policy, as you understand that  
by so doing, I proved to the Indians at once, that  
I was born and bred as fearless of death as any  
of themselves.

“ When we reached the camp, great rejoicings  
were exhibited. Two squaws, and a few pap-  
ooses, appeared particularly delighted at the sight  
of me, and I was assured, by very unequivocal  
gestures and words, that, on the morrow, the mor-  
tal enemy of the red-skins would cease to live. I  
never opened my lips, but was busy contriving  
some scheme which might enable me to give the



rascals the slip before dawn. The women immediately fell a searching about my hunting-shirt for whatever they might think valuable; and fortunately for me, soon found my flask, filled with *Monongahela* (that is, reader, strong whiskey). A terrific grin was exhibited on their murderous countenances, while my heart throbbed with joy at the anticipation of their intoxication. The crew immediately began to beat their bellies and sing, as they passed the bottle from mouth to mouth. How often did I wish the flask ten times its size, and filled with aquafortis! I observed that the squaws drank more freely than the warriors, and again my spirits were about to be depressed, when the report of a gun was heard at a distance. The Indians all jumped on their feet. The singing and drinking were both brought to a stand; and I saw with inexpressible joy, the men walk off to some distance, and talk to the squaws. I knew that they were consulting about me, and I foresaw, that in a few moments the warriors would go to discover the cause of the gun having been fired so near their camp. I expected the squaws would be left to guard me. Well, sir, it was just so. They returned; the men took up their guns and walked away. The squaws sat down again, and in less than five minutes they had my bottle up to their dirty mouths, gurgling down their throats the remains of the whiskey.

“ With what pleasure did I see them becoming more and more drunk, until the liquor took such hold of them that it was quite impossible for these women to be of any service. They tumbled down, rolled about, and began to snore ; when I, having no other chance of freeing myself from the cords that fastened me, rolled over and over toward the fire, and after a short time burned them asunder. I rose on my feet ; stretched my stiffened sinews ; snatched up my rifle, and, for once in my life, spared that of Indians. I now recollect how desirous I once or twice felt to lay open the skulls of the wretches with my tomahawk ; but when I again thought upon killing beings unprepared and unable to defend themselves, it looked like murder without need, and I gave up the idea.

“ But, sir, I felt determined to mark the spot, and walking to a thrifty ash sapling, I cut out of it three large chips, and ran off. I soon reached the river ; soon crossed it, and threw myself deep into the canebrakes, imitating the tracks of an Indian with my feet, so that no chance might be left for those from whom I had escaped to overtake me.

“ It is now nearly twenty years since this happened, and more than five since I left the whites' settlements, which I might probably never have visited again, had I not been called on as a witness in a lawsuit that was pending in Kentucky

and which, I really believe, would never have been settled, had I not come forward, and established the beginning of a certain boundary line. This is the story, sir.

“ Mr. ——— moved from old Virginia into Kentucky, and having a large tract granted to him in the new state, laid claim to a certain parcel of land adjoining Green river, and as chance would have it, he took for one of his corners the very ash tree on which I had made my mark, and finished his survey of some thousands of acres, beginning, as it is expressed in the deed, ‘ at an ash marked by three distinct notches of the tomahawk of a white man.’

“ The tree had grown much, and the bark had covered the marks ; but, some how or other, Mr. ——— heard from some one all that I have already said to you, and thinking that I might remember the spot alluded to in the deed, but which was no longer discoverable, wrote for me to come and try at least to find the place on the tree. His letter mentioned, that all my expenses should be paid ; and not caring much about once more going back to Kentucky, I started and met Mr. ———. After some conversation, the affair with the Indians came to my recollection. I considered for a while, and began to think that after all, I could find the very spot, as well as the tree, if it was yet standing.

“ Mr. ——— and I mounted our horses, and off we went to the Green river bottoms. After some difficulties, for you must be aware, sir, that great changes had taken place in these woods, I found at last the spot where I had crossed the river, and waiting for the moon to rise, made for the course in which I thought the ash tree grew. On approaching the place, I felt as if the Indians were there still, and as if I was still a prisoner among them. Mr. ——— and I camped near what I conceived the spot, and waited till the return of day.

“ At the rising of the sun I was on foot, and after a good deal of musing, thought that an ash tree then in sight must be the very one on which I had made my mark. I felt as if there could be no doubt of it, and mentioned my thought to Mr. ———. ‘ Well, Colonel Boone,’ said he, ‘ if you think so, I hope it may prove true, but we must have some witnesses ; do you stay hereabout, and I will go and bring some of the settlers whom I know.’ I agreed. Mr. ——— trotted off, and I, to pass the time, rambled about to see if a deer was still living in the land. But ah ! sir, what a wonderful difference thirty years make in the country ! Why, at the time when I was caught by the Indians, you would not have walked out in any direction for more than a mile without shooting a buck or a bear. There were ten thousands of buffaloes on the hills in Kentucky ; the land looked

as if it would never become poor ; and to hunt in those days was a pleasure indeed. But when I was left to myself on the banks of the Green river, I dare say for the last time in my life, a few *signs* only of deer were to be seen, and as to a deer itself, I saw none.

“ Mr. ——— returned, accompanied by three gentlemen. They looked upon me as if I had been Washington himself, and walked to the ash tree which I now called my own, as if in quest of a long lost treasure. I took an axe from one of them and cut a few chips off the bark. Still no signs were to be seen. So I cut again, until I thought it time to be cautious, and I scraped and worked away with my butcher knife, until I *did* come to where my tomahawk had left an impression in the wood. We now went regularly to work, and scraped at the tree with care, until three hacks, as plain as any three notches ever were, could be seen. Mr. ——— and the other gentlemen were astonished, and, I must allow, I was as much surprised as pleased, myself. I made affidavit of this remarkable occurrence in the presence of these gentlemen. Mr. ——— gained his cause. I left Green river, for ever, and came to where we now are ; and, sir, I wish you a good night.”

Here, too, it was that he resided, when Mr. Astor attempted to carry out his magnificent design, of settling Astoria on the western coast of our

continent, and belting the earth with his commerce. When you are older, you can read the beautiful history of that attempt, written by our distinguished countryman Mr. Irving. As the party, bound for the far west, moved up the Missouri, Boone stood upon the banks of the stream, looking anxiously after them. It was just the adventure to please him. There the old man stood, leaning upon his rifle, his dim eye lighted up as he gazed upon them, and his heart heavy with sorrow, because he was too old to press with them, beyond the mountains.\*

Other sorrows than those of age, now crept upon him. His wife, who had been to him all that was good, was now taken from him, and the old man was left widowed. With a sad heart he now went to the home of his son, Major Nathan Boone.

The last war with England now broke out, too, and penetrated even the wilds of Missouri. It was the worst of all warfare—the savages were let loose upon them. Boone was too old to act the part of a soldier, but he sent off many substitutes in his sons.

When peace returned, the spirit of the old man rallied; his ruling passion was still with him. The woods were again his home, his rifle his companion; and thus he lived on, through a vigorous old age, with a passion as strong as ever, a hunter

\* See Irving's *Astoria*.

almost to the very day of his death. For when, in 1818, death came upon him, he had but little notice of its approach. With no disease but old age, which had seemed comparatively vigorous almost to the day of his departure, he died in his eighty-fourth year. His mind was unclouded and he passed from this world calmly and quietly.

I have but one thing more to say. You remember Daniel Boone's schoolboy days, of which I have spoken. He left school a perfectly ignorant lad. Some say that he afterward learned to write, and produce as an evidence, a little narrative of his wanderings in Kentucky, supposed to be written by himself. I believe, however, that to the day of his death, he could not write his name. The narrative spoken of, was, I think, dictated in some degree by him, and written by another. At all events, the story is interesting and curious, and, as such, I have placed it for your benefit, as an appendix to this volume.

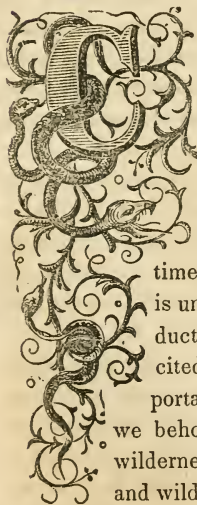




## APPENDIX.

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THE ADVENTURES OF COLONEL DANIEL BOONE,  
FORMERLY A HUNTER;  
CONTAINING A NARRATIVE OF THE WARS OF KENTUCKY,  
AS GIVEN BY HIMSELF.



CURIOSITY is natural to the soul of man, and interesting objects have a powerful influence on our affections. Let these influencing powers actuate, by the permission or disposal of Providence, from selfish or social views, yet in time the mysterious will of Heaven is unfolded, and we behold our conduct, from whatsoever motives excited, operating to answer the important designs of Heaven. Thus we behold Kentucky, lately a howling wilderness, the habitation of savages and wild beasts, become a fruitful field; this region, so favorably distinguished by nature,

now become the habitation of civilization, at a period unparalleled in history, in the midst of a raging war, and under all the disadvantages of emigration to a country so remote from the inhabited parts of the continent. Here, where the hand of violence shed the blood of the innocent ; where the horrid yells of savages and the groans of the distressed sounded in our ears, we now hear the praises and adorations of our Creator ; where wretched wigwams stood, the miserable abodes of savages, we behold the foundations of cities laid, that, in all probability, will equal the glory of the greatest upon earth. And we view Kentucky, situated on the fertile banks of the great Ohio, rising from obscurity to shine with splendor, equal to any other of the stars of the American hemisphere.

The settling of this region well deserves a place in history. Most of the memorable events I have myself been exercised in ; and, for the satisfaction of the public, will briefly relate the circumstances of my adventures, and scenes of life, from my first movement to this country until this day.

It was on the first of May, in the year 1769, that I resigned my domestic happiness for a time, and left my family and peaceable habitation on the Yadkin river, in North Carolina, to wander through the wilderness of America, in quest of the country of Kentucky, in company with John

Finley, John Stewart, Joseph Holden, James Monay, and William Cool. We proceeded successfully, and after a long and fatiguing journey through a mountainous wilderness, in a westward direction, on the 7th day of June following we found ourselves on Red river, where John Finley had formerly been trading with the Indians, and, from the top of an eminence, saw with pleasure the beautiful level of Kentucky. Here let me observe that for some time we had experienced the most uncomfortable weather, as a prelibation of our future sufferings. At this place we encamped, and made a shelter to defend us from the inclement season, and began to hunt and reconnoitre the country. We found everywhere abundance of wild beasts of all sorts, through this vast forest. The buffalo were more frequent than I have seen cattle in the settlements, browsing on the leaves of the cane, or cropping the herbage on those extensive plains, fearless, because ignorant, of the violence of man. Sometimes we saw hundreds in a drove, and the numbers about the salt springs were amazing. In this forest, the habitation of beasts of every kind natural to America, we practised hunting with great success until the 22d day of December following.

This day John Stewart and I had a pleasing ramble, but fortune changed the scene in the close of it. We had passed through a great forest, on

which stood myriads of trees, some gay with blossoms, and others rich with fruits. Nature was here a series of wonders, and a fund of delight. Here she displayed her ingenuity and industry in a variety of flowers and fruits, beautifully colored, elegantly shaped, and charmingly flavored ; and we were diverted with innumerable animals presenting themselves perpetually to our view. In the decline of the day, near Kentucky river, as we ascended the brow of a small hill, a number of Indians rushed out of a thick canebrake upon us, and made us prisoners. The time of our sorrow was now arrived, and the scene fully opened. The Indians plundered us of what we had, and kept us in confinement seven days, treating us with common savage usage. During this time we discovered no uneasiness or desire to escape, which made them less suspicious of us ; but in the dead of night, as we lay in a thick canebrake by a large fire, when sleep had locked up their senses, my situation not disposing me for rest, I touched my companion, and gently awoke him. We improved this favorable opportunity, and departed, leaving them to take their rest, and speedily directed our course toward our old camp, but found it plundered, and the company dispersed and gone home. About this time my brother, Squire Boone, with another adventurer, who came to explore the country shortly after us, was wandering through

the forest, determined to find me if possible, and accidentally found our camp. Notwithstanding the unfortunate circumstances of our company, and our dangerous situation, as surrounded with hostile savages, our meeting so fortunately in the wilderness made us reciprocally sensible of the utmost satisfaction. So much does friendship triumph over misfortune, that sorrows and sufferings vanish at the meeting not only of real friends, but of the most distant acquaintances, and substitute happiness in their room.

Soon after this, my companion in captivity, John Stewart, was killed by the savages, and the man that came with my brother returned home by himself. We were then in a dangerous, helpless situation, exposed daily to perils and death among savages and wild beasts—not a white man in the country but ourselves.

Thus situated, many hundred miles from our families in the howling wilderness, I believe few would have equally enjoyed the happiness we experienced. I often observed to my brother, “You see now how little nature requires, to be satisfied. Felicity, the companion of content, is rather found in our own breasts than in the enjoyment of external things; and I firmly believe it requires but a little philosophy to make a man happy in whatsoever state he is. This consists in a full resignation to the will of Providence; and a resigned

soul finds pleasure in a path strewed with briars and thorns.”

We continued not in a state of indolence, but hunted every day, and prepared a little cottage to defend us from the winter storms. We remained there undisturbed during the winter; and on the 1st day of May, 1770, my brother returned home to the settlement by himself, for a new recruit of horses and ammunition, leaving me by myself, without bread, salt, or sugar, without company of my fellow-creatures, or even a horse or dog. I confess I never before was under greater necessity of exercising philosophy and fortitude. A few days I passed uncomfortably. The idea of a beloved wife and family, and their anxiety upon the account of my absence and exposed situation, made sensible impressions on my heart. A thousand dreadful apprehensions presented themselves to my view, and had undoubtedly disposed me to melancholy, if further indulged.

One day I undertook a tour through the country, and the diversity and beauties of nature I met with in this charming season, expelled every gloomy and vexatious thought. Just at the close of day the gentle gales retired, and left the place to the disposal of a profound calm. Not a breeze shook the most tremulous leaf. I had gained the summit of a commanding ridge, and, looking round with astonishing delight, beheld the ample plains,

the beautiful tracts below. On the other hand, I surveyed the famous river Ohio that rolled in silent dignity, marking the western boundary of Kentucky with inconceivable grandeur. At a vast distance I beheld the mountains lift their venerable brows, and penetrate the clouds. All things were still. I kindled a fire near a fountain of sweet water, and feasted on the loin of a buck, which a few hours before I had killed. The sultry shades of night soon overspread the whole hemisphere, and the earth seemed to gasp after the hovering moisture. My roving excursion this day had fatigued my body, and diverted my imagination. I laid me down to sleep, and I awoke not until the sun had chased away the night. I continued this tour, and in a few days explored a considerable part of the country, each day equally pleased as the first. I returned again to my old camp, which was not disturbed in my absence. I did not confine my lodging to it, but often reposed in thick canebrakes, to avoid the savages, who, I believe, often visited my camp, but, fortunately for me, in my absence. In this situation I was constantly exposed to danger and death. How unhappy such a situation for a man tormented with fear, which is vain if no danger comes, and if it does, only augments the pain! It was my happiness to be destitute of this afflicting passion, with which I had the greatest reason to be affected.

The prowling wolves diverted my nocturnal hours with perpetual howlings ; and the various species of animals in this vast forest, in the daytime, were continually in my view.

Thus I was surrounded by plenty in the midst of want. I was happy in the midst of dangers and inconveniences. In such a diversity, it was impossible I should be disposed to melancholy. No populous city, with all the varieties of commerce and stately structures, could afford so much pleasure to my mind as the beauties of nature I found here.

Thus, through an uninterrupted scene of sylvan pleasures, I spent the time until the 27th day of July following, when my brother, to my great felicity, met me, according to appointment, at our old camp. Shortly after, we left this place, not thinking it safe to stay there longer, and proceeded to Cumberland river, reconnoitring that part of the country until March, 1771, and giving names to the different waters.

Soon after, I returned home to my family, with a determination to bring them as soon as possible to live in Kentucky, which I esteemed a second paradise, at the risk of my life and fortune.

I returned safe to my old habitation, and found my family in happy circumstances. I sold my farm on the Yadkin, and what goods we could not carry with us ; and on the 25th day of September,



1773, bade a farewell to our friends, and proceeded on our journey to Kentucky, in company with five families more, and forty men that joined us in Powel's Valley, which is one hundred and fifty miles from the now settled parts of Kentucky. This promising beginning was soon overcast with a cloud of adversity; for, upon the 10th day of October, the rear of our company was attacked by a number of Indians, who killed six, and wounded one man. Of these, my eldest son was one that fell in the action. Though we defended ourselves, and repulsed the enemy, yet this unhappy affair scattered our cattle, brought us into extreme difficulty, and so discouraged the whole company, that we retreated forty miles, to the settlement on Clinch river. We had passed over two mountains, viz., Powel's and Walden's, and were approaching Cumberland mountain when this adverse fortune overtook us. These mountains are in the wilderness, as we pass from the old settlements in Virginia to Kentucky, are ranged in a southwest and northeast direction, are of a great length and breadth, and not far distant from each other. Over these, nature hath formed passes that are less difficult than might be expected, from a view of such huge piles. The aspect of these cliffs is so wild and horrid, that it is impossible to behold them without terror. The spectator is apt to imagine that nature had formerly suf-

ferred some violent convulsion, and that these are the dismembered remains of the dreadful shock: the ruins, not of Persepolis or Palmyra, but of the world!

I remained with my family on Clinch until the 6th of June, 1774, when I and one Michael Stoner were solicited by Governor Dunmore of Virginia to go to the falls of the Ohio, to conduct into the settlement a number of surveyors that had been sent thither by him some months before; this country having about this time drawn the attention of many adventurers. We immediately complied with the Governor's request, and conducted in the surveyors—completing a tour of eight hundred miles, through many difficulties, in sixty-two days.

Soon after I returned home, I was ordered to take the command of three garrisons during the campaign which Governor Dunmore carried on against the Shawanese Indians; after the conclusion of which, the militia was discharged from each garrison, and I, being relieved from my post, was solicited by a number of North Carolina gentlemen, that were about purchasing the lands lying on the south side of Kentucky river, from the Cherokee Indians, to attend their treaty at Wataga, in March, 1775, to negotiate with them, and mention the boundaries of the purchase. This I accepted; and, at the request of the same gentle-

men, undertook to mark out a road in the best passage from the settlement through the wilderness to Kentucky, with such assistance as I thought necessary to employ for such an important undertaking.

I soon began this work, having collected a number of enterprising men, well armed. We proceeded with all possible expedition until we came within fifteen miles of where Boonesborough now stands, and where we were fired upon by a party of Indians that killed two, and wounded two of our number ; yet, although surprised and taken at a disadvantage, we stood our ground. This was on the 20th of March, 1775. Three days after, we were fired upon again, and had two men killed, and three wounded. Afterward we proceeded on to Kentucky river without opposition ; and on the 1st day of April began to erect the fort of Boonesborough at a salt lick, about sixty yards from the river, on the south side.

On the fourth day, the Indians killed one of our men. We were busily employed in building this fort until the 14th day of June following, without any further opposition from the Indians ; and having finished the works, I returned to my family, on Clinch.

In a short time I proceeded to remove my family from Clinch to this garrison, where we arrived safe, without any other difficulties than such as

are common to this passage ; my wife and daughter being the first white women that ever stood on the banks of Kentucky river.

On the 24th day of December following, we had one man killed, and one wounded, by the Indians, who seemed determined to persecute us for erecting this fortification.

On the 14th day of July, 1776, two of Colonel Calaway's daughters, and one of mine, were taken prisoners near the fort. I immediately pursued the Indians with only eight men, and on the 16th overtook them, killed two of the party, and recovered the girls. The same day on which this attempt was made, the Indians divided themselves into different parties, and attacked several forts, which were shortly before this time erected, doing a great deal of mischief. This was extremely distressing to the new settlers. The innocent husbandman was shot down, while busy in cultivating the soil for his family's supply. Most of the cattle around the stations were destroyed. They continued their hostilities in this manner until the 15th of April, 1777, when they attacked Boonesborough with a party of above one hundred in number, killed one man, and wounded four. Their loss in this attack was not certainly known to us.

On the 4th day of July following, a party of about two hundred Indians attacked Boonesbo-

rough, killed one man, and wounded two. They besieged us forty-eight hours, during which time seven of them were killed, and, at last, finding themselves not likely to prevail, they raised the siege, and departed.

The Indians had disposed their warriors in different parties at this time, and attacked the different garrisons, to prevent their assisting each other, and did much injury to the distressed inhabitants.

On the 19th day of this month, Colonel Logan's fort was besieged by a party of about two hundred Indians. During this dreadful siege they did a great deal of mischief, distressed the garrison, in which were only fifteen men, killed two, and wounded one. The enemy's loss was uncertain, from the common practice which the Indians have of carrying off their dead in time of battle. Colonel Harrod's fort was then defended by only sixty-five men, and Boonesborough by twenty-two, there being no more forts or white men in the country, except at the Falls, a considerable distance from these : and all, taken collectively, were but a handful to the numerous warriors that were everywhere dispersed through the country, intent upon doing all the mischief that savage barbarity could invent. Thus we passed through a scene of sufferings that exceeds description.

On the 25th of this month, a reinforcement of

forty-five men arrived from North Carolina, and about the 20th of August following, Colonel Bowman arrived with one hundred men from Virginia. Now we began to strengthen; and hence, for the space of six weeks, we had skirmishes with Indians, in one quarter or other, almost every day.

The savages now learned the superiority of the Long Knife, as they call the Virginians, by experience; being outgeneralled in almost every battle. Our affairs began to wear a new aspect, and the enemy, not daring to venture on open war, practised secret mischief at times.

On the 1st day of January, 1778, I went with a party of thirty men to the Blue Licks, on Licking river, to make salt for the different garrisons in the country.

On the 7th day of February, as I was hunting to procure meat for the company, I met with a party of one hundred and two Indians, and two Frenchmen, on their march against Boonesborough, that place being particularly the object of the enemy.

They pursued, and took me; and brought me on the 8th day to the Licks, where twenty-seven of my party were, three of them having previously returned home with the salt. I, knowing it was impossible for them to escape, capitulated with the enemy, and, at a distance, in their view,

gave notice to my men of their situation, with orders not to resist, but surrender themselves captives.

The generous usage the Indians had promised before in my capitulation, was afterward fully complied with, and we proceeded with them as prisoners to Old Chilicothe, the principal Indian town on Little Miami, where we arrived, after an uncomfortable journey in very severe weather, on the 18th day of February, and received as good treatment as prisoners could expect from savages. On the 10th day of March following, I and ten of my men were conducted by forty Indians to Detroit, where we arrived the 30th day, and were treated by Governor Hamilton, the British commander at that post, with great humanity.

During our travels, the Indians entertained me well, and their affection for me was so great, that they utterly refused to leave me there with the others, although the Governor offered them one hundred pounds sterling for me, on purpose to give me a parole to go home. Several English gentlemen there, being sensible of my adverse fortune, and touched with human sympathy, generously offered a friendly supply for my wants, which I refused, with many thanks for their kindness—adding, that I never expected it would be in my power to recompense such unmerited generosity.

The Indians left my men in captivity with the British at Detroit, and on the 10th day of April brought me toward Old Chilicothe, where we arrived on the 25th day of the same month. This was a long and fatiguing march, through an exceeding fertile country, remarkable for fine springs and streams of water. At Chilicothe I spent my time as comfortably as I could expect; was adopted, according to their custom, into a family, where I became a son, and had a great share in the affection of my new parents, brothers, sisters, and friends. I was exceedingly familiar and friendly with them, always appearing as cheerful and satisfied as possible, and they put great confidence in me. I often went a hunting with them, and frequently gained their applause for my activity at our shooting-matches. I was careful not to exceed many of them in shooting; for no people are more envious than they in this sport. I could observe, in their countenances and gestures, the greatest expressions of joy when they exceeded me; and, when the reverse happened, of envy. The Shawanese king took great notice of me, and treated me with profound respect and entire friendship, often intrusting me to hunt at my liberty. I frequently returned with the spoils of the woods, and as often presented some of what I had taken to him, expressive of duty to my sovereign. My food and lodging were in common with them; not



so good, indeed, as I could desire, but necessity made everything acceptable.

I now began to meditate an escape, and carefully avoided their suspicions, continuing with them at Old Chilicothe until the 1st day of June following, and then was taken by them to the salt springs on Scioto, and kept there making salt ten days. During this time I hunted some for them, and found the land, for a great extent about this river, to exceed the soil of Kentucky, if possible, and remarkably well watered.

When I returned to Chilicothe, alarmed to see four hundred and fifty Indians, of their choicest warriors, painted and armed in a fearful manner, ready to march against Boonesborough, I determined to escape the first opportunity.

On the 16th, before sunrise, I departed in the most secret manner, and arrived at Boonesborough on the 20th, after a journey of one hundred and sixty miles, during which I had but one meal.

I found our fortress in a bad state of defence; but we proceeded immediately to repair our flanks, strengthen our gates and posterns, and form double bastions, which we completed in ten days. In this time we daily expected the arrival of the Indian army; and at length, one of my fellow-prisoners, escaping from them, arrived, informing us that the enemy had, on account of my departure,

postponed their expedition three weeks. The Indians had spies out viewing our movements, and were greatly alarmed with our increase in number and fortifications. The grand councils of the nations were held frequently, and with more deliberation than usual. They evidently saw the approaching hour when the Long Knife would dispossess them of their desirable habitations; and, anxiously concerned for futurity, determined utterly to extirpate the whites out of Kentucky. We were not intimidated by their movements, but frequently gave them proofs of our courage.

About the first of August, I made an incursion into the Indian country with a party of nineteen men, in order to surprise a small town up Scioto, called Paint Creek Town. We advanced within four miles thereof, where we met a party of thirty Indians on their march against Boonesborough, intending to join the others from Chilicothe. A smart fight ensued between us for some time; at length the savages gave way and fled. We had no loss on our side; the enemy had one killed, and two wounded. We took from them three horses, and all their baggage; and being informed, by two of our number that went to their town, that the Indians had entirely evacuated it, we proceeded no further, and returned with all possible expedition to assist our garrison against the other party. We passed by them on the sixth day,

and on the seventh we arrived safe at Boonesborough.

On the 8th, the Indian army arrived, being four hundred and forty-four in number, commanded by Captain Duquesne, eleven other Frenchmen, and some of their own chiefs, and marched up within view of our fort, with British and French colors flying; and having sent a summons to me, in his Britannic Majesty's name, to surrender the fort, I requested two days' consideration, which was granted.

It was now a critical period with us. We were a small number in the garrison—a powerful army before our walls, whose appearance proclaimed inevitable death, fearfully painted, and marking their footsteps with desolation. Death was preferable to captivity; and if taken by storm, we must inevitably be devoted to destruction. In this situation we concluded to maintain our garrison, if possible. We immediately proceeded to collect what we could of our horses and other cattle, and bring them through the posterns into the fort; and in the evening of the 9th, I returned answer that we were determined to defend our fort while a man was living. “Now,” said I to their commander, who stood attentively hearing my sentiments, “we laugh at your formidable preparations; but thank you for giving us notice and time to provide for our defence. Your efforts will not

prevail ; for our gates shall for ever deny you admittance." Whether this answer affected their courage or not I can not tell ; but, contrary to our expectations, they formed a scheme to deceive us, declaring it was their orders, from Governor Hamilton, to take us captives, and not to destroy us ; but if nine of us would come out, and treat with them, they would immediately withdraw their forces from our walls, and return home peaceably. This sounded grateful in our ears ; and we agreed to the proposal.

We held the treaty within sixty yards of the garrison, on purpose to divert them from a breach of honor, as we could not avoid suspicions of the savages. In this situation the articles were formally agreed to, and signed ; and the Indians told us it was customary with them on such occasions for two Indians to shake hands with every white man in the treaty, as an evidence of entire friendship. We agreed to this also, but were soon convinced their policy was to take us prisoners. They immediately grappled us ; but, although surrounded by hundreds of savages, we extricated ourselves from them, and escaped all safe into the garrison, except one that was wounded, through a heavy fire from their army. They immediately attacked us on every side, and a constant heavy fire ensued between us, day and night, for the space of nine days.

In this time the enemy began to undermine our fort, which was situated sixty yards from Kentucky river. They began at the water-mark, and proceeded in the bank some distance, which we understood, by their making the water muddy with the clay; and we immediately proceeded to disappoint their design, by cutting a trench across their subterranean passage. The enemy, discovering our counter-mine, by the clay we threw out of the fort, desisted from that stratagem: and experience now fully convincing them that neither their power nor policy could effect their purpose, on the 20th day of August they raised the siege and departed.

During this siege, which threatened death in every form, we had two men killed, and four wounded, besides a number of cattle. We killed of the enemy thirty-seven, and wounded a great number. After they were gone, we picked up one hundred and twenty-five pounds weight of bullets, besides what stuck in the logs of our fort, which certainly is a great proof of their industry. Soon after this, I went into the settlement, and nothing worthy of a place in this account passed in my affairs for some time.

During my absence from Kentucky, Colonel Bowman carried on an expedition against the Shawanese, at Old Chilicothe, with one hundred and sixty men, in July, 1779. Here they arrived

undiscovered, and a battle ensued, which lasted until ten o'clock, A. M., when Colonel Bowman, finding he could not succeed at this time, retreated about thirty miles. The Indians, in the mean time, collecting all their forces, pursued and overtook him, when a smart fight continued near two hours, not to the advantage of Colonel Bowman's party.

Colonel Harrod proposed to mount a number of horse, and furiously to rush upon the savages, who at this time fought with remarkable fury. This desperate step had a happy effect, broke their line of battle, and the savages fled on all sides. In these two battles we had nine killed, and one wounded. The enemy's loss uncertain, only two scalps being taken.

On the 22d day of June, 1780, a large party of Indians and Canadians, about six hundred in number, commanded by Colonel Bird, attacked Riddle's and Martin's stations, at the forks of Licking river, with six pieces of artillery. They carried this expedition so secretly, that the unwary inhabitants did not discover them until they fired upon the forts ; and, not being prepared to oppose them, were obliged to surrender themselves miserable captives to barbarous savages, who immediately after tomahawked one man and two women, and loaded all the others with heavy baggage, forcing them along toward their towns, able or unable to

march. Such as were weak and faint by the way, they tomahawked. The tender women and helpless children fell victims to their cruelty. This, and the savage treatment they received afterward, is shocking to humanity, and too barbarous to relate.

The hostile disposition of the savages and their allies caused General Clarke, the commandant at the Falls of the Ohio, immediately to begin an expedition with his own regiment, and the armed force of the country, against Pecaway, the principal town of the Shawanese, on a branch of Great Miami, which he finished with great success, took seventeen scalps, and burnt the town to ashes, with the loss of seventeen men.

About this time I returned to Kentucky with my family; and here, to avoid an inquiry into my conduct, the reader being before informed of my bringing my family to Kentucky, I am under the necessity of informing him that, during my captivity with the Indians, my wife, who despaired of ever seeing me again—expecting the Indians had put a period to my life, oppressed with the distresses of the country, and bereaved of me, her only happiness—had, before I returned, transported my family and goods, on horses, through the wilderness, amid a multitude of dangers, to her father's house in North Carolina.

Shortly after the troubles at Boonesborough, I

went to them, and lived peaceably there until this time. The history of my going home, and returning with my family, forms a series of difficulties, an account of which would swell a volume ; and, being foreign to my purpose, I shall purposely omit them.

I settled my family in Boonesborough once more ; and shortly after, on the 6th day of October, 1780, I went in company with my brother to the Blue Licks ; and, on our return home, we were fired upon by a party of Indians. They shot him, and pursued me, by the scent of their dog, three miles ; but I killed the dog, and escaped. The winter soon came on, and was very severe, which confined the Indians to their wigwams.

The severity of this winter caused great difficulties in Kentucky. The enemy had destroyed most of the corn the summer before. This necessary article was scarce and dear, and the inhabitants lived chiefly on the flesh of buffalo. The circumstances of many were very lamentable : however, being a hardy race of people, and accustomed to difficulties and necessities, they were wonderfully supported through all their sufferings, until the ensuing autumn, when we received abundance from the fertile soil.

Toward spring we were frequently harassed by Indians ; and in May, 1782, a party assaulted Ashton's station, killed one man, and took a



negro prisoner. Captain Ashton, with twenty-five men, pursued and overtook the savages, and a smart fight ensued, which lasted two hours; but they, being superior in number, obliged Captain Ashton's party to retreat, with the loss of eight killed, and four mortally wounded; their brave commander himself being numbered among the dead.

The Indians continued their hostilities; and, about the 10th of August following, two boys were taken from Major Hoy's station. This party was pursued by Captain Holder and seventeen men, who were also defeated, with the loss of four men killed, and one wounded. Our affairs became more and more alarming. Several stations which had lately been erected in the country were continually infested with savages, stealing their horses and killing the men at every opportunity. In a field, near Lexington, an Indian shot a man, and running to scalp him, was himself shot from the fort, and fell dead upon his enemy.

Every day we experienced recent mischiefs. The barbarous savage nations of Shawanese, Cherokees, Wyandots, Tawas, Delawares, and several others near Detroit, united in a war against us, and assembled their choicest warriors at Old Chilicothe, to go on the expedition, in order to destroy us, and entirely depopulate the country. Their savage minds were inflamed to mischief by

two abandoned men, Captains M'Kee and Girty. These led them to execute every diabolical scheme, and on the 15th day of August, commanded a party of Indians and Canadians, of about five hundred in number, against Bryant's station, five miles from Lexington. Without demanding a surrender, they furiously assaulted the garrison, which was happily prepared to oppose them ; and, after they had expended much ammunition in vain, and killed the cattle round the fort, not being likely to make themselves masters of this place, they raised the siege, and departed in the morning of the third day after they came, with the loss of about thirty killed, and the number of wounded uncertain. Of the garrison, four were killed, and three wounded.

On the 18th day, Colonel Todd, Colonel Trigg, Major Harland, and myself, speedily collected one hundred and seventy-six men, well armed, and pursued the savages. They had marched beyond the Blue Licks, to a remarkable bend of the main fork of Licking river, about forty-three miles from Lexington, where we overtook them on the 19th day. The savages observing us, gave way ; and we, being ignorant of their numbers, passed the river. When the enemy saw our proceedings, having greatly the advantage of us in situation, they formed the line of battle, from one bend of Licking to the other, about a mile from

the Blue Licks. An exceeding fierce battle immediately began, for about fifteen minutes, when we, being overpowered by numbers, were obliged to retreat, with the loss of sixty-seven men, seven of whom were taken prisoners. The brave and much-lamented Colonels Todd and Trigg, Major Harland, and my second son, were among the dead. We were informed that the Indians, numbering their dead, found they had four killed more than we; and therefore four of the prisoners they had taken were, by general consent, ordered to be killed in a most barbarous manner by the young warriors, in order to train them up to cruelty; and then they proceeded to their towns.

On our retreat we were met by Colonel Logan, hastening to join us, with a number of well-armed men. This powerful assistance we unfortunately wanted in the battle; for, notwithstanding the enemy's superiority of numbers, they acknowledged, that, if they had received one more fire from us, they should undoubtedly have given way. So valiantly did our small party fight, that, to the memory of those who unfortunately fell in the battle, enough of honor can not be paid. Had Colonel Logan and his party been with us, it is highly probable we should have given the savages a total defeat.

I can not reflect upon this dreadful scene, but

sorrow fills my heart. A zeal for the defence of their country led these heroes to the scene of action, though with a few men to attack a powerful army of experienced warriors. When we gave way, they pursued us with the utmost eagerness, and in every quarter spread destruction. The river was difficult to cross, and many were killed in the flight—some just entering the river, some in the water, others after crossing, in ascending the cliffs. Some escaped on horseback, a few on foot; and, being dispersed everywhere in a few hours, brought the melancholy news of this unfortunate battle to Lexington. Many widows were now made. The reader may guess what sorrow filled the hearts of the inhabitants, exceeding anything that I am able to describe. Being reinforced, we returned to bury the dead, and found their bodies strewed everywhere, cut and mangled in a dreadful manner. This mournful scene exhibited a horror almost unparalleled: some torn and eaten by wild beasts; those in the river eaten by fishes; all in such a putrefied condition, that no one could be distinguished from another.

As soon as General Clarke, then at the Falls of the Ohio—who was ever our ready friend, and merits the love and gratitude of all his countrymen—understood the circumstances of this unfortunate action, he ordered an expedition, with all

possible haste, to pursue the savages, which was so expeditiously effected, that we overtook them within two miles of their towns: and probably might have obtained a great victory, had not two of their number met us about two hundred poles before we came up. These returned quick as lightning to their camp, with the alarming news of a mighty army in view. The savages fled in the utmost disorder, evacuated their towns, and reluctantly left their territory to our mercy. We immediately took possession of Old Chilicothe without opposition, being deserted by its inhabitants. We continued our pursuit through five towns on the Miami rivers, Old Chilicothe, Peca-way, New Chilicothe, Will's Towns, and Chilicothe—burnt them all to ashes, entirely destroyed their corn, and other fruits, and everywhere spread a scene of desolation in the country. In this expedition we took seven prisoners and five scalps, with the loss of only four men, two of whom were accidentally killed by our own army.

This campaign in some measure damped the spirits of the Indians, and made them sensible of our superiority. Their connexions were dissolved, their armies scattered, and a future invasion put entirely out of their power; yet they continued to practise mischief secretly upon the inhabitants, in the exposed parts of the country.

In October following, a party made an excursion into that district called the Crab Orchard; and one of them, being advanced some distance before the others, boldly entered the house of a poor defenceless family, in which was only a negro man, a woman, and her children, terrified with the apprehensions of immediate death. The savage, perceiving their defenceless situation, without offering violence to the family, attempted to capture the negro, who happily proved an overmatch for him, threw him on the ground, and, in the struggle, the mother of the children drew an axe from a corner of the cottage, and cut his head off, while her little daughter shut the door. The savages instantly appeared, and applied their tomahawks to the door. An old rusty gun-barrel, without a lock, lay in a corner, which the mother put through a small crevice, and the savages, perceiving it, fled. In the mean time, the alarm spread through the neighborhood; the armed men collected immediately, and pursued the ravagers into the wilderness. Thus Providence, by the means of this negro, saved the whole of the poor family from destruction. From that time until the happy return of peace between the United States and Great Britain, the Indians did us no mischief. Finding the great king beyond the water disappointed in his expectations, and conscious of the importance of the Long Knife, and their own

wretchedness, some of the nations immediately desired peace ; to which, at present [1784], they seem universally disposed, and are sending ambassadors to General Clarke, at the Falls of the Ohio, with the minutes of their councils.

To conclude, I can now say that I have verified the saying of an old Indian who signed Colonel Henderson's deed. Taking me by the hand, at the delivery thereof—"Brother," said he, "we have given you a fine land, but I believe you will have much trouble in settling it." My footsteps have often been marked with blood, and therefore I can truly subscribe to its original name. Two darling sons and a brother have I lost by savage hands, which have also taken from me forty valuable horses, and abundance of cattle. Many dark and sleepless nights have I been a companion for owls, separated from the cheerful society of men, scorched by the summer's sun, and pinched by the winter's cold—an instrument ordained to settle the wilderness. But now the scene is changed: peace crowns the sylvan shade.

What thanks, what ardent and ceaseless thanks are due to that all-superintending Providence which has turned a cruel war into peace, brought order out of confusion, made the fierce savages placid, and turned away their hostile weapons from our country ! May the same Almighty Goodness banish the accursed monster, war, from all lands, with

her hated associates, rapine and insatiable ambition! Let peace, descending from her native heaven, bid her olives spring amid the joyful nations; and plenty, in league with commerce, scatter blessings from her copious hand!

This account of my adventures will inform the reader of the most remarkable events of this country. I now live in peace and safety, enjoying the sweets of liberty, and the bounties of Providence, with my once fellow-sufferers, in this delightful country, which I have seen purchased with a vast expense of blood and treasure: delighting in the prospect of its being, in a short time, one of the most opulent and powerful states on the continent of North America; which, with the love and gratitude of my countrymen, I esteem a sufficient reward for all my toil and dangers.

DANIEL BOONE.

*Fayette County, KENTUCKY.*

THE END.







JOHN SMITH.

By Apollonius & Co. New York.

## CHAPTER I.

*The birth of John Smith—His boyish restlessness—His early adventures and wanderings—His return home—His wanderings resumed—After strange adventures, he enlists as a soldier against the Turks—His brilliant exploits as a soldier—He is taken captive at last and sold as a slave to the Bashaw Bogal—He sends him to Constantinople.*

IN the life of Henry Hudson\* Captain John Smith is spoken of as his “earliest and most cherished companion.” Of all the remarkable men, who visited this new world for the purpose of planting colonies, and subduing the wilderness, there was none more remarkable than John Smith. His life was a perfect romance, filled with wild and roving adventures; and I think my young countrymen will be both instructed and pleased by reading his history. Here, therefore, it is.

\* See volume I. of A Library for my Young Countrymen.

Unfortunately, we knew but little of the early days of Hudson; but Smith we can follow from his boyhood up. He was born in Willoughby, in the county of Lincolnshire, in England, of respectable parents, in the year 1579, and, from the earliest boyhood, began to shew his restless, roving disposition. He was sent to school, a very young lad, and soon distinguished himself among his school-fellows for his bold, manly, and adventurous sports. But books and schoolboy confinement did not please him. Scarcely yet thirteen years old, he sold his satchel, books, and whatever other articles he could part with, to raise money, that he might go to sea. All this was unknown, at the time, to his friends, and he would probably have succeeded in getting away, had not the death of his father occurred at the time, and thereby prevented it. Now he was left in the hands of guardians. At the age of fifteen they placed him as an apprentice to a merchant at Lynn, hoping that this might suit his turn of mind, and prove both profitable and pleasant to him. Smith seems at first to have liked this, for his thoughts were still upon the ocean, and he hoped from time to time that his master would send him to sea in his service. But at last, disappointed in this, the

counting-house became wearisome to him, and he resolved to leave. With only ten shillings in his pocket, therefore, which he says was given to him by his friends "to get rid of him," he left his employer. It was not long before young Smith began to fear he had made a sad mistake. Afraid to report himself to his guardians, and fearful that, if he remained in England, they would find him, and put him to some other employment, it is said, he wandered about in his poverty, scarcely knowing what to do; his heart resolved only upon this one thing, to start abroad as soon as he could. He was a boy of too much principle to steal, and yet he was too poor to carry out his wishes. The story runs, that in this sad state of mind, after wandering another weary day, he was fortunate enough, in stopping at a public-house, to meet with a nobleman who was about embarking for France, and Smith was made happy, when he was allowed to enter his train, and go along with him. They journeyed on together now, until they reached Orleans, in France, but here, from some cause, they parted. Whether the nobleman (as has been said) found Smith wild and ungovernable, or whether it was that he no longer had need of his services, here he dismissed him. Yet he

treated him with great generosity, for he gave him money, that he might return to England, and live among his friends.

Yet Smith had no thought of returning home, and now it was that his travels fairly commenced. He first went to Paris, and after spending a little time there, he started for Holland. There was in him always a love of military life, a sort of military ardor; and I have supposed that he moved toward the "Low Countries," because, at that time, this was the battle-ground of Europe. A struggle was then going on between this country and Spain. Certain it is, that he had scarcely reached the country, when he enlisted as a soldier; and now, for some time, he served in the army, greatly delighted with his new occupation. His restless spirit, however, grew weary at last, even of this. Meeting with a Scotch gentleman, (Mr. David Hume,) he was supplied by him with money, and letters to his friends in Scotland, and advised to go with him to that country. The principal inducement for his going was, (as his Scotch friend assured him,) that he would there find friendship and favor at the hands of King James. Now, then, he embarked for Scotland. After suffering from shipwreck, and a

violent fit of sickness, he at length arrived there, and delivered his letters. These letters procured for him kind attention, and he was treated with great hospitality—though as far as the king was concerned, he met with little patronage and encouragement. His heart, therefore, began to turn homeward, and he soon started off for his native town, Willoughby.

Upon his arrival, his friends were all delighted to see him, and were greatly pleased to hear him recount his travels. But this being over, he soon tired of the companions around him: and now he went to the woods and built him a little booth, where he might live alone to himself. Here he became very industrious in pursuing his studies. His fondness for a soldier's life set him upon the study of military history and tactics; and from time to time he would amuse himself with sports of hunting and horsemanship. His books, his horse, and his lance were almost the only objects that interested him. After a time, it became generally known that he was living in this quiet way: his strange habits were much talked of, and this induced an Italian gentleman, who was himself a great horseman, to visit him. He soon made the acquaintance of Smith, (for their tastes were alike,)

and at length persuaded him to leave his retirement, and come back into the world. His little lodge, therefore, was now deserted.

His restless spirit soon prompted him again to roam. He now had the means of travelling, (for he had received his portion of his father's estate,) and in spite of the remonstrances and entreaties of his friends, he resolved upon starting once more. Again led, I suppose, by his military ardor, he embarked for Flanders, hoping to play the part of a soldier against the Turks. But here his plans were altered. Accidentally meeting with four Frenchmen, (one of whom passed for a nobleman, and the other three for his attendants,) he was persuaded to join them, and travel with them into France. These men were villains, who noticing the youth and inexperience of Smith, (for he was now only nineteen, some say seventeen, years of age,) had resolved upon robbing him. They all accordingly embarked for France. It was a dark night when they arrived at St. Valery, in Picardy; and now these impostors had made so much of a friend of their captain, who was a villain like themselves, that they were prepared to carry their plan into execution. Accordingly, these four Frenchmen, with the captain at their head, now went ashore



in the boat, taking with them the trunks of Smith. The next morning the captain returned with the boat. Upon being asked why he had been gone so long, he stated, that he had been prevented from returning by the high sea: but the truth was, he had delayed only that his thievish companions might escape with their plunder before it was possible to overtake them. The crew suspected the villany of the commander, (for the luggage of Smith was now missed,) and it is said that they proposed to Smith to kill him, and seize the vessel and cargo. This, however, he very properly refused to do, and thus went ashore, poor and friendless. Indeed, his poverty was now so great, that he sold part of his clothing to pay his passage.

One of the sailors now took compassion upon him, and paying his expenses, they travelled together as far as Mortaine, where the villains lived, (for this sailor, it seems, knew them.) His journey proved useless, as far as his trunks were concerned, for being poor and without friends, he found it impossible to recover any part of his property. His desolate situation, however, called out the sympathy of many good people, and he was invited to their homes, kindly treated, and supplied with further sums of money.

Still eager to pursue his travels, and unwilling to remain, receiving favors which he could not return, he resolved upon leaving this place. With a light heart, therefore, he started on foot toward the sea-shore, hoping, in some one of the seaport towns, to find a ship in which he might embark. In his wanderings, his money was soon again exhausted. It was during this journey that he accidentally met one day, near Dinan, one of the villains who had robbed him. Without saying a word, they both instantly drew their swords. A crowd gathered around them; Smith had wounded him, and he forced the Frenchman to confess his guilt before the whole multitude. This, however, was all he obtained, for he found none of his property. Before he reached the sea-shore, he suffered many privations. It is said, that after wandering one day through a forest, he was so much exhausted toward evening, by fatigue and exposure, that he threw himself down by a fountain, expecting to die there; and would probably have died, had not a kind farmer discovered him, and once more supplied his wants.

He now remembered an old friend, whom he had seen before, (the Earl of Ployer,) and knew, if he could reach him, he would receive sympathy

and assistance. Accordingly, he managed to reach the home of this friend, and found all his hopes realized. The Earl treated him with marked kindness, and furnished him with money for his journey. He now travelled along the French coast to Bayonne, and thence crossed over to Marseilles, noticing particularly, by the way, any and every thing that fed his passion for naval and military exploits. At Marseilles he found a ship ready to sail for Italy.

In this ship it happened that there were a number of pilgrims, going to Rome. Smith, however, took passage with them, and new troubles soon met him on the voyage. A storm at first drove the vessel into the harbor of Toulon: after the tempest had passed away, and they were again on their voyage, head winds ere long met them, and they were forced to anchor under the little island of Saint Mary, off Nice, in Savoy. Here the pilgrims began to murmur and complain. Their bigotry and madness induced them to suppose that Smith was the cause of their troubles, because he was what they called a heretic. They abused him, because he was a Protestant, and Queen Elizabeth of England, because she was known to protect the Protestant religion: and they were scarcely

again under way, when their madness carried them so far, that they seized Smith, and without any mercy, threw him overboard. What became of the pilgrims, I cannot say, but a merciful Providence watched over Smith, and sustained him through the struggle of swimming back to the island. Weak and exhausted, he was in a pitiable condition. He found no one near him—yet, with a heart of hope, he raised signals, trusting that some ship passing by might mark his distress. Fortunately, next day, a ship of Saint Malo put in at the island for shelter, and doubly fortunate he was when he found that the commander of this ship was Captain La Roche, a friend and neighbor to his old friend, the Earl of Ployer. Of course, Smith now met with every attention. In a little time the vessel proceeded on her voyage to Alexandria, in Egypt. Thence she coasted the Levant. On her return homeward, she fell in with a Venetian vessel. The French captain tried to speak her, but was answered only by “a broadside,” (the French ship being mistaken, I suppose, for a pirate.) A sharp action now commenced—Smith bearing a bold part in it. After a hard contest, the Venetian ship was taken, and found to be very richly laden. All that was valuable was seized,

and the conquerors divided the spoils. Smith, for his valor, received as his share, a box containing a thousand sequins, (about two thousand dollars.) At his own request now he was landed on the shore of Piedmont, and, with abundance of money, travelled through Italy, marking every thing that was interesting. His desire for military glory was, however, still uppermost in his heart, and crossing the Adriatic, he travelled on till he came to Gratz, in Styria, the seat of Ferdinand, the Archduke of Austria. War was at this time raging between the Germans and the Turks; and Smith, finding two of his countrymen at the place, was soon introduced to Lord Eberspaught, Baron Kizel, Count Meldritch, and other officers of distinction. He at once enlisted as a volunteer, to serve in the army against the Turks.

It was not long now, before his genius had full scope to shew itself. The Turkish army, (twenty thousand strong,) under Ibrahim Pasha, having ravaged the neighboring country, were now laying siege to the strong town of Olympach. Lord Eberspaught was here, shut up with his army, and cut off from all supplies and communication with his friends. Smith served in Baron Kizel's army, who was endeavoring to

help Eberspaught in his perilous condition. Desirous of sending a message to him, and finding it impossible, Smith now proposed to try his plan for communicating with him—a plan of which he had formerly talked with Eberspaught. This was by means of a telegraph, which he had invented. Kizel consented, and Smith now went at night with a guard, to a hill in sight of the town, yet far enough to be unobserved by the Turkish army. Raising his signals, he conveyed to Eberspaught this message: “*Thursday night I will charge on the east; at the alarm sally thou.*” The signal was understood, and the answer came back, “*I will.*”<sup>\*</sup> Making ready for Thursday night, he prepared a number of matches on a string, which he extended in a line, in a certain direction. Just on the eve of the attack, these matches were fired, and exploded like a roar of musketry. The Turks, thinking they were attacked in that quarter, sallied out to meet the enemy. Kizel, with his army, rushed upon them at the moment—the

\* Smith’s method of communicating was by means of torches. Each letter from A to L was designated by shewing one torch as many times as corresponded to the letter’s place in the alphabet—each letter, from M to Z, was designated by shewing two torches after the same manner. The end of a word was signified by shewing three lights.

men in the garrison moved at the same time—the Turks were routed, numbers of them were slain, numbers driven into the river and drowned, and two thousand of Kizel's men entered the garrison. The next day, the enemy was glad to abandon the siege. This gallant action gained great applause for Smith, and he was at once appointed to the command of a troop of two hundred and fifty horse, in the regiment of Count Meldritch.

Flushed with success, the Emperor of Germany now resolved to prosecute the war boldly, and for this purpose three large armies were raised. Smith served in that commanded by the Archduke Matthias, the Emperor's brother. The principal command of this force, however, devolved upon the lieutenant, the Duke Mercury, and Smith seems to have shared his particular confidence. Ere long, they laid siege to Alba Regalis, in Hungary. This was a town strongly fortified by the Turks. Smith's skill here annoyed the enemy greatly, for he managed to throw bombs from a sling, in the midst of them, and two or three times succeeded in setting the place on fire. After an obstinate resistance, this place was taken with great loss to the Turks. So unexpected was this result, that the Turks

could hardly believe themselves routed: and it is said, that one of their Bashaws, upon hearing the sad news, would eat nothing the whole day, but threw himself upon the ground, and continued to pray to Mahomet to deliver his countrymen. The Sultan, however, could not rest satisfied with this defeat, and sent an army of sixty thousand men to recapture the place. The Duke Mercury, hearing of the approach of this vast number, was not dismayed, though his numbers were comparatively small. He marched out to meet them, and, after a desperate battle, defeated the Turks once more. The fight must have been tremendous, for six thousand of the Turks (it is said) were left dead upon the field. Smith bore himself as usual, gallantly, through the whole, escaping narrowly with his life. His horse was shot under him, and he was severely wounded.

In a little time, he was again at the head of his own company, and with Count Meldritch, marched into Transylvania. Here the Turks were committing their ravages, and the Count felt peculiarly excited against them, because his family possessions lay in that region. A strong body of Turks, after scouring the country, had now fortified themselves in the town of Regal,



among the mountains of Transylvania, and here they felt secure. With eight thousand men Meldritch laid siege to this place. Fortunately, he was soon after joined by Prince Moyses, with nine thousand more. The place was so strong by nature, and so strongly garrisoned, that the siege proved long, and seemed, indeed, almost useless. The Turks, feeling their strength, began to grow insolent. At length one of their number, the Lord Turbishaw, (for the purpose, as was said, of amusing the Turkish ladies,) sent a challenge to any man of the Christian troops, who dared come out to fight him. Lots were now cast, to see who should accept this challenge; and the lot fell upon Smith. The time for the meeting approached, and the battlements of the town were lined with ladies to witness it. Lord Turbishaw, elegantly dressed in a magnificent suit of armor, which blazed with gold, silver, and jewels, now rode out into the field. Three men attended him, one bearing his lance, and two others moving by the side of his horse. Smith rode out to meet him, attended only by a page, who bore his lance. The trumpets now sounded, (as the signal for battle,) and the conflict commenced. It was soon ended; for Smith, with his lance, thrust the Turk through

the head, and he fell dead from his horse. Great was the shout of joy now raised by the Christian troops; and loud the lamentations among the Turkish ladies. The conqueror now cut off the head of Turbishaw, and bore it back in triumph among his comrades, leaving his dead body lying upon the ground. This defeat was more than the Turks could well bear, and a particular friend of Turbishaw's, named Grualgo, was inflamed with rage. Burning to revenge the death of his friend, he sent now a special challenge to Smith, to meet him. The challenge was at once accepted, and the next day fixed for the meeting. It was agreed this time that the conqueror should have the horse and the armor of the defeated. In the morning they met. At their first attack, their lances were shivered—their pistols were then discharged, and both were wounded, Smith slightly, the Turk severely, in the arm. Smith now had the advantage. The Turk, from the wound in his arm, being unable to manage his horse, was easily slain; his head was also taken from his body, and carried triumphantly to the Christian troops. His horse and his armor too, were now the trophies of the conqueror. Proud of his success, in a haughty spirit, Smith (by permission of his commander)

now sent his challenge to the Turks. If the ladies, he said, still desired amusement, and would choose their champion, he would add his head to the number he had taken, or lose his own. A champion was soon found in the person of a ferocious Turk, named Bonamolgro—the challenge accepted, and terms agreed upon. As Bonamolgro was the challenged person, and had the choice of arms, having seen Smith's skill in using the lance, he avoided this, and selected for the weapons, pistols, battle-axes, and swords. The next day they met; their pistols were first fired, without injuring either party, and then they fought with battle-axes. The Turk was more skilled than Smith in the use of this; and dealing him a heavy blow, he unhorsed him, while his battle-axe fell from his hand. The ramparts now rung with the shouts of ladies, who supposed Smith was discomfited. But Smith was a fine horseman, and this saved him. In an instant, he rallied from the blow, remounted his horse, and by dexterous management of the animal, succeeded, not only in avoiding the blows aimed at him by the Turk, but at a favorable moment ran him through with his sword. Bonamolgro fell to the ground, and his head was also taken. The Turks were no dis-

heartened, and ere long the town was captured.

The triumph of the Christian forces was now great; but Smith's triumph was greater, for he was the special hero of the occasion. He was conducted to the pavilion of his general by a military procession of six thousand men. Before these were led three horses, and in front of all were the three Turks' heads, borne on the points of three lances. Here he was received with great honor. The general embraced him warmly, presented him with a horse, richly caparisoned, a cimeter and belt, worth three hundred ducats; and, best of all, in Smith's estimation, made him the major of a regiment of men. Nor was the honor of his exploits yet ended; for afterwards, when the Prince of Transylvania heard of his valor, he presented to Smith his picture, set in gold; gave him a pension of three hundred ducats a year, and granted him a coat of arms, bearing three Turks' heads in a shield. The motto of the coat of arms was this: "*Vincere est vivere.*" His fame was soon known at home, as well as abroad; for this patent of the Prince was afterwards admitted and recorded, in the College of Heralds, in England, by Sir Henry Segar, garter king at arms. Smith (it is said)

always remembered this occasion with great exultation, and to the last day of his life was proud of this motto.

His passion for a soldier's life naturally enough grew stronger as he advanced in distinction, and he was soon again in active service. In Wallachia, which was at this time a Turkish province, the inhabitants revolted against the reigning prince, and proclaimed a new one. Pressed with a hard struggle, they applied to the Emperor of Germany to aid them, and he at once took advantage of their position, and met their entreaty. Count Meldritch, Smith, and other officers, with an army of thirty thousand men, went to the assistance of the new prince. The deposed prince, resolute upon maintaining his place, had gathered together his forces, and now met them with an army of forty thousand Turks and Tartars. A desperate and bloody struggle followed: the army of the Turks was routed, and only fifteen thousand made good their retreat. Twenty-five thousand Turks (it is said) lay dead or wounded upon the field, and the province was now subject to the Emperor.

With a strong heart, the deposed prince was still bent upon holding his place. He gathered his troops again together, and was ere long heard

of in the province of Moldavia. Count Meldritch and Smith again met him. After several skilful and successful skirmishes against him, they seem to have been flushed with pride; and now pressing eagerly on in a narrow and mountainous pass, near the town of Rottenton, they were surprised by an ambuscade. Here an army of forty thousand men rushed suddenly upon them; the Christian troops fought boldly and desperately, but to little or no purpose. They were overpowered by numbers, and all were slain or wounded, except about thirteen hundred men, who, with Count Meldritch at their head, escaped by swimming a river. In this unfortunate struggle, Smith was badly wounded, and left (as his friends supposed) dead upon the field. In this, however, they were deceived. The Turks discovered him, bleeding among the heaps of the dead, and the richness of his dress and armor, as it turned out, saved his life. Supposing him to be a man of rank and distinction, they were too cruel to despatch him, but saved him, that he might suffer a more lingering and degrading torment than death. His wounds were dressed, and after he had sufficiently recovered, he, with many others of the poor prisoners, were taken to a Turkish town, and there sold as slaves, in the market-place.

It was Smith's lot to be purchased by the Bashaw Bogal ; and he now sent him as a present to his mistress, Tragabigzanda, in Constantinople, accompanying the present with this falsehood, that Smith was a Bohemian nobleman, whom he had made prisoner in war

## CHAPTER II.

*Smith escapes from his captivity—He wanders through Russia and Poland, and is kindly entertained—Cordial meeting with his old friends, in Transylvania—He journeys to France, Spain, and Morocco—Returns to England—Happiness of his friends at meeting him—Meets with Bartholomew Gosnold, and determines to sail for the New World—Patent of King James for settling Virginia—Their ships sail—Unkind treatment of Smith on the voyage—The Colonists reach Jamestown—Smith is refused his place as one of the Council.*

SMITH fared fortunately in the hands of his Turkish mistress. Being able to speak Italian, and struck with the manly and noble bearing of the captive, she from time to time held conversations with him, and learned the utter falsehood of the Bashaw's message to her. Instead of a Bohemian nobleman, she discovered that the prisoner was an Englishman of good family, and



promising prospects ; that he was a soldier of fortune, who had fallen into his present position in the struggle near Rottenton, and had never seen the Bashaw, till they met in the market-place. Smith now told her the whole story of his wanderings, and the lady was captivated by the man, and his adventures. Finding her heart drawn toward him, and fearing that he might be ill-used, or again sold, she resolved to do what she could for his protection. She sent him therefore to her brother Timour, the Bashaw of Nalbraitz, who lived in the country of the Cambrian Tartars, on the borders of the Sea of Azoph. To secure his good treatment, she sent a letter with him, requesting her brother to treat him kindly, and frankly telling him, that she felt a deep attachment for the prisoner. Her letter, however, instead of helping Smith, as she designed, only outraged her brother. He was greatly indignant at the thought, that his sister should love a Christian slave. In an hour after his arrival, he was stripped of all his clothing—his head and beard were shaved—an iron collar was fastened round his neck—and clothed in a suit of hair cloth, he was sent out to hard labor among other poor Christian slaves.

Smith's situation was now pitiable enough ;

but his bold spirit was unconquered. His companions in misery were sad and in despair; yet he, though well nigh driven to despair, had ever the hope of being again free, and watched every opportunity of making his escape. He thought first of running away, but he found that he was watched so closely, that he could not move without being seen. Day after day, therefore, he labored on, but with a heart of hope, that he should one day be rid of his bondage. How long he was in captivity here, I cannot say, but he at last made his escape in the following manner.

He was employed one day in threshing corn, at a farm-house, in a field, about three miles from the place where his tyrannical master lived. The master was in the habit, at times, of visiting the laborers at their work, and at such times, not unfrequently, treated them with great cruelty. On this occasion he visited the farm-house, and having a personal dislike to Smith, was not satisfied with abusing him, but beat him and kicked him violently. This was more than the proud spirit of Smith could endure. Watching his opportunity, therefore, when no one was present, he gave him a blow with his threshing flail, and laid him senseless at his feet.

No time was now to be lost. He at once dressed himself in the Bashaw's clothes, hid his body under the straw, filled a bag with corn, closed the doors, mounted the Bashaw's horse, and galloped off into the wilderness. He was now free, but in the midst of a wild desert, ignorant of his way.

In this desert he wandered for two or three days, not knowing whither he was going, and fortunately meeting no one who might have marked his iron collar, known him as a slave, and possibly recaptured him, or given notice, at least, of his flight. At length it was his good fortune to reach a cross-road, where a sign-post directed him, on the main road to Russia. Keeping this road, at the end of sixteen days, (during which time his bag supplied him with his only food,) he reached Ecopolis, upon the river Don, where there was a garrison of the Russians. The commander of the garrison, learning he was a Christian, treated him with great kindness; his iron collar was taken off, and letters were given to him, introducing him very kindly to the other governors in that region. He now travelled on through Russia and Poland, meeting every where with kind attention. It was in some part of this journey that he met with the lady Callamata, who took a deep interest in him, and of

whom Smith ever speaks with the utmost gratitude. At length he reached Transylvania. Here he was welcomed with the greatest enthusiasm. His fame was well known, and his old comrades crowded around him, rejoicing once more to see a friend, whom they supposed lost to them for ever. At Leipsic he had a joyful meeting with his old commander, Count Meldritch; and the Prince of Transylvania, (it is said,) hearing of his arrival, sent for him, and gave him a present of fifteen hundred ducats, to repair his losses. Smith seems to have been so touched with this kindness, that he was almost ready to listen to the entreaties of these friends, and make his home in their country. One thing alone prevented, and that was the longing desire, which naturally enough rested in his heart, to visit once more his native land. Who loves not the spot where he was born, and where he played in his boyhood? With a sad heart, therefore, he tore himself from these friends, and journeyed on. He passed through France, Germany, and Spain, observing, as was his custom, every thing attentively on his way. Now he was turned aside from going directly home, by his old passion for military life. Learning that a civil war had broken out, in the kingdom of Morocco, he im-

mediately sailed for that country, with the intention of embarking in the struggle. Upon his arrival, however, not being pleased with either of the contending parties, he determined to take no part in it whatever, and ere long set sail for England. Strange adventures were still in his way: for in his homeward course, he bore his part in another naval battle. The ship in which he sailed was attacked by two Spanish vessels of war, and, after a desperate and bloody fight, they were driven off. He soon now made his landing in England, having (it is reported) in his possession one thousand ducats, which, in addition to some property which he held in England, enabled him, for the time, to feel quite independent.

Great was the joy between Smith and his friends now, in his native land. While he gladly told the story of his travels, they forgot the sorrows of his exile in the delight of hearing him. Their joy, however, was soon again overcast, for his untired spirit began to pant for other adventures, and they knew that it was idle to attempt to restrain him. The circumstances which now roused his spirit, are circumstances in which we, as Americans, are nearly interested

At this time, well nigh all Europe was filled with a desire for maritime discoveries, and nowhere was this desire more ardent than in England. Several voyagers had now crossed the western waters, and seen portions of that New World which had been discovered by Columbus. Returning home, they had marvellous stories to tell of its richness and beauty. More than this had been done. Attempts had been made to colonize a part of the new continent. The bold genius of that noble Englishman, Sir Walter Raleigh, had (even during the reign of the preceding sovereign, Queen Elizabeth) attempted to plant a group of adventurers upon Roanoke Island, off the coast of Carolina; and though this effort, with others, had failed, the desire for the same sort of adventure was still strongly felt in England; and as new tidings came from time to time of the beauty of the new world, this desire only increased. It happened about the time of Smith's return home, that Bartholomew Gosnold (who, in 1602, had made a voyage to New England) was talking largely of the prospects of the new world, and was himself desirous and ready to make another adventure there, for the purpose of planting a colony and subduing the wilderness. Meeting with Smith, he

found one ready to listen to his story and plans; a strong friendship was soon formed between them, and they determined to link their hopes together in this new undertaking. They now set resolutely to work, to secure sufficient patronage to carry out their design. Other voyagers returning home, confirmed from time to time the statements of Gosnold, and animated them the more in their efforts. Ere long, they found several noblemen and gentlemen, of like feeling with themselves, (among whom we should especially remember Edward Maria Wingfield, a merchant, Robert Hunt, a clergyman, and Richard Hackluyt,) and now they asked of King James a royal patent, for making new discoveries, and planting a colony in Virginia.

The king met these proposals, and on the 10th of April, 1606, issued his letters patent to Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, Richard Hackluyt and others. By these letters, they were allowed to possess all the territories in North America, lying between the thirty-fourth and forty-fifth degrees of north latitude, and all islands within the same latitudes, within one hundred miles of the shore. These adventurers, I believe, had asked the privilege of establishing two colonies. At all events, they were divided

into two companies—one known as the London or South Virginia Company—the other, as the Plymouth Company. The two companies were to make their settlements within the territory granted—one in the southern, the other in the northern part of it, and their colonies were to be kept one hundred miles apart. These colonies were to be governed by two councils, as they were called, both selected by the king—one council to reside in England, while the other resided in the colony, and all laws made by the Colonial Council were to be subject to repeal or alteration by the king or Supreme Council at home. These terms were the best the petitioners could obtain, and the London Company resolved at once to act under them.

Some little delay was experienced in making all ready, so that the 19th of December arrived, before their ships were ready to sail from England. On that day three ships, one of one hundred, another of forty, and another of twenty tons, under the command of Captain Christopher Newport, fell down the Thames, bound on a voyage for Virginia. Of course, they were well stocked with men and provisions for a colony. Among the leading men on board, were Bartholomew Gosnold, Captain Smith, Edward Wing-



field the merchant, and Robert Hunt the clergyman. They had with them, among other things, a sealed box, containing "orders for government in Virginia," which box was not to be opened until their arrival there.

The ships were now detained for more than six weeks off the coast of England, by head winds; and murmurings and complaints arose among the adventurers. These, however, were allayed, in some degree, by the affection and perseverance of the good clergyman, Mr. Hunt. Though a sick man, he forgot his own troubles to make them happy. There were some on board who hated (it seems) him, and his profession, yet "all this" (we are told) "could never force from him so much as a seeming desire to leave the business, but he preferred the service of God in so good a voyage, before any affection to contest with his Godless foes, whose disastrous designs (could they have prevailed) had even then overthrown the business, so many discontents did then arise, had he not with the water of patience, and his Godly exhortations, (but chiefly by his true devoted examples,) quenched those flames of envy and dissension."\* At

\* Smith's Virginia—Vol. I., page 150.

length, with a fair wind, they shaped their course for the new world, by the old route of the Canaries and West India Islands. They had scarcely reached the Canaries, when their murmurings became louder than ever, and it seems now that poor Smith was unconsciously the principal cause of them. His bold and manly bearing, together with his conversation, had excited the suspicion and jealousy of some of his companions. They declared that he had the desire and intention of murdering the council, and making himself king of Virginia, and that he had conspirators among the crew for that purpose. Smith was too proud to make any explanation, when he felt perfectly innocent, and the consequence was, that he was now seized and confined as a prisoner for the rest of the voyage. They were also, it is said, outraged with Mr. Hunt as his friend, and I presume his profession and prudence alone saved him from the same fate. They now steered from the Canaries, to the West Indies. Among these islands they spent three weeks, recruiting for their farther voyage, and seem to have been much pleased with the appearance of this new and strange region. Thence they moved off for Virginia. Visited with unsteady weather, for some time

they made but little progress—and having at one time lost their reckoning for three days, many of them became dissatisfied again, and urged strongly a return to England. Fortunately, a fine breeze relieved them in this time of discontent, and on the 26th day of April, 1607, they saw land, and entered Chesapeake Bay. The land first seen was on the north side of the entrance to the bay. To this they gave the name of Cape Henry, and to the point on the south side of the entrance, the name of Cape Charles, both in honor of the sons of King James. They sailed into the first broad river which opened before them, naming it after their king, James River. For seventeen days now, they busied themselves in finding a convenient spot for their settlement, and during this period landed several times, and met the savages of the country. The first landing was at Cape Henry, where thirty of the adventurers went ashore. Here they found on the flats abundance of oysters “laying as thick as stones,” and the land was covered with wild flowers and fine strawberries. They were attacked by five savages, and two of their number badly wounded, before they drove them off with their muskets. Again they landed at Point Comfort, on the north side of the mouth of James

River, (a place so named by themselves because they found good anchorage there, which gave them great comfort.) They met now some Indians, who at first were frightened, but upon one of the white men's laying his hand upon his neart, the savages felt that their intentions were peaceable, and came directly to them, inviting them to visit their town *Kecoughtan*, the place where Hampton is now built. The invitation was accepted, and when they reached the town, both parties were well pleased. The Indians feasted the strangers on cakes of Indian corn, and entertained them with tobacco and a dance, while the whites, in their turn, presented to them beads and other trinkets. Then the chief of the Rappahannas, hearing of them, sent a messenger to invite them to come and see him, and to guide them to his home. This invitation was also accepted, and they were received in great state by the chief and his people. They stood upon the banks of the river to meet them as they landed. As soon as they were ashore, the chief came before them at the head of his train, "playing on a flute made of a reed, with a crown of deer's hair colored red, in fashion of a rose, fastened about his knot of hair, and a great plate of copper on the other side of his head, with two long

feathers in fashion of a pair of horns, placed in the midst of his crown. His body was painted all with crimson, with a chain of beads about his neck; his face painted blue besprinkled with silver ore; his ears all behung with bracelets of pearl, and in either ear a bird's claw through it, beset with fine copper or gold." He now had his mat spread upon the ground, and while his people all stood around him, sat down and smoked his pipe of tobacco. This being over, he made signs to the whites to follow him to his town. He went first, leading the way, the Indians and whites all following, and after passing through beautiful woods and rich fields of corn, they at length ascended a steep hill, and were at the palace of the chief of the Rappahannās. Here they were treated with great hospitality. Ascending the river, they afterwards saw a body of Indians, standing on the shore all armed, and their chief, Apamatica—holding in one hand his bow and arrow, and in the other his pipe of tobacco—boldly demanded what they had come for. They made signs of peace, and were again kindly entertained by him. Still passing on, at the distance of thirty-two miles from the mouth of the river, they found the shore on the north side bold, and covered with heavy timber; and

the water near by being six fathoms deep, they were enabled to moor their ships to the trees on the land. The appearance of this spot pleased them more than any they had seen; and upon being visited by the chief of the Pashipays, who offered them as much land as they needed for their purpose, and gave them a deer for their entertainment, they determined here to make their settlement. It was now the 13th of May—they went ashore, pitched their tents, and gave to the spot the name of Jamestown. When the sealed box containing their orders was opened, it was found that Bartholomew Gosnold, John Smith, Edward M. Wingfield, Christopher Newport, John Ratcliff, John Martin, and George Kendall, were named as the council for the colony. Their instructions were to choose a president from among their number, for one year, and he, with the help of the other counsellors, was to manage the affairs of the colony. Matters of importance were to be “examined by a jury, but determined by the major part of the council, in which the president had two voices.” Edward M. Wingfield was at once chosen president, and with all the others, except John Smith, sworn into office. They were still jealous and suspicious of this man, (from no good cause whatever, as we shall

see,) and thus refused him the place to which he had been appointed. In fact, they even went so far as to set forth a declaration to the whole colony, shewing why he was not admitted to his office.

## CHAPTER III.

*Noble conduct of Smith—Beginning of Jamestown—Wingfield's imprudence in not preparing a fort, and having the men drilled to military exercises—Smith visits the chief Powhatan—Attack upon Jamestown by the savages—Smith demands a trial, and is acquitted—Newport sails for England—Sufferings of the colony—Selfishness of Wingfield—He tries to escape from the colony, is prevented, and deposed from the Presidency—Ratcliff is made President—Being a weak man, the care of the colony falls upon Smith—His excursion to Kecoughtan, to obtain supplies—His adventures up the Chickahomony river—Is made a prisoner by the Indians—His treatment by the savages—Presents his compass to Opechanough, and saves his life thereby—Writes to Jamestown—Is led about among various tribes, and at last brought to Werowcomoco, the residence of Powhatan.*

THE injustice done to Smith formed good ground for a quarrel, (and he had some friends among the colonists,) but his own magnanimity



prevented it. They were all in a wilderness, and much was to be done ere they could call themselves at home. He forgot his own trouble, therefore, in thinking of the good of the colony. All hands now set resolutely to work. Some went to clearing the forests, some to digging and preparing garden-spots, some to making nets, fixing up their fishing-tackle, &c. The Council planned a fort, but from some cause; President Wingfield did not desire a regular fortification, and to please him, the fort was made to consist only of the boughs of trees, loosely laid together in the shape of a half moon. Some of the Council, too, were in favor of having the men regularly drilled to military exercises, that they might be ready at any time to meet an attack from the savages, which attack they thought not unlikely to take place; but this too was thought idle by President Wingfield, and consequently was neglected.

Desirous of learning something of the country, Newport and Smith were despatched with twenty men, to discover the head of the river. They passed, as they went up, many small habitations, and on the sixth day reached the falls of the river, where they erected a cross, and took possession of the country in the name

of King James. Near by, they visited the famous Indian town, Powhatan. This consisted only of twelve houses, pleasantly situated upon a sloping hill, and was at the time the residence of the celebrated chief after whom it was named. Powhatan (whose name rang through that region as the greatest of Indian chiefs) received them with great kindness, and was greatly delighted with a hatchet, which was presented to him by Captain Newport. Some of his men seem to have been suspicious of the English, and murmured at their coming among them; but Powhatan rebuked them, saying, "Why should we be offended? they hurt us not, nor take any thing by force: they want only a little ground, which we can easily spare." The English now left him and returned to Jamestown.

Great was their surprise, on reaching home, to find that the colony had been attacked by the savages—seventeen of their companions wounded, and one boy killed. It was fortunate too that they heard nothing worse than this: for the whole company came near being massacred. The colonists had not looked for the attack, and were all unarmed, and the only thing that saved them was, that "a cross-barre shot from the ships struck down a bough of a tree in the midst of

the Indians, and caused them to retire." The president now saw his folly—the fort was at once palisadoed—five pieces of artillery were mounted upon it; and it was ordered that, after this, the men should be armed and drilled to their exercises. A regular guard was established at night, also in the settlement, and the men were cautioned about straggling into the forests.

Six weeks had passed away, and the ships were well nigh laden for a return to England. The accusers of Smith now came forward, and, in pretended mercy, offered to send his case home, to be judged by the Council in England. They were unwilling to try him themselves, (they said,) because they did not wish to blacken his reputation, and perhaps take away his life. Conscious of his innocence, Smith spurned their proposal. He knew that his whole conduct had been uniformly for the good of the colony, and he now demanded that it should be rigidly looked to—that he should be tried upon the spot. The witnesses were brought forward. Falsehood after falsehood was soon detected among them. Some of them were convicted of perjury, and the whole company at once saw his innocence. His accusers were now con-

founded. It was seen that Wingfield's jealousy of Smith had urged false witnesses against him, and it was decided that the president should pay him two hundred pounds for the injury he had done him. His property was at once seized, and the two hundred pounds raised and paid over to Smith, who immediately placed it in the public treasury, for the good of the colony. Thus, after a patient imprisonment of thirteen weeks, he triumphed over his enemies; and his generous and noble conduct had made him the most popular man in the colony. He was now admitted to his place in the council, and by his influence and that of the good preacher, Mr. Hunt, other little difficulties, which had arisen among the colonists, were soon settled. The next Sunday they all went in harmony to the communion: the neighboring Indians soon after came in, desiring terms of peace, and on the 22d of June, Captain Newport was enabled to sail homeward, bearing good news along with him. He left behind him, at Jamestown, one hundred and four souls, and promised to be back among them in twenty weeks, with fresh supplies.

Thus left, the colonists ere long began to suffer for the want of provisions; indeed, the want (it is said) was felt at times before, and had been

relieved at such times, by such supplies from the ships' stores as the sailors could furnish. Some, from this circumstance, have supposed that the company at home was at fault, in not fitting out the expedition better, and supplying it with ampler provisions; but this censure would hardly seem to be just. The truth is, the colonists, instead of a voyage of two months, (as was calculated,) had made one of five, and consumed during this time a large part of their stores; and then they had arrived in Virginia too late for the spring planting, and thus failed in another expectation. This seems to have caused the difficulty. Be this as it may, the want occurred, and they were now reduced to a regular daily allowance of a half pint of barley, and a half pint of wheat. To make their fare worse, the grain, from having been so long in the ship's hold, was filled with insects. Yet this diet they gladly received, adding to it, from time to time, such fish as they could take from the river. They still kept on with their labors, however, exposed as they were to the scorching rays of the sun by day, and lying upon the ground, with a poor shelter over them, at night. As might have been expected, starvation, exposure, and anxiety, brought on disease before the end of the fall

season. By the end of September, fifty of their number had died, among whom was Bartholomew Gosnold. The rest were now divided into three watches, (for they still kept up the precaution of a watch,) and of these not more than five in each watch were fit for duty at one time. During this period of sad distress, the president (it is said) thought only of himself. He was well through the whole of it; and is charged with having seized and secreted provisions for his own use. His after conduct seems to confirm the charge—at least it shews that he had but little sympathy with the sufferers. He, with Kendall, was soon detected in a plan which they had formed for seizing the pinnace, which belonged to the colony—deserting the settlement, and escaping to the West Indies. The settlers were now enraged, and at once took from him the presidency, and banished Kendall from the council. John Ratcliff was chosen president in his place, and he, with Martin and Smith, were now the only members of the council left.

Ratcliff and Martin were men of little courage or resolution, and thus the management of the colony fell almost altogether upon Smith; nor could it have fallen upon a better or abler man.

The first thing to be done was to obtain supplies, and these they soon had without any difficulty. Fortunately, their Indian neighbors proved friendly, and came in, bringing such quantities of food as they could spare. Their hearts were new cheered ; and Smith, knowing that it was necessary to make preparations for the approaching winter as rapidly as possible, at once set the men to work, resolutely leading the way himself. His words and his example encouraged them. They commenced cutting timber for building houses, and mowing and binding thatch for covering them ; so that in a little time, Jamestown was a comfortable village, in which every man had a shelter and home, except Smith himself. The stock of provisions which the Indians had brought in being now nearly exhausted, it was necessary to look out for more. He chose, therefore, five or six of the best men as his companions, and, well armed, they went down the river in the shallop to Kecoughtan, the place where Hampton now stands. Here they found but little good feeling toward them. The Indians, knowing their necessity, and the starving state of the colony, treated them with great contempt. When they offered to trade with them, the savages would give them only an ear of corn for a

sword, a musket, or one of their garments. Provoked by such conduct, and finding that they were not likely to obtain anything by kind and gentle treatment, Smith now resolved upon a bold experiment. He ordered the boat to be drawn ashore, and his men to fire their muskets. The frightened Indians now fled to the woods for shelter: and the party immediately went to their houses, searching for corn. Of this they found an abundance: but Smith would not allow them yet to touch it. Fearing the treachery of the Indians, he supposed they would soon appear again and make a general attack upon him. He therefore made ready for them: nor was he disappointed. In a little time some sixty or seventy of them, painted of different colors, were seen advancing in the form of a hollow square, bringing their idol Okee in the midst of them. This idol was nothing more than a figure made of skins, stuffed with moss, and ornamented with chains of copper. The savages were armed with clubs, bows and arrows, and approached in great confidence, singing and dancing. Smith and his men again discharged their muskets, bringing many of them to the ground, and with them their idol Okee. The battle was at once over; the rest now fled to the woods, and



soon after sent some of their number to beg for peace, and to recover their idol. Smith, now triumphant, was in a condition to make his own terms. He agreed that if six of them, unarmed, would come and load his boat with corn, he would return their idol, be their friend, and give them presents of beads, hatchets, and copper. The terms were faithfully performed on both sides; indeed, the Indians were so much pleased, that they brought, besides, venison, turkeys, and other game, and kept up their singing and dancing until the white men left for Jamestown.

Finding himself so successful in this enterprise, Smith now, from time to time, as provisions were needed, continued his excursions—sometimes on foot, sometimes in the boat. He discovered most of the branches of the James river, and explored the country extensively. In one of his excursions, he was particularly struck with the fertile banks of the Chickahomony river, and marked it as a region where, in time of want, he might probably obtain plentiful supplies from the Indians. But his efforts at aiding the colony were continually thwarted by bad management during his absence. Ratcliff and Martin were weak men, and allowed the stores to be wasted, which he with so much labor procured. They suffered

too, the natives to come into the settlement from time to time, trading, and the whites in their bargains outbidding one another at times, soon taught the savages to set a high value upon all their articles, and to complain if they did not always receive the highest prices. Thus, a discontented spirit soon prevailed among them. Troubles, too, were continually fostered by bad men in the colony. Wingfield and Kendall, dissatisfied at their treatment, made loud complaints, and at one time, during Smith's absence, plotted to steal the shallop, (which had been made ready for a trading voyage,) and make their escape to England. Smith returned in time, however, to prevent this, though it was done with difficulty. It was necessary to do it forcibly, and Kendall was killed. Soon after this, Ratcliff, with a man named Archer, equally dissatisfied, attempted the same thing, but these also were prevented from carrying out their plans. You perceive, therefore, what struggles Captain Smith had to encounter. He had enemies around him in the savages, and enemies at home in the colony, while almost from day to day he had to provide for the wants of his well nigh starving countrymen. Yet he was resolved to keep possession of the country, and difficulties only roused

nim the more, to carry out this strong resolution. Fortunately, as winter approached, a plentiful supply of wild fowl were taken, and making friends of the Indians from time to time, they brought him quantities of corn, beans, and pumpkins. He was in fact now the father of the colony: the people turned to him in all their troubles, and by looking closely to their wants, he managed to secure most of them as warm friends to himself.

It is well nigh impossible to please all men: and Smith soon found that some few were complaining of him, that he had not done all that he could for their relief. He had, as I have told you, discovered the Chickahomony river—and the complaint now was, that wanting resolution, he had not explored it to its source, made friends of the Indians there, and opened the way for a continued supply from them. Resolved that such a complaint, however groundless, should no longer exist, he now fitted up the boat, and taking some of the men, started for that river. He went so high up the stream this time, that he was forced to cut the trees that had fallen into the river, that the boat might pass through. At length, having moved up as high as the boat would float, she was dragged ashore to a safe place, and the men

were ordered to remain there with her, until he should come back. Taking now two of his men, with two Indians as guides, he moved up in an Indian canoe, to the meadows at the head of the river. Here he left his two men with the canoe, and with the guides passed on for many miles over the meadows. Smith's men disobeyed his orders, and consequently brought trouble upon the whole party. Instead of remaining with the boat, they went straggling into the woods, and ere long were discovered by a party of three hundred Indians. These Indians were commanded by Opechancanough, the brother of Powhatan. The crew all escaped with great difficulty, except one man, who was made prisoner. The Indians now forced him to tell all that he knew, and particularly where Captain Smith was, and then put him to death. Following the stream in search of him, they came, before a great while, to the two men left with the canoe. These poor fellows were sleeping by a fire which they had kindled, and were instantly murdered. Ere long they discovered Smith in the meadows, and immediately let fly their arrows at him. One of these struck him in the leg, and wounded him badly. His situation was perilous enough, but he did not for a moment

lose his presence of mind. He instantly seized one of his Indian guides, and tied him with his garter to his left arm. This man he used as his shield; and having his gun with him, he kept up a fire upon them as fast as he could. Three of them fell dead, and several were wounded. Fortunately, his gun carried farther than their bows, and they kept at some distance. During all this time, he was retreating as rapidly as he could toward the canoe; but watching his enemies, and not marking his footsteps, he with his guide sunk to the middle in a hole in the meadow, and stuck fast in the mud. His courage had so amazed the Indians, that they dared not approach him, helpless as he was, and incapable now of doing them any injury. At last, almost dead with cold, he threw away his arms, and begged that he might be taken. They now came up, dragged him out, and led him to the fire. Here he saw the dead bodies of his two countrymen, and knew at once what would probably be his fate. Still he was calm. The Indians chafed his cold limbs, and he now called for their chief Opechancanough. Knowing that to beg for his life was only to lose it, when the chief came before him he drew from his pocket his ivory compass and dial, which he carried to guide him

in his wanderings, and presented it to him. The chief and his people were greatly pleased. The motions of the needle, which they could see but not touch, delighted and astonished them. Smith had been in the country long enough to know something of their language, and marking their feelings, he now began to explain to them the use of the compass—the discoveries that had been made by means of it—to talk “of the earth, the skies, sun, moon, and stars, and how the sun did chase the night round about the world continually, the greatness of the land and sea, the diversity of nations, variety of complexions,”\* &c., while the savages stood amazed with admiration.

In a little time, however, their astonishment was over, and they were ready to execute him. They now tied him to a tree, and prepared with their bows and arrows to despatch him. Just at this time, the chief held up the ivory compass, the savages threw down their arms, and forming themselves into a military procession, led the poor captive in triumph toward their village Orapaxe. They were very particular in arranging the order of this triumphal march. They ranged themselves in single file, their chief or king being in the midst, and before him were

\* Smith's Virginia—Vol. I., page 158.

borne the swords and muskets taken from Smith and his companions. Next to the chief came Smith, held by three of the stoutest of their number, and on each side a file of six archers. When they arrived at the village, the old men, women, and children came out to meet them, and were greatly amazed and delighted when they saw the prisoner. Some strange manœuvres were now performed by the warriors, and at length they formed themselves into a circle around Smith and their chief, and commenced dancing and singing. Their looks and sounds were strange enough to Smith. They were all painted, dressed up in furs and feathers, and besides yelling, made a great noise by brandishing their rattles, which were made of the tails of rattlesnakes. This circular dance was performed three times, and Smith was then conducted to a long hut, and forty men placed there to guard him. Here he was feasted so bountifully with Indian bread and venison, that he began to think they were fattening him only to kill and devour him.

Kindness will win the heart of almost any man, and Smith now perceived the effect of it upon the heart of a savage. One of the Indians, to whom it seems he had formerly given some green beads, and other trifling trinkets, now came,

presenting to him a garment of furs, to protect him from the cold. The name of this man was *Maocassater*, and it deserves to be remembered.

Very different from this was the conduct of another Indian, an old man, who tried to kill him, because his son was dying. Whether it was that he supposed that Smith, by some enchantment, had made his boy sick, or whether the son had been wounded in battle, we are not told. At all events, the old man's revenge was curbed, and the prisoner was conducted by his guard to the dying youth. He now told them that he had a medicine, at Jamestown, that would cure him, if they would allow him to go and bring it, but this they refused to do. They were unwilling to part with him, for they were all making ready for an attack upon Jamestown, and calculated upon great assistance from him. They needed him as a guide, and now they made large offers to secure his services. They promised him his life, liberty, and as much land as he should wish for, if he would only aid them. Smith told them of the great difficulty of the undertaking, talked to them of the guns, mines, and other defences of the place. All this terrified them, but did not dissuade them from their intention. He was now permitted to write a note



to Jamestown, asking for the medicine, and some other things that he desired, and some of the Indians were to deliver it. Taking advantage of this, he tore a leaf from his pocket-book, and wrote the note, asking for what he needed, telling his countrymen of his situation, of the designs of the savages, and the best way of frightening the messengers, when they should arrive there. Through frost and snow the messengers made their way, and ere long came near Jamestown. The whites, seeing them, sallied out to meet them, and the frightened Indians, dropping their note, ran away. At night, taking courage, they returned, and discovered all the articles which Smith had sent for, on the very spot where he told them they would find them. Gathering them up, they now returned homeward, telling their countrymen of the marvellous sights that they had seen; and wondering, most of all, at the power of the *speaking leaf*, which had secured for Smith the articles sent for.

What they had seen, induced the savages to give up the thought of an attack upon Jamestown, and looking upon Smith as a wonderful man, they now led him about the country, making a show of him. They passed with him

through several tribes of Indians, on the Rappahannoc and Potowmac rivers, and at length brought him to Pamunkee, the home of Opechancanough. Halting here, they performed a strange ceremony, the design of which (as they said) was to find out whether Smith's feelings toward them were those of a friend or enemy. The ceremony was as follows :

“ Early in the morning a great fire was made in a long house, and a mat spread, on the one side as on the other ; on the one they caused him to sit, and all the guard went out of the house, and presently came skipping in a great grim fellow, all painted over with coal, mingled with oil ; and many snakes, and weasels' skins, stuffed with moss, and all their tails tied together, so as they met on the crown of his head in a tassel ; and round about the tassel was a coronet of feathers, the skins hanging round about his head, back, and shoulders, and in a manner covered his face ; with a hellish voice, and a rattle in his hand. With most strange gestures and passions, he began his invocation, and environed the fire with a circle of meal : which done, three men, like devils, came rushing in, with the like antic tricks, painted half black, half red ; but all their eyes were painted white

and some red strokes, like mustachios, along their cheeks: round about him, these fiends danced a pretty while, and then came in three more as ugly as the rest, with red eyes and white strokes over their black faces; at last they all sat down right against him; three of them on the one hand of the chief priest, and three on the other. Then all, with their rattles, began a song; which ended, the chief priest laid down five wheat corns: then straining his arms and hands with such violence that he sweat, and his veins swelled, he began a short oration: at the conclusion, they all gave a short groan, and then laid down three grains more. After that began their song again, and then another oration, ever laying down so many corns as before, till they had twice encircled the fire; that done, they took a bunch of little sticks, prepared for that purpose, continuing still their devotion, and at the end of every song and oration, they laid down a stick between the divisions of corn. Till night, neither he nor they did eat or drink, and then they feasted merrily, with the best provisions they could make. Three days they used this ceremony: the meaning whereof, they told him, was to know if he intended them well or no. The circle of meal signified the country,

the circle of corn the bounds of the sea, and the sticks his country. They imagined the world to be flat and round, like a trencher, and they in the midst.”\* Smith, of course, did not understand the meaning of all this, nor did he know, at the end of it, whether they discovered him to be a friend or foe.

This ceremony being over, they brought him a bag of gunpowder, telling him that they should mingle it with their corn, and plant it the next season. He was now invited by *Opitchapan* (one of the brothers of Powhatan) to come and visit him. He went to his home, and was welcomed “with platters of bread, fowl, and wild beasts;” but, as usual, not one of the savages would eat with him. After this they brought him to Werowocomoco, the residence of their great Emperor Powhatan

\* Smith’s Virginia, vol. i. page 161.

## CHAPTER IV.

*Smith is received by Powhatan in great state—The savages propose to kill him—His life is saved by the Princess Pocahontas—He is released and returns to Jamestown—Troubles at Jamestown—He soon restores order—Kindness of Pocahontas—Arrival of Captain Newport, in 1607—His visit to Powhatan—Strange trafficking—Fire at Jamestown—Sufferings in the colony—Newport sails homeward—Smith rebuilds the town—Arrival of Captain Nelson—Disturbance between Smith and Powhatan—Bold conduct of Smith—Peace is restored—Nelson sails for England.*

WEROWOCOMOCO, the home of Powhatan, is stated to have been “on the north side of York River, in Gloucester county, about twenty-five miles below the fork of the river.” When Smith arrived in this village, more than two hundred savages came around him, gazing at him as “though he had been a monster.” He was not yet brought into the presence of their

chief, until due preparations had been made for receiving him. All being ready, he at length came before Powhatan. In a long hut, in the midst of which there was a large fire, he found him seated upon a sort of throne, while his two young daughters sat on either side of him. He was dressed in a heavy robe of raccoon skins. On each side of the hut there were two rows of men, and behind them as many women, with their heads and shoulders painted red. Some had their heads decked off with the white down of birds, and some had strings of white beads around their necks. When Smith came in, they all gave a great shout. The queen of Apamatox brought him water to wash his hands—while another damsel brought him a bunch of feathers, to serve as a towel to dry them. After this, they feasted him with their best provisions, and then they consulted among themselves, as to what should be done with him. Smith soon understood his fate, when, at the end of this consultation, two large stones were brought in, placed before Powhatan, and he seized and dragged toward them. His head was laid upon them, and now the savages raised their clubs to beat out his brains. The king's daughter, *Pocahontas*, (it seems,) had entreated

that his life might be spared, but all her entreaties had proved useless. Just at this moment, she rushed toward the captive, folded his head in her arms, and laid her own upon it. In an instant more, poor Smith would have been despatched. The king's heart was now softened: he consented that the prisoner should live, to make hatchets for him, and bells and beads for his daughter.

Whether farther entreaties of Pocahontas prevailed or not, we are not told; but certain it is, that in a little time the king was even more generous to the prisoner. Two days after this, he caused Smith to be carried to "a great house in the woods," and there to be left, seated alone upon a mat, before a large fire. "Not long after, from behind a mat that divided the house, was made the most doleful noise he ever heard:" and in rushed Powhatan, painted black, and disguised "in a fearful manner," followed by two hundred other savages, as black as himself. The chief now told him that they were friends, and that he might return to Jamestown. He had but one favor to ask of him, which was, that he would send him "two great guns, and a grindstone," and he promised, in return, to "give him the country of *Capahowosick*, and

to esteem him for ever as his son, *Nantaquoud*." So, with twelve guides, Smith was started homeward. Night came on, and "they quartered in the woods, Smith expecting (as he had done all this long time of his imprisonment) every hour to be put to one death or other; but Almighty God (by his divine providence) had mollified the hearts of those stern *Barbarians* with compassion." Early the next morning they reached Jamestown, and Smith treated his guides with great hospitality. He now shewed to *Rawhunt*, the trusty servant of Powhatan, (who was one of the guides,) the two large guns and the grindstone for his master. The Indians tried to lift them, but found they were too heavy. Smith now had the guns loaded with stones, and discharged at a tree covered with icicles. The loud report, and the rattling of the icicles, frightened the savages, and they ran away. In a little time, however, they came back, and after being loaded with trinkets and other presents, for Powhatan and his daughter, they left him.

It was well that Smith came home just at this time. His presence, of course, had been missed, and all was now confusion at Jamestown. The men had got to quarrelling, and a large party had seized the pinnace determined



to leave the country. At the risk of his life once more, he checked this plot. He brought his guns to bear, and threatened to sink the pinnace, if they attempted to move off. Inflamed with anger, these discontented men (the president among the number) now conspired against his life. They said he deserved to die, because he had caused the death of the two poor fellows who had been murdered at the canoe, in the meadows. Their design proved idle, for they knew in their hearts that he was an innocent man, and they soon had the worst of this effort; for we are told, "he quickly took such order with such lawyers, that he laid them by the heels, till he sent some of them prisoners for England."

After this a better spirit soon prevailed. Smith now cheered his countrymen, by telling them of the rich domains of Powhatan, the plentiful supplies that might be obtained there, and the great kindness and liberality of the chief. He spoke, too, of the generosity of Pocahontas, and what aid they might expect from her. They soon learned for themselves to understand her fidelity. From time to time, she would come, with her train of female attendants, to Jamestown, bringing them stores of provisions to re-

lieve their wants. Smith had made warm friends, also, of other Indians. The savages would now come in bringing presents to him, and trading with him at such prices as he fixed. Many of them had learned (it is said) to look upon him as a supernatural being.

In the latter part of the year 1607, two ships sailed from England to the colony—the one commanded by their old friend Captain Newport, the other by Captain Nelson. Nelson, (it appears,) after coming as far as Cape Henry, had his ship dismasted, and contrary winds now drove him in distress to the West Indies. Newport, more fortunate, arrived in safety. It happened, that Smith had predicted his arrival about this time, and while the colonists of course were happy upon his return, the Indians looked upon Smith as a prophet. They knew that Smith worshipped the God “who created all things,” and now they would talk of the “God of Captain Smith.”

Whether it was that some of the council were foolishly jealous of Smith's influence over the Indians, or whether it was only imprudence, certain it is, that they were in the strange habit of giving the Indians higher prices for their articles than Smith had fixed; and now, when the

sailors arrived, they were allowed to trade with the savages just as they pleased. The consequence was, that it was soon found impossible to obtain as much for a pound of copper, as had been before procured for an ounce. Newport, too, in sailor-like style, was very lavish in his dealings with the natives, and especially in making rich presents to Powhatan, whom he desired to impress with an idea of his greatness. The arrival of the ship, therefore, made some little trouble.

Smith had talked much of Newport, and his conversations, together with the presents, had made Powhatan very desirous of seeing him again. The boat was therefore now made ready, and Captain Smith, Captain Newport, and a Mr. Scrivener, (a gentleman who had come out on the last voyage of Newport, and was now a member of the council,) together with a guard of forty chosen men, started on a visit to the chief. When they arrived at Werowocomoco, Newport, who was unacquainted with the country, began to suspect treachery on the part of the savages. This place, you know, had been the home of Powhatan, but thinking it too near to the English, he had removed now to the village Orapaxe. Smith tried to convince him that his

fears were idle, but finding it impossible, undertook with twenty men to go on alone. But he began ere long to suspect mischief himself. He had to pass many creeks and streams, and finding the bridges over these to be made only of poles, with bark thrown over them loosely, supposed that they might be only traps or snares for the white men. It seems, however, that he had some Indian guides, and he made them pass over first, to assure himself of safety. Thus he passed on, until he was at length met by a party of three hundred savages, who kindly conducted him to the home of the chief. Entering the village, he was received with great shouts of joy, and then a splendid feast was prepared for him. Powhatan again received him in great state. Smith found him clothed in a fine robe of skins, seated "upon his bed of mats, his pillow of leather embroidered after their rude manner, with pearl and white beads," while "at his head and feet sat a handsome young woman." Other women stood around, having their heads and shoulders painted red, and strings of white beads hanging about their necks. Before these sat "some of his chiefest men." He was welcomed heartily by the chief, as an old friend. A guard of five hundred men was appointed to attend

upon him, and the king's proclamation was issued, that no Indian should do harm to Smith or any of his followers, under penalty of death. Then the savages commenced anew their feasting, with dancing and singing; and when night came, the party quartered with Powhatan.

The next day Captain Newport arrived, and was also treated with great kindness. He had with him an English boy, named Thomas Salvage, whom he gave to Powhatan, calling him his son. In return, Powhatan gave him *Namontack*, one of his trusty servants. Now they commenced again their dancing and feasting. Three or four days were spent in this way, together with trading, for Newport had brought along with him many articles of traffic. Powhatan bore himself like a chief, and the whites admired him very much; but before the visit was over, he proved himself to be a cunning old man, and would have outwitted them all, but for the superior cunning of Captain Smith. I will tell you of his stratagem.

While Newport was trading with him, the old chief became greatly dissatisfied, at what he thought bargaining and trafficking in a small way. He said therefore to him, "Captain Newport, it is not agreeable to my greatness, in this

peddling manner to trade for trifles; and I esteem you also a great Werowance. Therefore, lay me down all your commodities together: what I like I will take, and in recompense give you what I think fitting their value." Captain Smith was acting as interpreter between them, and seeing at once the cunning of the chief, advised Newport not to agree to it. But Newport, desirous of making a display, and thinking he could manage the matter himself, immediately consented, and spread out all his wares. Powhatan instantly selected such articles as pleased him, but when he came to making payment for them, set such a high value upon his corn, that Newport did not receive four bushels "where he expected twenty hogsheads." Smith was naturally enough provoked at Newport's folly, and determined that, if possible, the savage should be no gainer by it. He now took out some wares of his own: among other things, some blue glass beads, which, as if accidentally, he placed where Powhatan might see them. The king was at once struck with them, and greatly desired to have them. But Smith could not consent to part with them. They were made (he said) "of a rare substance of the color of the skies, and not to be worn but by the greatest

kings in the world." This only increased the desire of the chief: but the more he longed for them, the more unwilling was Smith to let them go. At last, as a favor, he allowed the king to trade for some of them, and now, for his glass beads, he received two or three hundred bushels of corn. After this, they parted good friends, and the party went off to see Opechancanough, king of Pamunke. Here they made another good bargain with their blue beads. Indeed, blue beads became now of such high value, that they were all bought up at almost any price, and none but the kings, their wives, or their daughters allowed to wear them.

They now returned to Jamestown, well laden with provisions. Scarcely, however, had they stored them away, when unfortunately a fire broke out in the town, and consumed well nigh everything. Their houses, made of wood, and thatched with reeds and straw, were like tinder for the flames, and quantities of arms, bedding, clothing, and provisions were alike destroyed. In this fire, their clergyman, Mr. Hunt, "lost all his library, and all he had but the clothes on his back, yet none ever heard him repine at his loss." Indeed, most of the colonists appear to have borne the calamity as well as

could have been expected. They saved what provisions they could from the flames, and by prudent management, there might still have been enough for present wants, but for the delay of the ship. Instead of returning homeward promptly, Newport and his crew were seized with a "gold fever." They were busy every day in digging the earth, and loading the ship with what they thought so much treasure. Thus they delayed sailing for fourteen weeks, during all which time there were of course so many more mouths to be filled in the colony. Smith and Scrivener were both sensible men, and looked upon all this search for gold as idle; but still they could not induce Newport to leave earlier. At length the ship was ready to sail, and the poor half-starving settlement had to furnish supplies ere she could move off. They were furnished cheerfully, for her departure was regarded as a blessing. Wingfield and Archer, too, to the great joy of the decent part of the colony, were sent home in her. Upon reduced allowances, their sufferings now increased. The winter was a very severe one, many of the men houseless, and though Smith did all that he could for their relief, before the cold season was ended, more than half of them had died.



As the spring approached, Smith and Scrivener set resolutely to the work of rebuilding Jamestown. A new church was erected, the storehouse and palisadoes were repaired, and new dwelling-houses put up. The fields, too, were prepared under their direction, and corn was planted. While they were engaged in all this, to their surprise, Captain Nelson arrived in the Phoenix, from the West Indies. He had spent his winter there, (after being driven, as you will remember, from the coast of Virginia,) and now, to their great joy, came laden with ample provisions for the colony, for six months.

Nelson was a man of good spirit; his heart was touched with the sorrows of his countrymen, and he kindly served them in any way that he could. He moved freely among them, encouraging them by his words and actions, and rousing their drooping spirits. In this way he succeeded in awakening a spirit of enterprise, even in the inefficient president; for he now urged Smith "to discover and search the commodities of the Monacan's country, beyond the falls of James river," that he might profitably relade the ship for a return homeward. Sixty men were allotted to him for this adventure, and in six days, Smith had so drilled them to

their arms, that they were ready for the enterprise. He was for loading the vessel with cedar, while Martin and some others, were foolishly intent upon filling her also with "golden dirt." Just as he was about starting, a difficulty occurred, which kept him at home. The difficulty was this.

When Newport was on the point of starting, Powhatan had sent him as a present, twenty turkeys, and in return, asked that he might receive twenty swords. Newport had imprudently given them to him; and now the chief sent a like present to Smith, making a similar demand. Smith refused to meet it, and the chief set his men at once upon various stratagems, to seize the arms of the colonists. Sometimes they would enter Jamestown, and take them by force, or steal them—then they would surprise the men at their work, and annoy them in every possible way. Notwithstanding this insolence, nothing was done in return, until they meddled with Smith. The colonists had orders from home, to keep peace with Powhatan and his people, and they were desirous of obeying. But their insolence had now touched him, and Smith at once "took the matter into his own hands." He sallied out with a party, seized some of

the Indians and whipped them, and then returned, bringing with him seven prisoners, as hostages for their good behavior. But good behavior was not in them. They, in return, finding two straggling soldiers, seized them as prisoners: and now they advanced almost to the fort, in strong numbers, demanding their seven countrymen, and threatening immediate death to the whites, if they were not delivered up. Smith instantly sallied out amongst them again, and, in less than an hour, so completely cured their insolence, that they surrendered the two white men, and were glad to sue for peace. In making terms of peace, he forced them to tell their intentions. They declared, that what they had done was by order of Powhatan, and that his design was to get possession of their weapons, that he might destroy the whites. Powhatan soon finding his plans discovered, sent his favorite daughter, Pocahontas, with presents to Smith, begging that he would excuse all injuries that might have been done by any of his "untoward subjects," and assuring him of his love for ever. But Smith was not to be deceived in this way. He punished the savages, therefore, as he thought they deserved; and then delivered up the prisoners, declaring, that it

was merely for the sake of the princess that he spared their lives.

The Council, fearful that all this might make an enemy of Powhatan, were dissatisfied with Smith; but in a little time they perceived their error. The truth was, it was the only way of teaching the savages not to molest the settlement; and when they soon after discovered, that instead of "having peace and war twice in a day," (as had been the case for some time,) they enjoyed uninterrupted quiet, they were perfectly contented.

The ship was soon sent home, laden with cedar, as Smith advised; and Martin, instead of loading her with "golden dirt," as he desired, was himself allowed to return home in her. He had proved himself to be a weak and almost useless man in the colony, and they were well pleased at his departure.

## CHAPTER V.

*The adventures of Captain Smith during two voyages made in an open boat, for the purpose of exploring Chesapeake Bay.*

ORDER being somewhat restored, Smith now prepared for further adventures. His design was to explore the lands on Chesapeake Bay, and become acquainted with the inhabitants. As the ship hoisted sail, therefore, on the second day of June, with fourteen men he embarked in an open barge, and moved down the river. Parting with the ship at Cape Henry, they passed directly across the mouth of the bay, and discovered, to the east of Cape Charles, a group of islands, to which they gave the name of "*Smith's Isles.*" This name, I believe, they still bear. Soon after, in turning the last mentioned cape, they saw two savages, who boldly demanded who they were, and what they came for. Presently they seemed more friendly, and directed them to *Accomack*, the home of their

chief. Upon reaching him, they were received with great kindness. Leaving him, they coasted along the eastern shore of the bay, "searching every inlet fit for harbors and habitations." Sometimes they landed upon the main land, and then upon the low islands which skirted the shores, to one group of which they gave the name of "*Russel's Isles*," in honor of Doctor Russel, their surgeon. This group is now known, I think, by the name of the Tangier Islands. Suffering now for a supply of fresh water, they procured such as they could, and moving still farther north, were ere long, as they came near another group of islands, visited by a violent tempest. Their mast and sail were blown overboard, and with great labor they kept their barge from sinking. These islands, now known as Watt's Islands, received from them the strange name of *Limbo*, on account of their disaster. Here they were forced to remain two days. At length, the storm abated, and having repaired the sail with their shirts, they passed over to the eastern shore, and entered the river Wicomico. The natives, seeing them, "ran amazed in troops from place to place, and divers got into the tops of trees." Regarding them as enemies, they discharged volleys of ar-

rows at them, but the barge was anchored too far from them, to suffer any injury. The next day the party landed, and entering their deserted huts, left copper trinkets, beads, and looking-glasses. When the savages found these, they were greatly pleased, and soon became friendly. Here, upon this river, we are told,\* lived "the people of Sarapinagh, Nause, Arseek, and Nantaquak, the best merchants of all other savages."

"Finding this eastern shore shallow broken isles, and for most part without fresh water," they determined to pass over to the western shore of the bay. Proceeding some distance further north without discovering any thing remarkable, they crossed, and came coasting down the western side, marking all the creeks and rivers. To the first large river which they entered on this side, they gave the name of *Bolus*, because "the clay, in many places, did grow up in red and white knots, as gum out of trees," which made them "think it *bole ammoniac*." The river is now known by the Indian name Patapsco. Here the crew commenced murmuring. Their bread had been damaged by the rain; in an open boat, exposed to all weather,

\* Smith's Virginia, vol. i. page 175.

they had spent twelve or fourteen days toiling at the oar, and they now urged Smith to return homeward. But he was for making farther discoveries, and answered them in the following words, which at once shew his spirit and resolution :—

“Gentlemen, if you would remember the memorable history of Sir Ralph Lane, how his company importuned him to proceed in the discovery of Moratico, alleging they had yet a dog, that being boiled with sassafras leaves, would richly feed them in their return : then what a shame would it be for you, (that have been so suspicious of my tenderness,) to force me to return, with so much provision as we have, and scarce able to say where we have been, nor yet heard of that we were sent to seek ? You cannot say but I have shared with you in the worst which is past ; and for what is to come of lodging, diet, or whatsoever, I am contented you allot the worst part to myself. And for your fears, that I will lose myself in these unknown large waters, or be swallowed up in some stormy gust : abandon these childish fears, for worse than is past is not likely to happen, and there is as much danger to return as to proceed. Regain, therefore, your old spirits, for re-



turn I will not, (if God please,) till I have seen the Massawomeks, found Patawomek, or the head of this water you conceit to be endless.”\*

Some of the discontented were now ashamed, but others who were half sick, still complained, and to please them, Smith reluctantly started homeward. Passing southwardly, ere long they fell in with the mouth of the river Potomac. As the stream came rolling broad and beautiful into the bay, the spirits of the men revived, and now they “were all content to take some pains to know the name of that seven mile broad stream.” They sailed thirty miles up the river, without finding any inhabitants. At length, seeing two savages, they were conducted by them up a little creek, where they soon discovered multitudes of the natives. The truth was, it was an ambuscade. Three or four thousand savages were lying in wait here, ready to ensnare them; and now they came forward with hideous yells, making threatening gestures toward them. Smith was not frightened, but prepared very coolly for an encounter. As an answer to their threats, he commanded his men to discharge their muskets over the water. This was sufficient. The grazing of the balls upon

\* Smith's Virginia, vol. i. pages 176, 177.

the water, and the loud echo of the report through the woods, terrified the natives. They threw down their bows and arrows, sued for peace, and at once exchanged hostages. James Watkins (one of Smith's party) was now sent six miles higher up, to the residence of their king. In a little time these Indians became unusually friendly, and frankly told Smith their whole plan. They had for some time been lying in wait for the party, in the hope of cutting them off. To this deed they had been excited by Powhatan, who had heard of Smith's intended expedition up the bay, through some of the worthless and discontented men at Jamestown. These miserable men, because Smith had prevented them from deserting the colony, had thus, in revenge, attempted a plot for his destruction.

They now moved up the river as far as their boat would float. In their progress they sometimes met Indian canoes, laden with bear's and deer's flesh, and readily obtained supplies; then again they would fall in with hostile and threatening savages, or others whose character then doubted; but Smith's prudence and courage were ample always for this kind of difficulty. He had one regular mode of proceeding. When he

met the savages, he always put on a bold face: if they seemed to desire peace, he would at once demand their bows and arrows, and one or two of their children, as pledges for their sincerity. If they complied with the demand, he regarded them as friends; if they refused, they were looked upon as enemies, and treated accordingly.

Having frequently heard of a rich mine in this neighborhood, Smith determined to visit it. An Indian guide was procured, and in a little time some of the party reached it. They commenced digging the earth, and soon filled several bags with just such stuff as Newport had taken home for so much silver ore, but which proved utterly worthless. The Indians thought much of this mine. It produced a substance "like antimony," which, after washing, they used as paint, to beautify themselves and their idols. This paint (we are told) only "made them look like blackamoors, dusted over with silver," but they thought it very beautiful. The party, though they discovered no mineral treasures, found some profit in this adventure, for they returned to the barge well laden with otter's, bear's, and martin's skins, which they obtained from a straggling party of savages.

They now came down the Potomac, seeing nothing farther, worthy of remark, except the great quantities of fish in the water.

The men being now in better humor, Smith was in no hurry to return homeward, and therefore resolved to move up the Rappahannock, and visit his old Indian acquaintances, where he had once been in captivity. As the barge came near the mouth of the stream, she ran aground, and while they were waiting for the flood tide to take her off, the men amused themselves by catching fish in a curious way. Quantities of them had been left by the tide upon the flats, and sticking them with the points of their swords, they "took more in an hour than they could eat in a day." Sporting in this way, Smith met with an accident, which alarmed him and all his friends, and at once gave a name to the place, which it still bears. Having stuck his sword into a *stingray*, (a curious fish, with a long tail, having stings at the end of it,) the fish raised his tail, and struck him on the wrist. No blood followed the wound, but in a little time he was seized with the most violent pain, and in four hours, his hand, arm, and shoulder were so much swollen, that Smith himself, as well as his companions, supposed he was dying

With great calmness, he directed where they should bury his body, and with sorrowful hearts they "prepared his grave in an island hard by." Their sad labors, however, proved unnecessary. The surgeon, Dr. Russel, having probed the wound, by means of a certain oil so far relieved the pain and swelling, that Smith, as night approached, was so much better that he was able to eat a part of the fish for his supper. The point of land where this occurred, took the name of *Stingray Point*.

It was the twenty-first of July when they reached Jamestown; having been absent more than six weeks. As they came near the town, Smith determined to frighten old President Ratcliffe. The old man was known to be weak and inefficient, and the crew were all ready to enjoy the frolic. With the colored earth from their bags, they painted the barge and decked her off with strange streamers in such a way, that they succeeded admirably. The terrified old man roused the colonists, supposing that a party of Spaniards were approaching to attack him. When they landed and shewed themselves, they all enjoyed a hearty laugh.

As usual, Smith found that his absence had produced confusion in the colony. The presi-

dent had been rioting upon the public stores, and was now engaged in building for himself a house in the woods, where, living alone, he might escape the murmurs of the people. Even the poor colonists who were sick had been neglected; this added to the discontent, and now the general cry was, that Ratcliffe was not fit for president, and ought to be deposed. He was consequently turned out of his office, and Smith chosen to fill his place. The captain had not yet explored the bay as thoroughly as he desired, and his design was to be off again as soon as possible. He remained therefore but three days at Jamestown, cheering the men by the story of his adventures, dividing provisions amongst them, and making other arrangements for their comfort; and then appointing Mr. Scrivener to act as his deputy during his absence, was ready for his departure.

On the twenty-fourth of July, with twelve men, he again started. Contrary winds detained them for two or three days at Kecoughtan, where the savages treated them with great hospitality. To amuse them in return, they set off at night a few rockets, which alarmed the natives, and gave them a wonderful idea of their greatness. The wind now changing, they proceeded on their

voyage, and anchored at night off Stingray Point. The next day they crossed the mouth of the Potomac, and reached as far as the river Bolus, or Patapsco. Hastening onward, they came ere long to the head of the bay. Here they discovered four streams, all of which they explored as far as their boat could sail, and found inhabitants on the banks of two of them only. As they crossed the bay, they spied seven or eight canoes filled with Indians, who proved to belong to the tribe of the Massawomeks, a warlike people of whom Smith had often heard. It seems that only six men in the barge were now able to stand; (the rest being sick;) yet as these Indians shewed signs of hostility, Smith prepared to meet them. The whites dropped their oars, and under a press of sail soon came near them. To give them the appearance of strength in the eyes of the Indians, they now resorted to a stratagem. The hats of the sick men were hoisted upon sticks, and between every two sticks, a man was stationed with two muskets. The savages, counting the hats, were readily deceived as to the number of men, quickly paddled for the shore, and there stood gazing at the barge. It was a long time, before any of them could be induced to come on board. At length they sent

two of their number unarmed in a canoe, while the rest all followed, to help them if it became necessary. Their fears were soon over. When the two reached the barge, upon bells and other trinkets being presented to them, they persuaded their companions to come on board. In a little time they were trading freely, and by means of signs talking freely with the whites. Venison, bears' flesh, fish, bows, arrows, clubs, targets, and bear-skins, were readily exchanged for such things as the whites could spare. They were at war with the Tockwoghe Indians, (a people living upon the Tockwoghe, or what is now known as the Sassafras River,) and these Massawomeks were just returning from a battle, with their wounds still bleeding.

Soon after, upon entering the Tockwoghe River, they found the barge surrounded by fleets of canoes "filled with fierce looking warriors." These were Tockwoghes. Fortunately, one of these Indians could speak the language of Powhatan, and he persuaded his companions "to hold a friendly parley" with the whites. Upon coming in view, and seeing Smith's party in possession of some of the weapons of the Massawomeks, they at once concluded that they had been at war with that nation; and now they conducted them



in triumph, to their strong pallisadoed town. Here, mats were spread for them to sit upon, and they were entertained with songs, dancing, and feasting. These Indians had hatchets, knives, and pieces of iron and brass, which they said they received from the Susquehanocks, a tribe living on the Susquehanock River, "two days' journey higher than the barge could pass." This tribe they reported to be, like themselves, "mortal enemies to the Massawomeks." Smith was desirous of seeing these people, and prevailed upon the Tockwoghes to send an interpreter, to invite them to come and visit him. In answer to this invitation, in three or four days, sixty of them came down, laden with presents of venison, baskets, targets, bows and arrows. A curious scene now occurred with these men, which will at once show the proper habits of Smith, and the light in which they regarded him.

It was his daily custom to have "prayers and a psalm" with his men. The poor savages, marking his devotions, were struck with wonder, and soon commenced theirs. "They began in a most passionate manner to hold up their hands to the sun, with a most fearful song: then embracing the captain, they began to adore him in like manner: though he rebuked them, yet they

proceeded till their song was finished : which done, with a most strange furious action, and a hellish voice, began an oration of their loves ; that ended, with a great painted bear's skin they covered him ; then one ready with a great chain of white beads, weighing at least six or seven pounds, hung it about his neck ; the others had eighteen mantels, made of divers sorts of skins sewed together ; all these with many other toys they laid at his feet, stroking their ceremonious hands about his neck, for his creation to be their governor and protector, promising their aid, victuals, or what they had, to be his, if he would stay with them, to defend and revenge them of the Massawomeks." Their promises and entreaties did not prevail, and in a little time Smith with his party moved off from the Tockwoghe River, leaving them "very sorrowful for their departure."

Coming down the bay, they continued exploring every inlet and headland, and giving names to them in honor of some of their company. To mark their right of possession as discoverers, after moving up the streams as far as their barge would float, they would erect crosses, or boring holes in the trees, would deposite in them notes or crosses of brass. The Patuxent

River was particularly explored, and they again visited the Potomac, on both of which streams they were treated kindly by the inhabitants.

Ere long they entered the Rappahannock. Here they met a friendly people known as the Moraughtacunds, and among them an old Indian acquaintance. This was a man by the name of Mosco—a curious looking fellow who had served as their guide to the mine on the Potomac, on their former visit. Unlike most of his countrymen, this man had a black bushy beard, of which he was very proud, and thinking he resembled the whites, was very happy to call them “his countrymen.” His home (I believe) was on the Potomac, but like most Indians, he was a wanderer. Mosco was very kind, and urged Smith in no case to visit the Rappahannocks, stating that they were a hostile people, and would probably kill them for being friends to the Moraughtacunds. These Moraughtacunds, it appeared, had lately stolen three women from the chief of the Rappahannocks, and the tribes were on no friendly terms. Mosco’s words weighed little with Smith. He supposed that his whole statement, was only a cunning story invented to keep his men trading where they were, and therefore passed on up the river. Mosco, ac-

accompanied him, still repeating what he had said, and this induced Smith to take one precaution. The Massawomeks, you will remember, had given them, among other things, some targets. These were nothing more than shields "made of little small sticks, woven betwixt strings of their hemp and silk grass, as is our cloth, but so firmly that no arrow can possibly pierce them." These targets were now set up as a sort of breast-work in the bow of the boat, in case of danger. Presently the danger was at hand. Upon coming near a little creek, they discovered some canoes at the shore, and upon seeing the savages, offered to exchange hostages. The Indians, after consultation, readily consented. Five of them now walked out in the stream to the barge, bringing their man, and proposing to receive one of the whites in return. They came without clubs, bows, or arrows, and seemed in every way friendly. The caution of Smith, however, induced him to send one of his men (Anas Todkill) ashore, to observe if there were any signs of an ambuscade. The man performed his part well, though he came near losing his life. Upon landing, he said he wished to go over the land to bring some wood. The Indians refused to allow him to go, unless the barge would enter the

creek, and come near the shore. This seemed strange; but Todkill, being a resolute man, started onward. Now he perceived their cunning. He had not gone far, when he discovered some two or three hundred Indians lurking behind the trees. He turned back, calling to his countrymen that they were betrayed. The hostage in the barge instantly leaped into the water, but was instantly killed. The savages pursued Todkill with clouds of arrows; the party in the barge discharged their muskets, and pulled for the shore. Todkill fell wounded, but his countrymen were now on the land and rescued him. Thus Mosco's words had proved true; and to reward him for his fidelity, Smith, after gathering and breaking all the arrows that could be found, presented to him the canoes of the Rappahannocks.

Notwithstanding this unkind reception, Smith was resolved to proceed up the river. The rest of the day, therefore, was spent in fixing the barge in better condition for any farther attack. Targets were now raised along the sides, making a thorough breast-work all around the barge. The next morning they started, and in a little time felt the benefit of this prudence. As they reached a narrow pass in the river, they heard

the sudden twang of bowstrings, and arrows fell fast around them. Mosco fell flat in the boat, crying out "the Rappahannocks." Upon looking out they saw no enemy. The banks of the stream were lined with beautiful green bushes : all was still, and they were at a loss to understand where an enemy could be. Ere long they saw the branches moving, and discovered the stratagem. It seems that thirty or forty Rappahannocks had "so accommodated themselves with branches as to look like little bushes growing among the sedge." The whites instantly discharged their muskets ; the savages fell down in the sedge, and the barge moved on. After passing on about half a mile, upon looking back they saw these enemies, who now showed themselves openly, "dancing and singing very merrily." Thus Mosco's words were verified a second time.

In their farther ascent up this river, they met nothing but kindness. Some of the men (who from exposure had been sick) now recovered, with the exception of one, a worthy man, whose death was much lamented by his comrades. This was Richard Fetherstone. On the shore of a "little bay" his companions dug his grave, and in honor of his good character

and services, as his body was laid in the ground, the guns were fired over him, and the place marked as "Fetherstone's Bay."

Being now at the falls of the river, they went ashore, and some commenced setting up crosses and marking their names upon trees, while others wandered about in search of "stones, herbs, and springs of water." They had taken the precaution to post a sentinel on duty, and as an arrow fell by him, he gave the alarm. Scarcely had they rallied and seized their arms, when they were attacked by a hundred savages. Sheltered behind the trees, the Indians kept up the fight for a half hour and then retreated. Mosco's services here, proved very valuable in bringing about this retreat. He discharged his arrows among them so rapidly, that the retreating men imagined that a body of Indians was in league with the whites, and that their position was desperate. After the skirmish was over, upon looking around, they discovered one of the enemy lying upon the ground, bleeding freely. He had been badly wounded by a ball, and Mosco, savage like, would soon have despatched him by beating out his brains. From this cruelty, however, he was restrained. The poor fellow's wounds were dressed by Dr. Russel the surgeon,

and in an hour or two, he was able to eat and speak. Mosco now questioned him, to know who he was. He said he belonged to the tribe of Hassininga, one of the four composing the nation of the Mannahocks. When asked why his people had in this manner attacked the whites who came among them in peace and kindness, he answered that they had heard the whites "were a people come from under the world to take their world from them." Mosco asked him how many worlds there were. He replied that "he knew no more but that which was under the sky that covered him, which belonged to the Powhatans, the Monacans, and the Massawomeks that were higher up in the mountains." When asked what there was beyond the mountains, his answer was, "the sun." "The Monacans," he said, "were their neighbors and friends, and did dwell as they, in the hilly countries by small rivers, living upon roots and fruits, but chiefly by hunting. The Massawomeks did dwell upon a great water, and had many boats, and so many men that they made war with all the world.\* For their kings, they were gone every one a several way with their men on hunting •

\* Stith, in his history of Virginia, supposes these Massawomeks may have been the same as the "Six Nations."



but those with him came thither a fishing till they saw us, notwithstanding they would be all together at night at *Mahaskahod*.”\* After this, the whites presented him with many toys, and persuaded him to go along with them. Mosco now urged that they should immediately leave this region, for he suspected treachery. But the captive begged that they would stay till night, and see the kings of the Mannahocks, who would befriend them for their kind usage of him. In spite of the remonstrances of Mosco, they determined to remain, and he, shewing that he still had his own thoughts, busied himself all day in preparing his arrows.

All this time the chief of Hassininga was moving among his countrymen, and consulting as to what should be done. At night the English departed, and ere long they were attacked from the banks by the Mannahocks. They followed them all night, yelling, and hallooing, and shooting their arrows. They could be brought to no terms of peace, for their noise was so loud that the voice of their countryman in the barge could not be heard. When morning dawned, the barge anchored, and Amoroleck, (this was the name of their captive countryman,) shewing himself, was

\* Smith's Virginia—Vol. I., page 187

able to speak to them. He told them that he had been used very kindly ; that there was one of the Potomacs along who would have killed him, but the whites had saved him; that he could have his liberty if they would be friends to the whites, and even if they chose rather to be enemies, they could do them no possible harm. Upon this, they all hung their bows and quivers upon the trees, and two now came swimming to the barge, the one bringing upon his head a bow, the other a quiver of arrows. These were presented to Captain Smith in token of submission. He treated them very kindly, and told them that if the other three kings would do the same thing, he would be a friend to their nation. This was hardly demanded, before it was assented to. The parties now went ashore upon a low point of land near by, the acts of submission were performed, and Amoroleck was delivered up to his countrymen. The whites were soon again on their way, leaving upon the shore four or five hundred Indians, singing, dancing, and making loud rejoicings.

As they came down the river, they found all the friendly Indians greatly rejoiced to hear of their success over the Mannahocks, for these people were not looked upon as friends by

any of the tribes on the river. When they reached the Moraughtacunds, they began strangely to urge Captain Smith to make peace with the Rappahannocks. This was probably done in the hope, that they (who, you will remember, were not on good terms with the Rappahannocks) might profit by whatever Smith should do. After much entreaty, Smith agreed to make peace with them upon certain conditions. They had twice attacked him without any cause, (he said,) yet he would forgive these injuries, and be to them a friend, if the chief of the Rappahannocks would deliver to him his bow and quiver in token of submission; agree never to come armed into his presence, to live in friendship with the Moraughtacunds, and, last of all, to give up his son as a pledge for the faithful performance of these terms. A message was immediately sent to the chief, and he came, readily assenting to all the terms but the last. He had but one son, and his heart (he said) would break at parting with him. Instead of the boy, he was willing to deliver up the three women whom the Moraughtacunds had stolen. Smith assented to this, and now the chief, in the presence of many, laid down his bow and arrows, and then the three women were brought forward.

To the chief of the Rappahannocks Smith gave the first choice, that he might select her he loved best ; to the chief of the Moraughtacunds the second, and the faithful Mosco took the remaining one. Thus the treaty was ended, and all parties were pleased. The men, women, and children all joined in feasting, dancing, and singing. Mosco was so much pleased with this new arrangement made by the captain, that, to shew his love for the whites, he changed his name. They were usually known as "*the strangers,*" and he took, therefore, the name *Uttasantasough*, meaning the stranger. The savages, in their joy, promised also to plant corn purposely for their benefit, and the English, in return, agreed to provide hatchets, beads, and copper for them. Then discharging their fire-arms, the barge pushed off amid the loud shouts and cries of the Indians.

Next, they entered the Piankatank River, and explored that as far as the barge would float. They found on the banks of this stream only some old men, women, and children, the younger men being all out upon hunting excursions. They were treated with kindness, and soon left them.

In passing down the bay, a little to the south of York River, they were struck by a squall in

the night, and with great difficulty escaped shipwreck. The wind blew violently toward the shore, and, in the darkness, their little barge more than once nearly stranded, but a flash of lightning would from time to time disclose their perilous position, and keeping clear of the land as well as they could, they were at length enabled, by God's mercy, to reach Point Comfort, where they anchored.

The next morning Smith determined, before he returned home, to visit certain neighbors of whom he had often heard. These were the Chesapeakes and Nandsamonds. Setting sail therefore for the southern shore, he soon entered the narrow river, known then as the Chesapeake. This is now the Elizabeth River, upon which Norfolk is situated. The river "had a good channel, but some shoals about the entrance." They sailed up six or seven miles, and saw two or three little garden plots, with houses, and the shores overgrown with the largest pines they had ever seen in the country; but neither seeing or hearing any people, and the river being very narrow, they returned back, and coasted the shore towards Nandsamond. "At the mouth of the Nandsamond," they spied some six or seven Indians making weirs for fishing, who fled

as soon as they were discovered. The party went ashore, and leaving many toys and trinkets where the Indians had been working, returned to the barge. In a little time the Indians returned, and began to dance and sing, and call them back. One of them, without fear, came out to the barge, and invited them to come up the river, and visit him at his house. The invitation was accepted, and they moved onward. They observed the banks of the stream lined with fine fields of corn, and ere long approached an island, which seemed to be richly cultivated. This island was the home of their host. Here they went ashore, and were treated by him with great kindness, and in return gave many toys to his wife and children. Other Indians now came, inviting them higher up the river to their houses. The party, accepting their invitation also, were moving on in good faith, when suddenly their suspicions were aroused. Some six or eight canoes were seen behind them, filled with armed men. The stratagem was soon at work. They had reached a narrow pass in the river, and now the attack commenced. An ambuscade of three or four hundred Chesapeakes and Nandsamonds poured their arrows from the land, while clouds of arrows came from the canoes in the rear

The Massawomek targets covered the men in the barge, while with their muskets they answered this assault. The savages leaped from the canoes and swam for the shore, while the barge dropped down into a broader part of the stream, the men on board keeping up a perpetual fire. Now beyond the reach of their arrows, they continued the war upon their enemies on the land, until they were all glad to disperse. Fortunately, not one of the party in the barge was hurt.

Smith resolved upon vengeance. He seized all their deserted boats, and determined at night to burn every thing upon the island. In the mean time, his men commenced breaking the canoes. The poor Indians, seeing this, threw down their arms, and sued for peace. Smith made his own terms. He commanded them to bring the chief's bow and arrows, a chain of pearl, and four hundred baskets of corn, otherwise he would destroy all that they had. The Indians "most joyfully" agreed to the conditions, and "flocking down in great numbers, with their baskets, soon loaded the boat with corn."

The party now started homeward. They met with no farther adventures by the way,

and at length, on the seventh of September, arrived at Jamestown in great "joy and triumph." In the two voyages together, Smith had been absent from the colony a little more than three months, with the exception of the three days which you will recollect he spent at Jamestown.\*

\* Captain Smith made a map of Chesapeake Bay and the countries which he explored upon its banks or tributary streams. This map will be found published in his History of Virginia.



## CHAPTER VI.

*Smith enters upon his new duties as President—Arrival of Captain Newport—His plan for finding the South Sea—Brings presents to Powhatan—Smith opposes the project—The project goes on—Smith's visit to Powhatan—Tells him of the presents—His haughty reply—The presents are brought to the chief—He is crowned—Newport attempts to find the South Sea and fails—Employment of the men—Smith's mode of breaking up the bad habit of swearing among his men—Bad conduct of the sailors—Departure of the ship—Letter of the Council in England to Smith—His reply—Smith goes to Nandsamond and obtains supplies—He afterwards attempts to seize Powhatan and his stores—Is betrayed—The friendship of Pocahontas prevents his being captured.*

SMITH was grieved to find, upon his return, that many of the poor colonists had died, but delighted to discover that Mr. Scrivener had proved faithful, and administered all affairs well.

Ratcliff, the old president, had again made trouble, and was now a prisoner, under the charge of mutiny. In three days Smith was regularly invested with the office of president, and set to work with his usual energy. "The church was repaired, the store-house new covered, and a place made ready for the reception of the supplies they daily expected from England. The fort was reduced into form, the order of the watch was renewed, the troops trained at each setting of the watch, and the whole company every Saturday exercised in the plain toward the west, which was prepared for that purpose, and called *Smithfield*; where sometimes above an hundred Indians would stand in amazement, to behold how a file would batter a tree, when the president had made them a mark to shoot at."\* As it was the time of gathering corn with the Indians, the boats also were made ready for a trading voyage, and sent off under the command of Lieutenant Percy. On their way, to their great joy, they met Captain Newport returning with the second supply, and they all came back with him to Jamestown.

Newport had brought out with him this time many people of consequence, among whom were

\* Stith's Virginia, page 76.

Captains Peter Wynne and Richard Waldo, (two old soldiers,) as new members of the council. Aboard the ship also were Mrs. Forest and her maid Ann Burras, the first English women ever seen in Virginia. Some Poles and Germans had likewise been sent along, "to make pitch, tar, glass, mills, and soap ashes." He had received from the company at home the strange and foolish instruction, "not to return without a lump of gold, or finding the South Sea, or discovering one of the lost company sent out in former years by Sir Walter Raleigh." For the purpose of aiding him in this South Sea scheme, he had with him a barge, made to be taken in pieces, carried beyond the falls of the river, reconstructed, and there launched for the adventure. To secure the friendship of Powhatan in his great enterprise, he had brought rich presents for him. These consisted of a basin and ewer, bed and bedstead, a chair of state, a suit of rich clothing, and a crown.

When Newport talked of his plans, Smith opposed him strongly. He was a man of too much good sense to give in to any such scheme of folly. He said plainly, that instead of sending the men off upon any such expedition, they should be employed in procuring provisions for the coming

winter. But Newport at once promised to make this a part of the enterprise, stating that he would bring supplies of corn back with him. In addition, too, he promised large supplies from the ship—a promise which was so little verified, that before the ship sailed, the poor colonists had to spare three hogsheads of corn to victual her homeward. Smith objected, too, to making such rich presents to Powhatan. It was now easy (he said) to satisfy him at any time with a present of beads and other trinkets; but after receiving such gifts as these, Powhatan would ever be proud and insolent. Newport was before this jealous of Smith, and this opposition made him the more so. He declared that the council were all ready for the enterprise, and that Smith alone prevented it; that the cause of this opposition arose from two circumstances: first, that he was desirous of making the discovery himself for his own glory; and next, that he knew his former cruelty to the Indians, by provoking their hostility to the exploring party, would be the only cause preventing success. Far from being angry, Smith determined at once to prove the utter falsehood of such statements, by aiding the mad scheme, as far as he could. Accordingly, he resolved

to visit Powhatan, and invite him to come to Jamestown and receive the presents.

With Captain Waldo, and three more as his companions, he walked twelve miles, and then passed over the river in an Indian canoe to Werowocomoco, where he hoped to find the chief. Powhatan, however, was thirty miles farther in the country, and messengers were immediately sent for him. The princess Pocahontas was here, and while they waited for her father, she, with her women, entertained them with dancing and feasting, "after a curious manner."

A large fire was made in the open plain, and the party seated before it. Suddenly, such a noise was heard in the woods, that they supposed they were betrayed. Instantly they sprang to their arms, and seized three old men as hostages for their security. Upon this, Pocahontas came running to Smith, and offered to be killed herself, if any harm should happen to him or his companions. Pacified by this, they seated themselves quietly again. In a little time thirty girls came forward, richly painted of different colors, and each one wearing a girdle of green leaves. "Their leader had a pair of buck's horns on her head, an otter's skin as her girdle, and another on one arm: a bow and arrow in the other hand,

and a quiver at her back." Some carried wooden staffs in their hands. Forming themselves in a ring, for an hour they kept up their dancing, singing, and shouting. After this the feast commenced, and the Indian girls waited upon them as they ate. At night, they were conducted to their lodgings by the light of fire-brands.

The next morning Powhatan arrived, and Smith came before him with his message. After telling him of Newport's arrival and plans, and that he had brought for him rich presents from the king of the English, who was ready to assist him in his war against the Monacans, he invited him to come at once to Jamestown and receive the gifts. To this invitation, the chief gave him this proud answer: "If your king has sent me a present, I also am a king, and am on my own land. I will stay here eight days. Your father must come to me; I will not go to him, nor to your fort. As for the Monacans, I am able to revenge myself. If you have heard of salt water beyond the mountains from any of my people, they have deceived you." Then with a stick, he drew upon the ground plots of that region of country, and Smith started homeward with his answer.

The answer being delivered, the presents were

now sent around by water, while Smith and Newport went across by land with a guard of fifty men. All having met at Werowocomoco, the next day was appointed for crowning the chief. In the morning the presents were brought forward—the basin and ewer were placed before him, and the bed and furniture set up. His scarlet clothes were brought in, but there was some difficulty in inducing the old man to put them on, nor would he do it until the Indian boy Namontack (who, you will remember, had been given to Newport, and had been in England with him) assured him that they could not hurt him. The hardest part was yet to come, for it was impossible to make him kneel, that the crown might be placed upon his head. “He neither knew the majesty of a crown, nor the meaning of bending the knee, which obliged them to use so many persuasions, examples, and instructions, as tired them all.” At last, by leaning hard on his shoulders, he stooped a little, and then being ready with the crown, they put it on his head. A pistol was now fired as a signal to the boats, and instantly a volley of musketry was heard, in honor of the crowned chief. The man most honored, least understood it. He started alarmed, supposing that there was a plot to destroy him.

in "the midst of his glory." Being assured that no harm was intended, he became satisfied, and began to return what he thought suitable kindnesses. His old fur mantle and deer skin shoes were delivered to Newport for his king, and to "his father Newport" was given for himself "an heap of ears of corn, containing perhaps some seven or eight bushels." Newport having talked largely of going to the salt water, and visiting the region of the Monacans, the last counsel of the old man at parting was, that he should not attempt it; but if he was determined to try it, he would allow him no guides but the Indian boy Namontack.

Thus the ceremony with Powhatan had ended, and now they were again in Jamestown, with little hope of any help from him in finding the South Sea, after all their trouble. Still, Newport was resolved upon the effort. Accordingly, with one hundred and twenty chosen men, led by Captain Waldo, Lieutenant Percy, Captain Wynne, Mr. West, and Mr. Scrivener, he set forward. Smith remained behind with eighty or ninety feeble men, to prepare for relading the ship. Ascending the James River as far as the falls, they passed on thirty or forty miles over land, through "a fair, fertile, and well-watered



country." Two towns of the Monacans were discovered on the south side of the river, where the people took little notice of them; yet they seized one of the petty kings, and took him along as a guide on their way. In a little time they became wearied, and sickening over the adventure, started homeward. They had taken with them "certain refiners," to seek mineral treasures, and after visiting, therefore, what they thought gold mines, and gathering some shining dirt, they at length reached Jamestown, "half sick, and all complaining, being sadly harassed with toil, famine, and discontent."

The expedition had ended precisely as Smith expected. He well understood, however, that the best mode of quieting their complaints, was to give them some useful employment. Some of the mechanics were set to making glass, while others were employed in making tar, pitch, and potash. Leaving these under the direction of the council at Jamestown, he started with thirty others down the river, to teach them "to cut down trees, make clapboards, and lie in the woods." Some of these were gentlemen, unaccustomed to such work, and found it, of course, hard; but he was determined to make

them independent in a new country, by teaching them how to labor. He led the way in the work, and in a little time they were like "old wood-choppers." But he not only cured their habits of idleness. The bad habit of swearing prevailed among them at times, and this did not please the captain. A remedy for this was, therefore, applied. He caused every man's oaths to be noticed during the day, and when night came the whole were assembled, and for every oath a man had used, a can of water was poured down his sleeve. This was a strange punishment, but it seems to have produced the desired effect. In a short time the bad practice was discontinued. Having drilled them sufficiently in the woods, he returned with them to Jamestown.

He found that business had been neglected again, that provisions were running low, and that it was necessary to undertake an expedition in search of corn. With eighteen men he at once embarked in the barge, and leaving orders that Lieutenant Percy should follow him in a boat, went up the Chickahomony river. The Indians learning his wants were surly and out of humor, and insolently refused to trade on any terms. Smith was not to be driven

off in this way. He told them that he had not come among them so much for corn, as for the purpose of revenging his own captivity, and the death of some of his countrymen. Then promptly landing his men, he prepared for battle. The savages instantly fled. Presently some of them returned, bringing presents of corn, fish, and fowl, sueing earnestly for peace. They stated that their corn that year was not abundant, and their own wants great; yet they loaded the barge with one hundred bushels; and when Lieutenant Percy soon after arrived, he received as much more. Returning home, they were received with great joy at Jamestown, for the supply was much needed. Yet, while he was thus laboring abroad for the good of the colony, some enemy was always busy at home trying to injure him. "Such was the malice and envy of some, (as it is written,) that they had rather hazard a starving, than that Smith's endeavors should prove so much more effectual than theirs." Newport and Ratcliffe had been planning, not only to depose him from the presidency, but even to keep him from entering the fort, under the pretence that he had left the place without their permission. Their efforts, however, were so ridiculous and wicked, that the people revolted, and they them-

selves very narrowly escaped “a greater mischief.”

The delay of the ship too, as on a former occasion, produced trouble. A constant trafficking was all the while going on between the sailors and the Indians, in which, of course, the former took care of their own private interests, rather than those of the colony. Indeed, (it is said,) they would sometimes steal articles from the public stores, to trade with the Indians for their furs and baskets. Certain it is, that of two or three hundred axes, hoes, pickaxes, and other instruments brought out for the use of the colony, twenty only could be found at the end of six or seven weeks. Thus these poor vagabonds preyed upon the colony, and yet these were the men who were soon to return to England to tell what stories they pleased of Virginia—to talk of the abundance there, and prevent supplies from being sent out by the council. It was Newport’s business to check all this, yet it was not done. Smith was greatly indignant, and the ship being nearly ready to sail, he threatened to send her home, and detain Newport a year in the colony, that he might learn from experience what their real sufferings were. But Newport became alarmed, acknowledged his

fault, and was pardoned. At length, to the great joy of the colony, the ship sailed homeward, laden with "specimens of tar, pitch, turpentine, potash, clapboards, and wainscot." On her way out, she met at Point Comfort with Mr. Scrivener, who had been up the Pamunkey river in search of corn. He had with him a quantity of *pocones*, (a red root used in dying,) and these were given to Newport, as farther specimens of the products of the country.

Among other strange things taken to England by this ship, was a letter from Captain Smith to the Council at home. It seems that the Council in England had strange ideas of the New World, and supposed that every adventure would return them ample supplies of gold and silver. In this thought they had of course been disappointed, and therefore had readily listened from time to time, to the enemies who murmured against the colonial settlements. Under the influence of this feeling, they had sent by Newport a letter to Captain Smith, making complaints against the colony in Virginia. The principal complaints were, of the hopes that had been fed, only to be disappointed; of the quarrels and divisions among the colonists, and a foolish project about dividing the country, of

which the late president had written to the Earl of Salisbury; and the whole concluded with a threat, that "unless the charge of this voyage, amounting to about two thousand pounds, was defrayed by the ship's return, they should be deserted, and left to remain there as banished men." It was in reply to this that Smith now returned them a bold letter containing a fair statement of facts.

As to their complaints, he denies that he had ever fed them with vain hopes, or that he knew or had ever heard before, any thing about the project for dividing the country. As for quarrels among the colonists, they were caused (in spite of his efforts at peace) by bad and disorderly men, of whom Ratcliffe and Archer were the chief, and that he now sent them home to get rid of them. In fact, the people were so provoked against Ratcliffe that it was necessary to send him home to save his life, for many of them were ready to cut his throat.

Next he brings his complaints against them; that they had listened to idle complaints from enemies of the colony, (of whom he suspected Newport to be the greatest,) and had not attempted properly to aid them; that they had sent out a parcel of idlers or useless manufac-

turers into the settlement, from time to time, instead of sending such men as were needed. He begged them, like sensible men, to dismiss all thoughts of getting rich immediately through the colony, and to send to him carpenters, gardeners, fishermen, blacksmiths, and masons. Thirty of these (he stated) would be worth more in Virginia than all their fine gentlemen.

He then complains of the last adventure of Newport; that they had sent him to the country with a foolish project in his head for finding the South Sea, and laden him with rich presents for Powhatan; that he himself had opposed this plan, because he thought it idle, but when the Council approved it, he had joined them heart and hand; that every facility had been offered to Newport for the effort, and he had completely failed, as he knew he would; that Powhatan had been crowned, and the presents delivered to him, from which he expected nothing but trouble for the colony. As for the two thousand pounds which the voyage had cost, the colony had not received the benefit of one hundred; that Newport and his sailors were only a tax to them, for they had to furnish them with supplies homeward. These, with many other direct charges, were in the letter; and in conclusion, (that they might

see he had not been idle,) he stated that he sent them by the ship some stones, which he supposed might contain iron ore, with the places marked where they were found, together with his map of Chesapeake Bay, and his description of the countries he had discovered.

The ship having departed, he commenced again gathering supplies. With Captain Wynne and Mr. Scrivener as his companions, he set out immediately for the Nandsamond river. It seems the Indians on that river had promised to give him four hundred baskets of corn. This they were now unwilling to do, and even refused to trade with him in any way. They tried to excuse themselves, by saying, that "their corn was almost all spent," and that Powhatan had commanded them not to part with what they had, nor to allow the English to enter the river. Smith at once resolved to use force. He commanded his party to discharge the muskets, and the Indians fled without shooting an arrow. Then marching up to their houses, they set fire to the first they came to. The savages, seeing this, came to terms. They proposed to give them half the corn they had, and to plant corn purposely for them the next year, if they would spare their houses. Before night the boats



were loaded, and ere long they were again in Jamestown with provisions. They reached home in time to attend the first wedding in Virginia, when John Laydon was married to Anne Burras.

In a little time, he was off again in company with Captain Waldo, with two barges in Chesapeake Bay. Corn was again his object, but the Indians all fled at the sight of him. At length he found friends upon the Appamatox river, among that tribe of Indians. They had but little corn, yet they divided it cheerfully with him, and in return he gave them "copper, and such other toys as fully satisfied them."

All this, however, was but a present supply, and some of the men were soon out upon like excursions; sometimes with and often without success. They had some hardships, which were accounted light, because they had before them a heavier one in the fear of starvation. The season was a severe one, but in their long excursions they "camped out cheerfully at night." The ground was covered with snow, yet they would dig it away, make a fire upon the earth to warm it, clear away the ashes, and then spread their mats for sleeping. When the ground became cold again, they would at once, without a murmur, prepare another spot in the same

way. It is said that these hardy adventurers were the healthiest men in the colony.

To make an end of this perpetual anxiety about food, Smith resolved upon the bold experiment of seizing Powhatan and all his stores. He called together some members of the council, and confidentially told them of his intention. Waldo was greatly in favor of the attempt, but Wynne and Scrivener warmly opposed it. Nevertheless, his mind was bent upon it. It seems that Powhatan had some stratagem at work in his own mind at this time ; for now, strangely enough, he sent inviting Smith to come and see him, and promising to load his barge with corn upon certain conditions. These were, that " he would send some workmen to build him a house, and would give him a grindstone, fifty swords, some muskets, a cock and a hen, with much copper and beads." Instantly taking advantage of this message, Smith sent off two Englishmen and four Germans, to build his house. Unfortunately, however, as it turned out for his enterprise, he gave these men certain instructions as to their behavior, and told them of his whole plan. He at once commenced making preparations to follow them. As the enterprise was perilous, he urged no man to go, but

left all to volunteer for themselves, if they pleased. His crew, gathered in this way, consisted of forty-six persons, besides Captain Waldo. Leaving Mr. Scrivener to manage during his absence, and taking with him the necessary provisions for a few days, on the twenty-ninth of December he departed with the bark and two barges.

The first night they stopped at the Indian village, Warraskoyack, not far from Jamestown. Here they were treated with great kindness by the chief of the settlement, and received additions to their supplies. Upon learning that Smith was going on a visit to Powhatan, he tried to dissuade him from it; finding him resolute in his intention, he at last said to him, "Captain Smith, you shall find Powhatan to use you kindly, but trust him not; and be sure he have no opportunity to seize on your arms, for he has sent for you only to cut your throats." Thanking him for his advice, Smith asked to be furnished with a guide to the Chawonocks, a nation dwelling between the Nottaway and Meherrin rivers, in Carolina, as he desired to make a friend of the king of that people. The guide was found, and one of the company (Michael Sicklemore, an honest and faithful man) was

sent with him, bearing presents, and instructions to search for silk-grass, and some one of the lost colony of Sir Walter Raleigh.

The next night they lodged at Kecoughtan. Here they were detained six or seven days by the wind and rain. During this time they were entertained merrily by the natives, and feasted with them upon their oysters, fish, and wild-fowl. At length, after several accidents, they arrived on the twelfth of January at Werowocomoco. They found the river frozen nearly half a mile from the shore; but Smith, breaking the ice, ran one of his barges up as far as he could, until he was "left by the ebb upon the oozy shoals." Directing two men to remain with the barge, and when she should float to put her aboard the bark, cold as it was, he leaped into the water. His men followed his example, and through the mud and ice they waded to the shore. They quartered in the first cabin which they found, and at once sent to Powhatan for provisions. He immediately supplied them with "plenty of bread, turkeys, and venison," and they spent the night in tolerable comfort.

The day following, Powhatan feasted them in fine style, and after this asked them "when they were going away." Neither he nor his

people (he said) had expected them, and if it was corn they were in search of, they had none to spare. Smith replied, that this was very strange, and instantly produced the messengers who had brought to him Powhatan's invitation and offer. The wily chief, thus confronted, endeavored to turn off his falsehood with a laugh, and asked the Captain to "shew him his commodities." After looking at many things, he seemed to value nothing but the guns and swords. As for the copper which was shewn to him, he told Smith plainly that he "valued a basket of corn higher than a basket of copper." The Captain was of course indignant at such behavior, and spoke to the chief quite as plainly in return. He told him that he might have procured provisions, in many places, but relying on his promises, had neglected to do so; and that at his request he had at once sent men to build his houses, while his own were unfinished. He then charged him boldly with keeping back his people's corn and forbidding them to trade, "thinking by consuming time to consume them;" that as for swords and guns, he had none to spare, and that he must be aware that those he had could keep him from starving. Yet, he declared, he would neither rob nor wrong him, nor

in any way break the friendship between them unless he was compelled to do so by unkind treatment. The king listened attentively to all he said, and promised that he and his people should spare him all the corn they could part with, and that he should receive it in two days. "But I have some doubt (said he) about the reason of your coming hither. I am informed from many hands, that you come, not to trade, but to invade my people, and to possess my country. This makes me less ready to relieve you, and frightens my people from bringing in their corn. And therefore, to ease them of that fear, leave your arms aboard, since they are needless here, where we are all friends, and for ever Powhatans."

Smith was not aware that Powhatan knew his intentions, nor did he, until six months afterwards, learn that at that very instant the chief understood his whole design. The truth was, the Germans had betrayed him. These men, perceiving the abundance of Powhatan, had concluded that it was better to have the friendship of such a chief, than to hang on to a half starving colony, and had therefore opened the whole design of the English. This baseness was not at all suspected, for Smith had great confidence in these Germans, and had especially charged

one of them, before leaving Jamestown, to act as a spy upon Powhatan.

After this, while waiting for the people to come in, he managed to purchase of the chief about eighty bushels of corn, with an old copper kettle. Smith declared that the kettle was worth far more, but, considering the scarcity, agreed to part with it, provided that Powhatan would promise to give him as much more corn the next year. This promise he readily gave, and the trade was made.

But Powhatan still continued to urge him to lay aside his arms. "Captain Smith, (said he,) I am a very old man, having seen the death of three of the generations of my people. None of these is now living except myself, and I know the difference between peace and war better than any in my country. But now I am old, and ere long must die, and my brethren, Opitchapan, Opechancanough, and Kekataugh, and my two sisters, and their daughters, must succeed me. I wish their experience no less than mine, and your love to them no less than mine to you. But the rumor that has reached us, that you are come to destroy my country, has frightened my people, and they dare not visit you. What will it profit you to take by force

what you may quickly have by love, or to destroy them that provide you food? What can you get by war, when we can hide our provisions and fly to the woods? whereby you must famish by wronging us your friends. And why are you so suspicious of our loves? seeing that we are unarmed, and ready to feed you with that you cannot get but by our labors. Do you think I am so simple as not to know it is better to eat good meat, lie well, and sleep quietly with my women and children, laugh and be merry with you, have copper, hatchets, or what I want, being your friend, than to be forced as your enemy to fly from all; to lie cold in the woods, to feed upon acorns, roots, and such trash, and be so hunted by you, that I can neither rest, eat, nor sleep, but my tired men must watch, and, if a twig but break, every one cries out, 'There comes Captain Smith;' then I must fly I know not whither, and thus with miserable fear end my miserable life. Be assured then, of our loves. Every year we can supply you with corn, and now too we are ready to give it, if you would only come into our country in a peaceful way. We are not your enemies, therefore lay aside your arms."

To this speech Captain Smith answered in the



following words: "Since you will not rightly understand our words, we must strive to make you know our thoughts by our deeds. The vow I made you of my love, both myself and my men have kept; as for your promise, I find it every day violated by some of your subjects. Yet we have never been ungrateful for your kindness, and for your sake only have we curbed our revenge; else they had known as well the cruelty we use to our enemies, as our true love and courtesy to our friends. You must understand, as well by the adventures we have undertaken, as by the advantage we have by our arms, that had we intended you any injury, we could long since have effected it. Your people coming to Jamestown bring their bows and arrows, and no complaint is made. It is our custom to wear our arms as our apparel. As for the danger of our enemies, in such wars consist our chiefest pleasure; and for your riches, we have no use. As to your flying to the woods and hiding your provisions, that would not hurt us, for we have a way of finding hidden things which you do not understand."

They soon now began to trade; but Powhatan finding that he could not have his own way—that Smith was still obstinate, and would not al-

low his men to put away their arms, broke out again. "Captain Smith, I never used any chief so kindly as yourself; yet, from you, I receive the least kindness of any. Captain Newport gave me swords, copper, clothes, or whatever else I desired, ever accepting what I offered him, and would send away his guns when requested. No one refuses to lie at my feet, or to do what I demand, but you only. Of you I can have nothing, but what you value not, and yet you have whatever you please. Captain Newport you call father, and so you call me; but I can see, in spite of us both, you will do what you will, and we must both study to humor and please you. If you intend so friendly as you say, send away your arms."

Smith now perceived that Powhatan was only trifling, that he might gain time to get him in his possession. He therefore procured some Indians to break the ice, that his boat might come in to take away his corn, and at the same time gave secret orders for more men to come ashore to surprise the king. In the mean time, to allay all suspicion, he entertained the chief with much good humored talk, promising the next day to lay aside his arms, and to shew, by trusting in his word, that he loved him, and confided in him

as a father. But hearing that they were breaking the ice, Powhatan became alarmed, and hurried away with his women, children, and luggage. Yet, to avoid suspicion, he left two or three of his women talking with the Captain, while he secretly ran off, and in a little time his warriors as secretly surrounded the house where they were talking. As soon as Smith discovered this, he sallied out with his pistol, sword, and shield. "At his first shot, those next him tumbled one over another, and the rest fled nimbly off, some one way, some another." Thus, without any injury, he fought his way to the main body of his men.

Finding that he had escaped in spite of their efforts, an attempt was now made on the part of the savages to excuse this strange treatment. An old warrior was sent to him by Powhatan, bearing a large bracelet and chain of pearl, who delivered to him the following message: "Captain Smith, our king has fled for fear of your guns. Knowing, when the ice was open, there would come more men ashore, he sent the warriors, whom you assaulted, to guard your corn from being stolen, which thing might happen without your knowledge. Some of our men have been hurt by your mistake, yet Powhatan

is still your friend, and will for ever continue so. He now desires that (since the ice is open) you will send away your corn; and if you expect his company, that you will also send away your guns, which so frighten his people, that they are afraid to bring in their corn as he promised they should."

Baskets were now cheerfully provided for the English to carry the corn to the boat. The savages kindly offered to guard their arms while they were thus employed, but this of course was not allowed. Smith had other business for them. They were a cowardly set, easily frightened "at the sight of the English cocking their matches," and in a little time were all at work, with the baskets on their shoulders, cheerfully and rapidly loading the boats themselves. This being finished, Smith found that he must wait till late in the evening for the next tide, before his boat could move off, and in the mean time he, with his men, repaired to their old quarters at the cabin.

Powhatan was still eager to have him in his possession; he thought, if he could seize him, the colony was at once destroyed, and was preparing that night to surprise and take him. The treacherous Germans also desired it, and were ready to assist him in any plot. The plan was

to send at night some strong men with the present of a rich supper from the chief to Smith; while he was eating, these men were to seize him. If they failed in doing this, Powhatan, with his forces, was to come down and take him. The night proved dark and dismal, as if to aid this stratagem. But the providence of God had raised for Smith a friend, who would not willingly see him destroyed. The friendship of Pocahontas again served him. In the midst of the darkness she came alone through the woods, and told Smith of the whole plan. "Good cheer (she said) would be sent to them soon; but that Powhatan, with all the forces he could raise, would soon come to kill them all, if those who brought the victuals could not effect it with their own arms while they were at supper." As they valued their lives, therefore, she "begged them to be gone." Grateful for her noble-hearted generosity, Smith offered her many presents, but she refused them all. With tears running down her cheeks, she declared that she could not receive them; that she dared not be seen with them, for if her father should in any way discover that she had opened his plot, he would instantly kill her—"and so she ran away by herself as she came."

Within less than an hour, ten strong men came down, bringing large platters of venison and other victuals. Spreading them before Smith, they invited him and his companions to sit down and eat; begging them at the same time to put out their matches, the smoke of which (they said) made them sick. But Smith made them taste of every dish, to see if it was poisoned, and then sent some of them back to Powhatan, telling him "to make haste, for he was ready for his coming." Soon after more messengers came down to learn the news, and not long after others; but the English kept up a steady watch through the night, and Powhatan's plan was defeated. Not one of his men dared strike a blow.

At high water the boat departed, leaving the vagabond Germans still behind, (whose treachery was not yet suspected,) to complete the house of the crafty chief.

## CHAPTER VII.

*Powhatan by stratagem obtains arms at Jamestown—Smith visits Opechancanough—Treachery of the chief—Fearless behavior of Smith—Accident at Jamestown—Returns home—Rebukes the colonists for idleness, and sets them to work—Treachery of four Germans—Smith attempts to seize one of them—Is attacked by the chief of the Pashiphays—After a hard struggle captures the chief, and puts him in chains—The chief escapes—Meets the Pashiphays—Speech of Okaning—Incidents at Jamestown—Industry of the colonists—Want of food—Kindness of Powhatan—Mutinous conduct of some of the colonists—Smith checks it—Plot to destroy Jamestown—Is discovered and stopped—Arrival of Captain Argall.*

THEY had scarcely set sail when Powhatan despatched two of the Germans to Jamestown. These played their parts well for him. They pretended to Captain Wynne that all things

were well, but that Captain Smith had need for more arms, and therefore desired he would send them, together with some spare tools and changes of clothing. As their treachery was not suspected, the articles were of course delivered to them. Then they set to work privately to beat up recruits among the colonists, and by talking of the greatness of Powhatan, and the poor prospects of the colony, managed to draw off some six or seven. These, however, were worthless men, and no loss to the colony. Yet they were of great service to Powhatan, for being expert thieves, they managed to steal for him fifty swords, eight muskets, eight pikes, and a quantity of powder and shot. Indians were always lurking around the settlement, and the articles being delivered to them, were readily carried off. At the same time Powhatan kept one of the Germans (who was a blacksmith) very busy at Werowocomoco, working at his trade. Three hundred tomahawks were made by him, and these, together with the weapons that had been stolen, gave to the king quite a supply of arms.

In the mean time Captain Smith had gone with his party to Pamunkey, the home of Opechanca-nough. He was received kindly by this chief,



and entertained with hospitality. A day was soon set apart for their trading. At the appointed time, Smith, with fifteen others, went up to the house of Opechancanough, in the village, which was a quarter of a mile from the river. They found here "nothing but a lame man and a boy;" all the houses having been stripped of every thing and deserted. Presently the chief came, and after him several of his people, laden principally with bows and arrows. They had with them some articles of traffic, but these were so trifling, and offered at such high prices, that Smith at once told Opechancanough, that the professions of his tongue were proved by his actions to be mere deceit. "Last year (said he) you kindly freighted my vessel, but have now treacherously invited me here to famish and destroy me. You are not ignorant of my wants, neither am I ignorant of your plenty, of which, by some means, I will have a part. You should remember, that it is proper for kings, above all others, to keep their promises. I offer you all my commodities—you may take your choice—the rest I will divide fairly among your people." Opechancanough seemed kindly to accept his offer, and, to cover his designs, at once sold Smith all that he then had at his own

prices, and promised to meet him the next day with more people and more articles

At the appointed time Smith, with the same fifteen men, marched up to the king's house, where he found four or five Indians just arrived, each with a large basket. Soon after the king came in, and began, with apparent cheerfulness, to tell what great trouble he had taken to keep his promise. This talk was suddenly cut short, when Mr. Russel, one of the party, came running in, telling Smith that the house was surrounded by seven hundred armed savages. Some of his men were alarmed and began to look pale, but Smith was undaunted. Rallying them, he addressed them in the following words :

“ Worthy countrymen, I feel far less concern at the number and danger of the enemy, than at the malicious representations which the Council and their open mouthed minions will make in England, about my breaking the peace. I, alone, was once assaulted by three hundred savages, and, had it not been for an accident, would have made my way good among them all. We are now sixteen, and the enemy but seven hundred at the most. I desire, therefore, that you will fight like men, and not die like sheep. If

you dare follow my example, and do as I do, I doubt not, by God's assistance, to extricate you out of the present difficulty and danger."

The men were instantly roused and ready to brave any danger. They all vowed "to do whatever he attempted or die." Then turning to the chief, he said, "I see, Opechancanough, your plot to murder me, but I am not afraid. As yet your men and mine have done no harm, but by our direction. Let us decide this matter by single combat. Take, therefore, your arms—you see mine—my body shall be as naked as yours—you may choose your weapons. The isle in your river is a fit place for the fight, if you please. Let your men bring baskets of corn. I will stake their value in copper, and the conqueror shall be lord and master of all the men and all the commodities."

This bold challenge was declined by Opechancanough. He had no idea of losing the advantage that he had. Still pretending friendship, he urged Smith to go with him outside of the door, and there receive a present which his people had brought for him. This was done only to draw him out, where two hundred men stood, with their arrows resting in their bows, ready to despatch him. Smith, perceiving the

treachery, instantly seized the king by his scalp-lock, and presenting his pistol, ready cocked, to his breast, dragged "him trembling and half dead with fear," into the midst of his people. Startled that any one should be bold enough to use their king in this manner, the savages at once threw down their bows and arrows, and Opechancanough was glad to save himself by delivering all his armor in token of submission. Still holding the trembling chief by the hair, Smith thus addressed his people: "I see ye, Pamunkeys, the great desire you have to kill me, and that my long suffering hath emboldened you to this insolence. The reason I have forborne to punish you, is the promise I made you, (before the God I serve,) that I would be your friend, till you gave me just cause to be your enemy. If I keep this vow, my God will keep me—you cannot hurt me; but if I break it, he will destroy me. But if you shoot one arrow, to shed one drop of blood of any of my men, or steal the least of these beads, or this copper, I will take such revenge (if I once begin) that you shall not hear the last of me while there is a Pamunkey alive. I am not now half drowned in the mire, as when you took me prisoner. If I be the mark you aim at, here I stand—shoot he that dares. You

promised to load my bark with corn; and so you shall, or I will load her with your dead carcasses. Yet, if as friends you will trade, I once more promise that I will not trouble you, unless you give me good cause; and your king shall be free and be my friend, for I am not come to hurt him or any of you."

This speech made a wonderful impression. The Indians were suddenly disposed to be great friends. Men, women, and even children brought to him their articles of traffic, and "for three hours so thronged around him and wearied him," that at last he was forced, in self-defence, to retire into the house, that he might rest, leaving others to trade and receive their presents. He soon now fell asleep. While sleeping, some fifty Indians, armed with clubs and swords, managed to get into the house, evidently with the design of murdering him. Roused by the noise, he sprang up, seized his sword and target, and soon drove them out faster than they came in. Opechancanough, with some of the old warriors, endeavored, in a long talk, to excuse this conduct. "The rest of the day was spent with much kindness, the Indians renewing their presents, and feasting the English with their best provisions."

While these things were going on, a sad accident had happened at the fort, of which Smith now heard. It seems that Mr. Scrivener had received letters from England by the last ship, which gave him a great idea of his own importance; and though Smith loved him as a brother, Scrivener had learned to dislike him. These letters (it is said) "made him conceited and headstrong." On a cold and boisterous day, he determined to visit Hog Island, not far from Jamestown, and in spite of all remonstrance, persuaded Captain Waldo and nine others to accompany him in the skiff. She was so overloaded that she could scarcely have lived in calm weather; as it was, she sunk, and all on board were drowned. It was difficult to find any one to carry the sorrowful news to the President, until at last Mr. Richard Wiffin undertook to do it. He encountered many difficulties and dangers as he passed toward Werowocomoco, where he expected to find him. Here his danger was greater, for he found the people engaged in preparation for war, and escaped being seized only by the kindness of Pocahontas. She managed to hide him, at the same time "sending those who were in search of him a contrary way." After three

day's travel he now reached Smith at Pamunkey, and gave him the melancholy tidings. He was very sad, but prudently took from Wiffin a promise that he would not tell his men. Hiding his grief as well as he could through the day, when night came he set Opechancanough at liberty, as he had promised, and went with his men on board the bark.

Smith's heart was still bent on seizing Powhatan, and he watched for his opportunity as he now returned down the river. It seems that Powhatan was equally anxious to secure him, and had threatened some of his men with death, if they did not kill him. Both parties consequently being on the look out, no harm was done on either side. The Indians (it is said) so dreaded Captain Smith that they were afraid to attack him, even at the command of Powhatan, and were loading him with presents if he seemed the least angry. Some of them, however, made an effort to despatch him in a quiet way by poisoning him. Fortunately he was only made sick, and threw the poison from his stomach. In a little time he caught Wecuttanow, (the Indian who had brought him the poisoned food as a present,) and whipped him severely.

On the way between Werowocomoco and

Jamestown they met four or five of the colonists, who were in league with the treacherous Germans, then on their way to Powhatan. The traitors, to avoid suspicion, at once agreed to return with them to the fort. They were soon quietly moored at Jamestown, where, to the great joy of the colony, they delivered over to the keeper of the public stores two hundred pounds of deer's suet, and four hundred and seventy-nine bushels of corn. They had gained so much by their perilous adventures.

As usual, Smith's presence was needed at Jamestown. The provisions there had been much injured by the rain, rats, and worms, and many of their tools had been stolen and carried off by the Indians. These things, together with the loss of Scrivener and his party, had much discouraged the people. The supplies which Smith had brought home, together with the damaged provisions, (which were not to be thrown away,) were found ample to sustain them for one year. All fears of starving, therefore, for the present being dismissed, he at once commenced vigorously attending to other matters.

As he looked upon idleness as one great cause of their trouble, he now called them all before him, and told them, "that their late experience



and misery were sufficient to persuade every one to mend his ways; that they must not think that either his pains or the purses of the adventurers at home would for ever maintain them in sloth and idleness; that he knew that many deserved more honor and a better reward than was yet to be had, but that far the greatest part of them must be more industrious or starve; that it was not reasonable that the labors of thirty or forty honest and industrious men should be consumed, to maintain one hundred and fifty loiterers; and that, therefore, every one that would not work should not eat; that they had often been screened and protected in their disobedience to his just and necessary commands by the authority of the council, but that now all being either dead or gone, except Captain Wynne and himself, that whole power rested, in effect, solely in him. He therefore advised them not to feed themselves up with the vain presumption that his authority was but a shadow, and that his life must answer for theirs; for the letters patent and other powers would prove the contrary, and should every week be read to them; and every one that offended might assuredly expect his due punishment."

He then divided them all into companies.

Six hours of each day were to be spent in labor, the rest in pastime and amusement. To encourage them the more, he kept a book, in which he registered every man's daily conduct, that he might animate the good, and spur on the rest by shame. Most of them, after this, became very industrious.

They still, however, missed arms and tools from time to time, and at length discovered that they were continually stolen by some of the friends of the Germans, and carried to Powhatan. You will remember that Smith and his party had brought back, on their return, some men, then on their way to Werowocomoco. These had been expected by the Germans there, and wondering what had become of them, one of the Germans (by the advice of Powhatan) had disguised himself as an Indian, and come down as far as the glass-house, to learn, if possible, what had delayed them. This glass-house was about a mile from Jamestown, and was the common place of meeting for these villains. Smith, hearing of this, started with twenty chosen men to arrest him, while some forty Indians, in some way learning that he was coming, lay in ambush to seize him. Arriving at the glass-house, he found that the German had

escaped, and sent his men after him to take him before he should reach Powhatan. In the mean time, armed only with his sword, he started alone toward Jamestown. In his way he met the chief of the Pashiphays, a man of great size and strength. At first he endeavored to draw the captain into the ambush, but failing in that, tried to shoot him. Seeing this, Smith instantly closed in and grappled with him. It was impossible for either of them to use weapons. It was a bare contest of strength, and the Indian being the strongest, dragged him into the river, hoping to drown him. They had now a fierce struggle in the water, until at last Smith got hold of the savage's throat, and almost strangled him. Then "disengaging himself, he drew his sword," and would have killed him, but the poor chief begged piteously for his life, and he consented to spare him. He led him, however, as a prisoner to Jamestown, and put him in chains.

In the mean time his men had taken the German, and brought him in also as a prisoner, and his treachery was at once made known by the confession of the captive chief. Upon this, Smith sent a message to Powhatan, offering immediately to release the chief, if he would surrender the treacherous Germans. But this he

was as unwilling to do, as the Germans were to come to Jamestown. While this was going on, the chief of the Pashiphays managed to make his escape. Efforts were made to recapture him, but to no purpose. Captain Wynne and Lieutenant Percy, however, to punish him and his tribe for his insolence, marched with a body of fifty men into their country, slew many of the people; burnt their houses, and took their canoes and fishing weirs. Returning to Jamestown, they set up these weirs for their own benefit.

Not long after this, as Smith was passing on his way to the Chickahominy River, he was assaulted by the Pashiphays; but as soon as they knew him, they threw down their bows and arrows, and sued for peace. One of them (a young fellow named Okaning) came forward and thus addressed him:—"Captain Smith, the chief, my master, is here among us. He attacked you, mistaking you for Captain Wynne, who has pursued us in war and injured us. If he has offended you by escaping from prison, I beg you will consider that the fish swim, the fowls fly, and the very beasts strive to escape the snare and live; then blame not him, being a man. Remember what pains he took to save your life, when you were a prisoner. If he has

injured you since, you have been amply revenged, to our great loss. We know that you are determined to destroy us, but we are here to entreat your friendship, and beg that we may enjoy our houses and plant our fields. You shall share the fruits; but if you drive us off, you will be the worse for our absence. Though it may cost us more labor, we can plant anywhere; but we know you cannot live unless you have our harvests to supply your wants. If you promise us peace we will believe you: if you proceed in revenge, we will quit the country." Smith at once promised peace if they would do no farther injury, and bring in provisions to the fort. To this they gladly agreed, and then parted good friends. This friendship continued (it is said) till Smith left the country.

Upon his return to Jamestown, an incident occurred, which served to make him a still greater man among the Indians. A pistol, it seems, had been stolen by one of the Chickahominy tribe, and the thief had escaped, while his two brothers, who were known to be his companions, were seized. Retaining one as a hostage, Smith sent the other in search of the pistol, telling him if he did not return with it in twelve hours, his brother should be hanged.

As the weather was cold, a charcoal fire was made in the dungeon where the prisoner was confined. The gas from the coal caused him to faint away, and when his brother in a little time returned with the pistol, he was in great agony, supposing him to be dead. To comfort him, Captain Smith told him, that if he would steal no more, he would recover his brother. By the use of brandy and vinegar, he soon began to shew signs of life: but then he seemed crazy, and this distressed his brother even more than his death. The captain agreed to cure him of this also. He knew that his delirium was caused only by the liquor he had swallowed: and directing that he should not be disturbed, a sound sleep soon brought him to his senses. After this, Smith gave presents to each of them, and they returned homeward, telling everywhere, by the way, that "Captain Smith could bring the dead to life," and his fame rang the louder throughout all that region.

About the same time, another Indian at Werowocomoco had managed to get a large bag of gunpowder, and the back-piece of a suit of armor. He had sometimes seen the soldiers at Jamestown drying their powder over the fire, and he now undertook to do the same thing by

spreading it out upon this piece of armor. His companions stood anxiously peeping over him to see his skill, when suddenly the powder exploded, killed three upon the spot, and injured several others. The Indians learned now more than ever to fear "the white men's gunpowder." "These, with some other accidents, so frightened and amazed Powhatan and his people, that they flocked from all parts, and with presents desired peace—returning many stolen things, which had never been demanded or thought of by the English. And ever after, during the remainder of Captain Smith's administration, both Powhatan and his people would send back to Jamestown such as had been taken stealing, to receive their punishment; and the whole country became as absolutely free and safe to the English as to themselves."\*

Now the colonists pursued their business with industry and success. They made quantities of tar, pitch, and potash, succeeded in making a fair sample of glass, dug a well of excellent water in the fort, which, till then, was wanting, built about twenty houses, put a new roof on the church, provided nets and weirs for fishing,

\* Stith's History of Virginia, page 97.

and to stop the disorders of the thieves and Indians, erected a block house on the "neck of the island." Here the trade of the Indians was to be received, and soldiers were stationed, so that no man (either Indian or colonist) should pass and repass without an order from the president. "Thirty or forty acres of ground were broken up and planted." Another block house was built upon Hog Island, and a garrison stationed there to give prompt notice of the arrival of any ships. For their exercise, at leisure times, "they made clapboard and wainscot." In the midst of all this industry and good order, Captain Wynne died. He was the only remaining member of the council, and now the whole government devolved upon Captain Smith.

This happy state of things was soon interrupted again by a general fear of starvation. Upon an examination of their supplies, they found half their corn rotten, and the rest badly damaged by the rats. All ordinary work was stopped, and the people employed themselves diligently to procure provisions. The Indians were very kind, bringing in from day to day, squirrels, turkeys, and deer, and Powhatan even divided his stock of corn with them. Notwithstanding this friendship, Smith found it necessary



to send sixty of his men down the river to live upon oysters. Twenty were sent to the falls with Mr. West, and as many more to Point Comfort with Lieutenant Percy, that they might catch fish. Many were billeted among the Indians, who proved in every way friendly. Quantities of sturgeon were taken, which "being dried and pounded, and then mingled with sorrel and wholesome herbs," made good food. Some gathered (we are told) as much Tuckahoe root in a day as would make them bread for a week.

Notwithstanding their pinching wants, some of the men (about 150) were worthless vagabonds, unwilling to make any effort whatever. These fellows tormented Smith continually, begging him that he would sell their tools, iron, swords, guns, and even their houses and ordnance to the savages, for such food as they would give. They went farther than this—even demanding clamorously that he would desert the country. This was more than the captain could endure. Seizing one of the worst of these lazy grumblers, he caused him to be severely punished, and then spoke to the rest as follows: "Fellow soldiers, I little thought any so false as to report, or so many so simple as to be persuaded, that I either intend to starve you, or that Powhatan at this

time hath corn for himself, much less for you, or that I would not have it if I knew where it were to be had. Neither did I think any so malicious as I now see many are; yet it shall not provoke me even from doing my best for the very worst among you. But dream no longer of any help from Powhatan: nor that I will any longer forbear to force the idle to work, and punish them if they complain. If I find any one of you trying to escape to Newfoundland in the pinnace, I will certainly hang him at the gallows. You cannot deny but that many a time I have saved your lives at the hazard of my own; when (if your counsels had prevailed) you would all have starved. I protest by the God that made me, that since necessity will not force you to gather the fruits of the earth for yourselves—you shall not only gather for yourselves, but for those also that are sick. You know I have fared with the worst of you, and that my extra allowance has always been divided amongst the sick. The sick shall not starve, but share all our labors. He that does not gather every day as much as I do, the next day shall be put over the river, and be banished from the fort as a drone, until he shall mend his ways or starve." This speech caused at first a great clamor and outcry. Every one,

however, knew that Smith would do as he threatened, and no man was bold enough openly to disobey him. Most of them now set diligently to work to help themselves. Some few, still anxious to do nothing, and hearing that those who had been billeted among the Indians had been kindly treated, stole away from Jamestown to make their homes with the savages. But the Indians were so friendly to Smith, that they at once caught them and brought them back, where the poor wretches were properly punished for playing runaways.

You will remember that Sicklemore had been sent off to look for silk grass, and to find some one of Sir Walter Raleigh's lost colony. He now returned unsuccessful. As the council in England, however, were particularly anxious about this lost colony, Smith again sent two of his men (Nathaniel Powel and Anas Todkill) to inquire about them of the Mangoags, a tribe of Indians dwelling upon some of the upper branches of the Roanoake River in Carolina. Furnished with suitable guides, they departed, but ere long came back to Jamestown equally unsuccessful.

The treacherous Germans beginning again to make trouble, Smith sent one of the colonists (a Swiss named Volday) to try to persuade them to

come home. But this fellow, while pretending to hate the villany of these deserters, was in fact as great a traitor as any one of them. He had scarcely reached them when he began to conspire with them to destroy the colony. Knowing the distress at Jamestown; that the colonists were mostly wandering about in search of food, and the fort consequently but slightly guarded, he went to Powhatan and offered, if he would lend him forces, not only to burn the town and seize the bark, but to make most of the colonists his slaves. This plot was made known to certain discontented fellows at the fort, in the hope of receiving their aid; but two of them were so smitten with horror at the thought of it, that they instantly revealed it to Smith. Such was the rage and indignation now towards these conspirators, that several volunteered to go to Werowocomoco immediately and kill them in the very presence of the king. Two of them (Mr. Wiffin and Jeffery Abbot) were at length despatched expressly for the purpose. But the Germans, upon their arrival, deceived Abbot with a fair story, and Wiffin was not willing to attempt the business alone; so the villains escaped. Powhatan acted very properly in this matter. As soon as he heard of the business upon which

Wiffin and Abbot had come, he sent word to Smith that he would neither protect the Germans, nor prevent his men from executing his design upon them, for he would entertain no man who was his enemy. One of these Germans afterwards returned to Jamestown on a promise of pardon. The others who remained at Werowocomoco could make no farther mischief, so far as Smith was concerned, for he was revered by Powhatan and the surrounding tribes to such an extent, that they instantly informed him of any intended plot.

Heavier troubles, however, were soon to fall upon Smith, and all the colony. Captain Samuel Argall now arrived from England, with the purpose of trading with the colony and fishing for sturgeon. His ship was well laden with wine and provisions. "This was a prohibited trade, but Argall being a kinsman to Sir Thomas Smith, the treasurer, it was overlooked. The necessities of the colony obliged them to take his provisions, by which his voyage was lost; but they revictualled him when their next supply arrived, and sent him to England with a full account of the state of their affairs. By this ship they received letters, which taxed the president for his hard usage of the natives, and for not returning the

ships freighted. And now also they first had an account of the alterations in England, and of the great preparations and large supply to be sent by the Lord Delaware, appointed Captain General and Governor in chief of Virginia.”\*

\* Stith's Virginia, page 100.

## CHAPTER VIII.

*New charter granted by the king to the Virginia Company—Smith is deposed, and Lord Delaware made governor of Virginia—Seven ships arrive at Jamestown—Confusion in the colony—Courage and services of Smith—Friendship of the Indians toward him—Is seriously injured by an accident—Conspiracy to murder him—Friendship of his old soldiers—Returns to England—State of the colony at his departure—His loss is felt severely in the colony.*

It seems strange that after all the struggles of Smith, the council in England should have been dissatisfied with him. Their conduct, however, is explained when you remember that they were continually looking for returns of gold and silver from Virginia, and were continually disappointed. Newport's last arrival from the colony had disappointed them more than ever; Smith's letter had provoked them, and Newport, acting a miserable part, had wilfully misrepresented the condition of the colony. He seems

to have been a weak but ambitious man, willing to elevate himself in any way, however mean. The council, therefore, asked the king for a new charter for the colony, which was readily granted. This charter is dated the 23d of May, 1609. By it, Lord Delaware was made Captain General of Virginia; Sir Thomas Gates his Lieutenant General; Sir George Somers, Admiral; Captain Newport, Vice Admiral; Sir Thomas Dale, High Marshal, and Sir Ferdinando Wainman, General of the Horse. The powers of the old President and Council in Virginia were set aside, and the colonists were commanded at once to render obedience to these new officers.

The council at once commenced making preparations for an enterprise toward the new world, and in a little time Sir Thomas Gates, Sir George Somers, and Captain Newport, were ready with nine ships and five hundred people. It was agreed in the council that whichever of these three officers should reach Virginia first, he was to govern the colony, until the arrival of Lord Delaware. Jealous of the possible authority of each other, to settle this matter, they agreed to embark in the same ship. On the last of May, the whole fleet sailed from England. On the 25th of July they were visited by a hurricane,



which separated the ship, bearing the officers from the fleet, and drove her almost a wreck among the Bermuda Islands. Unfortunately, there were on board this vessel, besides one hundred and fifty of the emigrants, "all the bills of lading, all the instructions and directions, and the best part of their provisions." Another smaller ship was wrecked in the same tempest, while the other seven, riding out the storm, arrived safely at Jamestown.

The guard on duty at the block house, marking their approach, gave notice, and immediately the whole colony was under arms. Smith, supposing that it was a fleet of Spaniards coming to invade them, called the men to their duty, and the Indians, in their love for him, volunteered to assist in fighting the expected battle. Their fears, however, were soon over, when they discovered that the fleet was manned by their countrymen.

A battle with Spaniards, however, was preferable to what soon occurred. In the ships that arrived were three worthless men, well known in the colony. These were Ratcliffe, Archer, and Martin. Hating Smith as they did, they had busied themselves during the whole voyage, in telling falsehoods, and endeavoring

to make enemies for him. They had, in a good degree, succeeded: and now the new comers were scarcely ashore, before their temper and bearing toward him began to be seen. No new commission had as yet arrived to set aside his authority, yet they refused to obey him, and pretended first to set up one governor and then another, until the whole colony was one scene of confusion. The old settlers, who knew their captain's worth, stood by him firmly, but he, disgusted with the madness of these new comers, allowed them for a time to have their own way and do as they pleased.

The German too, who had returned under promise of pardon, proved traitor again. Seeing the distraction of the colony, and hearing the loud talk of the new adventurers, he again went over to Powhatan, promising to do "wonders for him upon the arrival of Lord Delaware." The Germans still at Werowocomoco joined the fellow in his promises, but Powhatan understood too well the value of such friends. Knowing that treason is base, and that the men who would betray Smith, might one day be as ready to betray him, he ordered his men to seize them and beat out their brains. Volday was the only traitor of the old gang left, and that you may

see the full reward of iniquity, I may as well tell you at once, that he managed to escape to England before this, made great promises of what he would do for the council, and was sent back with Lord Delaware to carry out his fine purposes. In a little time he was found to be a mere impostor, and died in misery and disgrace.

Wearied and disgusted with the confusion at Jamestown, Smith began now to think of returning to England. But the madness of the new comers had reached such a pitch, that the sober men among them saw that their only safety was to be found in securing his protection. They therefore went to him, begging that he would remember that no new governor had arrived, that his commission had not yet expired, and entreating him to abandon the thought of leaving them, and to restore order in the colony. Ever ready to sacrifice his own feelings for the public good, Smith consented to remain, and set himself courageously to the task of reforming abuses, even at the point of his life. He seized Ratcliffe, Archer, and other leaders of the riot, and cast them into prison, until a leisure time should come for their fair trial. Thoroughly to break up the plots of the conspirators, he thought it best to divide them. Martin was sent with

one hundred and twenty men to make a settlement at Nansamond, while Mr. West was despatched with the same number to make a settlement at the falls. Each was supplied with a good stock of provisions. Before Martin left, Smith, by one act, gained still greater popularity. He offered to resign in his favor, and allow him to act as governor. But Martin, though a weak man, knew he was not fit for the place, and declined it—preferring to take his men to Nansamond.

His settlement at Nansamond, however, proved a perfect failure. The Indians were very kind, but such was “his jealousy of them, that he surprised the poor naked king, and his monuments and his houses, with the island wherein he lived, and there fortified himself.” This outraged the savages. Gathering in numbers, they attacked him, killed several of his men, released their king, and carried off a thousand bushels of corn. He was so frightened that he made but little effort to oppose them; but sent off to Jamestown for thirty soldiers. These were immediately sent, but seeing Martin’s cowardice, came back, refusing to serve under such a leader. He soon followed them, leaving his poor company to shift for themselves.

West was equally imprudent at the falls, and his settlement did not fare much better. It was made upon a point of land which was frequently inundated by the river. Smith, feeling much anxiety about this settlement, had taken a leisure moment to visit it. On his way he met Mr. West returning to Jamestown to seek his advice. Learning the state of things, he at once purchased of Powhatan the place on the river called by his name, and went up to remove the settlement there. The men at the falls proving insolent and resisting his authority, he (with the five men who were with him) seized some of the ringleaders and cast them into prison. But the riot only increased—their numbers proved too strong for him, and he was glad to escape in a boat with his life. The Indians now came to him complaining that these men at the falls “were worse than the Monacans themselves”—that they stole their corn, robbed their gardens, beat them, and put them in prison; but that they would endure these things no longer. They had borne with them “out of love for him, but hereafter they desired pardon if they defended themselves.” As he himself had been injured by these men, they offered at once to fight for him if he would lead them on. After spending

nine days in the neighborhood, hoping in vain that these rioters would come to their senses, he started for Jamestown. His barge had moved off only about half a league, when she grounded. This was a fortunate circumstance for the men at the falls, for Smith had scarcely left them, when twelve Indians, finding some of them straggling in the woods, murdered them, and then violently assaulted the settlement. The frightened men (too cowardly to protect themselves) now sent for Smith, offering to do as he desired if he would come back. He immediately returned, and after punishing six or seven as examples to their companions, removed them all to Powhatan. There was no reason in their not going there before. Here they had dry houses and lodgings, near two hundred acres of land cleared and ready for planting, besides a fort which had formerly been erected by the savages. The place, too, was strong by nature, having been once selected as his home by the skilful eye of Powhatan, and now they were so much pleased with it, that they gave it the name of Nonesuch.

Yet, before Smith had fairly settled them, West, who was dissatisfied with this movement, began to make discord among them, and some of them were soon again discontented. They be-

gan to complain, and as Smith had no disposition to quarrel with West, and no means of stopping their insolence, he at once started for Jamestown, leaving them to do as they pleased. In a little time, under the persuasions of West, they deserted this place with all its advantages and went back to the falls.

Passing down the river, Smith met with a very serious accident. Being asleep in the boat, a bag of powder exploded near him, tearing his flesh and burning him dreadfully. To quench the fire (his clothes were all in a blaze) he leaped into the water, and with great difficulty was rescued by his men from drowning. In "this piteous state" he arrived at Jamestown. Ratcliffe and Archer with the other prisoners were soon now to be brought to trial. Dreading the result, (for they knew their guilt,) they basely conspired to take advantage of his condition, and murder him in his bed. But the wretch who was engaged to despatch him, was not equal to this deed of cruelty. His heart failed him, even with the pistol in his hand. Disappointed in this, these villains then endeavored to usurp the government, thereby to escape their punishment. The old soldiers of the captain were now enraged almost to desperation. Flocking around him,

they declared that if he would only say the word, they would fetch him the heads of the boldest villains thus trying to injure him. But he, desirous of having no farther disturbance in the colony, persuaded them to be quiet. Suffering from his wounds, and sick at heart, he resolved to return to England. His old friends crowded around him, entreating him to stay, even with tears in their eyes; but he could not be persuaded. He fancied that he should never recover except in England, and he mourned "to see his authority suppressed, he knew not why; himself and his soldiers to be rewarded for their past labors and dangers, he knew not how; and a new commission granted to, he knew not whom." Moreover, he thought himself useless in his present condition, and this was reason enough with him for his departure. It was early in the autumn of 1609, that he was carried aboard ship, and departed from Virginia never again to see it.

In spite of all difficulties, the colony was in a tolerably prosperous condition. He left behind him near five hundred colonists, one hundred of whom were well trained soldiers of his own, three ships, seven boats, twenty-four pieces of ordnance, three hundred muskets, with other



arms and ammunition for the men, nets for fishing, tools for working, a good supply of clothing, large stores of provisions, and an abundant stock of domestic animals.

It may serve to shew the littleness of some enemies left behind, when we are told that, "at one time the ships were delayed from sailing for three weeks, that complaints might be looked up against him and sent to England;" and the real excellence of his character is well seen, when it is known how, in less than six months after his departure, friends and enemies sighed for his presence in Virginia. When the famine, known as "the starving time," swept over the colony, and after eating roots, the skins of their horses, and at last the dead bodies of their companions, the five hundred left by the captain was reduced to the little band of sixty, men, women, and children; at that time they knew how to value him. It was then that they sighed for their old leader and fellow-sufferer in every difficulty, Captain Smith.

## CHAPTER IX.

*Smith's first voyage to New England in 1614—  
Treachery of Captain Hunt—Smith makes a  
map of the coast, and upon his return presents  
it to Prince Charles—Sails a second time for  
New England—Is taken by French pirates  
and carried a prisoner to Rochelle—Makes his  
escape during a storm—At length arrives in  
his own country—Publishes his description of  
New England—Goes through the western part  
of England distributing copies of his book—  
Circumstances which brought the Princess  
Pocahontas to England in 1616—She meets  
with Smith—Touching interview—Embassy of  
Uttamatomakkin—Pocahontas dies in Eng-  
land, leaving an infant son—News of Ope-  
chancanough's massacre at Jamestown in 1622  
—Smith proposes to revenge the death of his  
countrymen—In 1623, appears before King  
James's commission for reforming abuses in  
Virginia—In 1631, dies at London, in the  
fifty-second year of his age.*

FIVE years now pass away before we hear again of Captain Smith and of course I can tell

you nothing of his employments during that time. At length, in the year 1614, we find him busy in London, making arrangements with some merchants there for an expedition to New England. Attempts had before this been made to plant colonies in that region, but they had failed, and greatly discouraged the people of England; but Smith's energy now roused these merchants to a new adventure. Two ships were made ready, and to save the expenses of the voyage, he was to employ himself and crew in searching for mines and capturing whales. If he failed in these two purposes, he was to bring home a cargo of such fish and furs as he could procure.

In the month of March the ships departed—one commanded by Smith, the other by Captain Thomas Hunt. They arrived, on the last day of April, at the Island of Monahigon, off the coast of Maine. Here, after building seven boats, some went inland to look for the mines, while others set to work to capture the whales. They were busy in these efforts without success for two months, when Smith, thinking it was idle to waste any farther time, set them to taking and curing cod fish, of which there was an abundance on the coast. While they were thus employed, taking with him eight men in a small boat, he ranged

the coast from Penobscot to Cape Cod, gathering furs from the Indians. During this time, as usual, he observed everything closely, gave names to many of the places that he passed, and made a map of the whole coast. The month of August having now arrived, and his ship being laden, he sailed for England, leaving Hunt behind him, (whose ship was not yet laden,) with directions to complete his cargo of fish as rapidly as he could, and sail for Spain, where he would find a good market.

This Hunt proved to be an unprincipled man. Smith had scarcely left, when he managed to get twenty-four Indians on board his ship, seized them, and sailing directly to Malaga in Spain, sold them as slaves. It is said that this act of wickedness was prompted by the desire to make the savages on the coast, enemies to his countrymen; hoping thereby to prevent the planting of a colony, that his own private gains might be the greater. Be this as it may, certain it is that he succeeded in making them enemies; for long after this, the whites were made to suffer for his iniquity.

Upon his return to England, Smith put in at the port of Plymouth. Here he commenced telling of his adventures, and meeting with Sir

Ferdinando Gorges, was at once introduced by him to the Plymouth Company of Adventurers. This was the company making efforts (as you will remember) to settle New England or North Virginia, as it was then called, and they immediately engaged his services. Passing over to London now, he found the London Company (which he had formerly served) anxious to employ him, but could not meet their wishes, owing to his engagement at Plymouth. Their wish, however, serves to shew how much the man was valued, after all the complaints and murmurs that had been made against him.

While in London, he presented to Prince Charles (afterwards King Charles the First) his map of the new region—with a request (as some say) that he would give a name to the country—and the king called it New England. Others assert that Smith gave it this name himself. It is certain, however, that the prince altered various names upon the map. Cape Tragabigzanda (called by Smith after his Turkish mistress) was changed to Cape Ann, and the islands near the cape, which Smith called the “Turks’ Heads,” in honor of his victory over the three ‘Turks, lost also their name. Cape Cod was called by the prince Cape James, in honor of his father, though we

still retain the first name—and thus the cod-fish on the coast have succeeded better than a prince in giving a name to that point. What are now known, too, as the Isles of Shoals, were upon Smith's map marked as "Smith's Isles." I do not know, however, that we are indebted to the prince for this last change.

It was in the month of January, 1615, when Smith left London to keep his engagement with the Plymouth Company. They had promised to provide him with four ships for an adventure; but upon his arrival, he was greatly disappointed to find they were not ready. The truth is, the company was again discouraged. In June (it seems) a ship had sailed for New England, and owing to the wickedness of Hunt, had met with a very unkind reception upon the coast, from the savages. She had now returned, and the crew of course had sad stories to tell of their trials. Smith was determined that his enterprise should not fail. By the help of Sir Ferdinando Gorges and other friends, after an energetic and untiring struggle, he managed to have two ships equipped and ready for his voyage. The one (of one hundred tons) was to be commanded by himself: the other (of fifty tons) was to be commanded by Captain Thomas

Dermer. Sixteen emigrants were to embark for the purpose of making a permanent settlement.

In the month of March they set sail. The ships kept together for about one hundred and twenty leagues, when a storm separated them. Dermer pursued his voyage, but Smith, after losing both his masts, was forced to put back under a jury-mast to Plymouth. He was detained some little time in making new arrangements. Having at length put his stores on board a small bark of sixty tons, manned by thirty men, he again set sail.

His voyage now was only a voyage of misfortunes. In a little time he fell in with an English pirate. His frightened crew begged that he would surrender; but this he refused to do, though he carried but four guns, and the pirate thirty-six. There was no fight, however, for upon hailing her, Smith found that the captain and some of the crew were his old friends and comrades; that they had run away with the ship from Tunis, and were now in great want of provisions. In their distress they begged to put themselves under his command, but this Smith refused, and kept on his voyage. Ere long, he came in sight of two French pirates. His cowardly crew again begged that he would at once

surrender. Smith was now angry. He threatened to blow up the ship sooner than do this. The pirates chased him, but keeping up a brisk running fight, he made his escape. Soon after he met four French men-of-war, that were out upon a cruise, having orders from the French king to seize any pirates they might find. Smith went aboard one of the ships and shewed his commission, to prove that he was no pirate. But the French commander was unwilling to believe him. The truth was, that the French had settlements in North America, and were jealous of all efforts of the English toward the same purpose. Smith's ship was therefore plundered, manned with Frenchmen, and his crew taken aboard the French ships. Strangely enough, however, in a little time they delivered his vessel to him, and he prepared to continue his voyage for New England, amid the loud murmurs of his men, who now begged that they might return to Plymouth. The poor cowards had been so often frightened, that they were unwilling to be longer at sea. Smith refused to hearken to their complaints, yet they managed to carry out their wish. I will tell you how it was brought about.

The admiral of the French fleet pretended (before the ships parted) that he was desirous of



seeing Smith, and sent for him to come on board his ship. The captain accepted the invitation and went. Whether Smith's own crew had engaged the admiral in a stratagem, or whether it was a natural accident, it so happened that while he was aboard, a strange sail was seen and the admiral gave chase. Thus Smith was separated from his men: the next night, they turned the ship's head homeward, and after some difficulty reached Plymouth. Some have said that these Frenchmen, knowing the character of Smith, and that he was the very life and soul of the English colonies in the new world, were especially jealous of him, and therefore thus kidnapped him.

The admiral's ship (separated from the rest) kept on her way, and Smith found that he was in the midst of a lawless set of fellows. The Frenchmen now pretended to keep him as a prisoner, declaring that he was the man who had broken up the French settlements at Port Royal the year before, (which thing in fact had been done by Captain Argall.) The ship had a prosperous cruise, so far as plunder was concerned. Sometimes she would meet and plunder English ships, upon which occasions Smith was always kept below; but when the ships of other

nations were encountered, he was always made to do his part of the fighting. At length, the cruise being over, she sailed for the port of Rochelle. The Frenchmen seem to have been conscious that they were guilty men for thus treating him, for before reaching port they promised to repay him for all his sufferings and losses, by giving him his part of the plunder. Having arrived in port, however, they broke their promise and kept him as a prisoner in the ship in the harbor. Here they tried to force from him a written discharge of all demands against them. This he refused to give, and a kind Providence soon released him from his captivity. A sudden storm arose, and drove the crew of the ship below. Smith waited until night came on, and then taking the boat, with a half pike which served as an oar, pushed off for the shore. The current being strong, his little boat drifted to sea, and for twelve hours he was tossed about upon the ocean, expecting every moment to perish. Fortunately, "the turn of the tide" at length threw him upon a low marshy island, where he was found in the morning by some fowlers, almost dead from cold and hunger. He agreed to give them his boat if they would take him to Rochelle. Upon his arrival there he learned

that the effects of the storm had been tremendous. The ship in which he had been confined, with one of her prizes, had been wrecked upon the shore, and the captain with half the crew had perished.

He now made complaint to the judge of the admiralty of the cruel treatment he had received, and brought forward many of the sailors to prove the truth of his statements. It seems he found no remedy; but the judge, having some idea of justice, gave him a certificate, stating that he believed his story to be true. In his misfortune, he met with many friends at Rochelle, and afterwards at Bourdeaux, upon presenting the letter of the judge to the English ambassador, found many more. After some hardships, he once more returned to England.

It seems he had not been idle while he was a captive on board the French ship. During this time he had written an account of his two last voyages, with descriptions of the country of New England, "with its many advantages, and the proper methods of rendering it a valuable acquisition to the English dominions." Returning home, he published this, together with his map of New England, and in his ardent desire to rouse the energies of his countrymen to-

wards colonizing that country, wandered over all the western parts of England, giving away copies of his book. In this way (it is said) he distributed seven thousand copies. He found the people greatly discouraged by the different failures that had occurred already, though some of them "made many fair promises" about a new effort. The Plymouth Company, as some reward for his services, now honored him with the title of Admiral of New England.

In the spring of the next year, (1616,) to his great surprise and joy, he met with his former friend, the princess Pocahontas. As everything connected with this noble-hearted woman has an interest for my countrymen, I must tell you the circumstances which brought about the meeting.

After Smith left Virginia, the friendship of Pocahontas for the whites still continued. It was not so with her father Powhatan. From time to time, he was busy in stratagems against them. In 1610, the friendship and animosity of both parties were well proved, when Powhatan cut off Ratcliffe and a party of thirty men, while Pocahontas managed to save a boy named Henry Spilman. From some cause or other, (possibly the cruelty of Powhatan towards the whites,)

Pocahontas at length left her father's house, and made her home among the Potomacs. In one of his trading voyages in 1612, Captain Argall learned from the chief of the Potomacs that she was there, and determined to make her a prisoner. He thought that if he could get possession of the daughter, Powhatan, in his love for her and his desire to release her, would make peace on any terms. Accordingly he bribed the old chief (Japazaws) with the promise of a copper kettle, to aid him in carrying out his plan.

The design was to get the princess on board Argall's ship, and a curious stratagem was resorted to. Old Japazaws and his wife made a visit to Pocahontas, and the wife (as she had been instructed to do) expressed a great desire to visit "the Englishman's ship." The chief refused to allow her to go, and threatened to beat her for having such a wish. She (still acting her part) began to weep and howl, and then the old hypocrite Japazaws, pretending to relent, consented that she might go if Pocahontas would accompany her. The amiable princess at once assented, and they went on board. The captain received them very kindly, and entertained them in the cabin, where the old chief kept from time to time, treading on his toe to

remind him that he had done his part. After this Pocahontas "was decoyed into the gun room" for a time, that Japazaws might receive his reward without her knowing anything of his treachery. The kettle and many toys being given to him and his wife, Pocahontas at length was called by the captain, and told she was a prisoner—that she should not be harmed in any way, but was to be the means of peace between her father and the English. The princess was greatly overcome, and wept bitterly, while the old hypocrites Japazaws and his wife set up a most hideous howling. She was at length pacified and consented to go to Jamestown, (where it seems she had not been since Smith left the country,) and the old chief and his wife were sent ashore, greatly pleased, yet bitterly wailing.

Upon the arrival of the ship at Jamestown, a message was immediately sent to Powhatan, telling him of the captivity of his daughter, and offering to deliver her up to him if he would surrender all the prisoners whom he had taken, and all the guns and tools of the English that he had stolen. The news made the old man very sad, for he loved his daughter, and he liked the guns. He seems not to have known what to do, and

consequently, for three months, returned no answer. At the end of this time, he sent back seven English prisoners, each bringing a worn out musket, with a message that "when they should deliver his daughter, he would make full satisfaction for all injuries, give them four hundred bushels of corn, and be their friend for ever." The English answered "that his daughter should be well used; but as they could not believe that the rest of their arms were either lost or stolen from him, they would keep her till he had sent them all back." This vexed him so much that for a long time they heard no more from him. At length Sir Thomas Dale, taking with him Pocahontas, and one hundred and fifty men, sailed up the river in one of the ships to Werowocomoco. Upon his arrival, Powhatan would not see him. Dale spoke, however, to some of his men, telling them that he had come for the purpose of delivering up the king's daughter if he would surrender the men and arms belonging to the colony. The savages received this only with threats, telling him if he and his men came to fight they were welcome. Then, with cool impudence, they advised him to be off if he valued the lives of his men, otherwise they would all meet with the fate of Ratcliffe's party. This

was more than could well be borne. The whites at once commenced burning their houses, and destroying everything they could find, until at length, after an idle resistance, the savages seemed disposed to come to terms. They said that their prisoners had run away, fearing that they would be hanged, but that some of Powhatan's men had gone to bring them back. This was only a stratagem to gain time, which Dale very well understood, and therefore told them that he would remain quiet until the next day at noon, when, if they were not ready to meet his demands, and were willing to fight, they might know when to begin by the sound of his drums and trumpets. In other words, a truce was agreed upon until noon of the next day. In the mean time two brothers of Pocahontas came on board the ship to see her, and were greatly pleased to find her (contrary to their expectations) well and happy. They now promised to use their efforts to persuade their father to ransom her, and to be for ever friends to the English. At the same time, Mr. John Rolfe and Mr. Sparks had been sent ashore to Powhatan, to inform him (if he could be found) of the business upon which they had come. But the old chief would not admit them to his presence. They could only



speak with Opechancanough, (his brother,) who promised to do his utmost with Powhatan, "to incline him to peace and friendship with the colony." The truce ended, and nothing was done; yet the whites were disposed to do nothing more at present, (owing, perhaps, to the fair promises of the kinsmen of Powhatan.) Another reason prompting them to waste no more time in the matter was, the desire to be at home to plant their lands; so the whole party returned to Jamestown.

In a little time, Powhatan became a warm friend to the whites, but it was hardly owing to the efforts of Opechancanough or his sons. It seems that Mr. Rolfe had formed an attachment for Pocahontas, while she had returned his love as warmly, and had spoken to one of her brothers of her feelings. When Powhatan heard of this he was greatly pleased, and instantly consented to their marriage. Within ten days he sent his brother Opachisco and two of his sons to attend the wedding, acting as his deputies in all that might be necessary. The parties were duly married in April, 1613, and ever after this, there was a strong and lasting friendship between Powhatan and the colony.

It was in the spring of 1616, that she arrived

in England with her husband. She was then about twenty-two years of age, and is said to have been "very graceful, and her manners gentle and pleasing." Living at Jamestown, she had learned to speak the English language, and embracing the Christian religion, had been baptized by the name of Rebecca.\* She had heard in some way that her old friend Captain Smith was dead, and did not learn that he was living until she arrived in England.

As soon as Smith heard of her arrival, he sent a letter to the queen, setting forth the character of Pocahontas, and her great kindness to himself and the colony in Virginia. This was done in gratitude by the captain, but it was well nigh useless, for her fame had reached England long before this. She was introduced to the queen by the Lady Delaware, and received with great courtesy and kindness by all the royal family. In a little time Smith came to see her, and the

\* The author was ignorant of the real name of Pocahontas, until he accidentally discovered in Stith's Virginia the following: "Her real name, it seems, was originally *Matoax*, which the Indians carefully concealed from the English, and changed it to Pocahontas, out of a superstitious fear, lest they, by the knowledge of her true name, should be enabled to do her some hurt. She was the first Christian Indian in these parts and perhaps the sincerest and most worthy that has ever been since."—Stith's Virginia, page 136.

interview between them was very touching. At the first sight of him, after a modest salutation, she turned away, hid her face, and for two hours did not utter a word. After this she spoke to him, and called him father, and because Smith did not at once salute her as his child, she hid her face again and wept bitterly. She did not remember that she was the daughter of a king, and now in a land where kings were honored, and that Smith, perhaps, felt some delicacy for that reason in calling her his child. When reminded of this, (it is said,) "she despised such affectation." She declared that she loved him as a father, that she had treated him as a father in her own country, and would be his child for ever. Then looking upon him again, she cried, "They did tell us always you were dead, and I knew no other till I came to Plymouth: yet Powhatan did command Uttamatomakkin to seek you and know the truth."

This savage (one of the trusty friends of Powhatan) had been sent out by the chief for three purposes—he was to learn if Smith was alive, and if alive to see him—to see the Englishman's God, and their king and queen—and to count the people of England. Upon meeting Smith, he desired, in his ignorance, to see his God. Then

he asked to see the king and queen. It seems he had seen the king, and Smith told him so, promising that in due time he would shew him the queen. The poor savage could hardly be persuaded that he had seen the king, because the person whom they called king had given him nothing. Turning to Smith, he said, "You gave Powhatan a white dog, but your king has given me nothing, and I am better than your white dog." As to numbering the people, he had managed that in a curious way. Upon his arrival at Plymouth, being unable to count the multitudes, he procured a long stick, and made a notch for every person that he met. It is said that upon his return home, when Powhatan asked him how many people there were in England, his answer was, "Count the stars in the sky, the leaves on the trees, and the sands upon the sea shore: for such is the number of the people in England."

It was the fate of the princess Pocahontas never to return to Virginia. In the early part of 1617, as she was preparing to embark with her husband, she was at Gravesend suddenly taken sick, and died leaving one son, her infant boy, Thomas Rolfe. Her character proved good

to the last, for we are told that "she died calmly like a Christian."\*

We hear no more of Captain Smith now, until the year 1622, when news reached England of Opechancanough's dreadful massacre of the colonists at Jamestown. The tidings were sad to all, but sadder to none than Smith. In his indignation at this savage butchery of his countrymen, he proposed at once to the company, that if they would give him one hundred soldiers and thirty sailors, with the necessary provisions and arms, he would go to Virginia, "range the country, keep the natives in awe, and protect the planters." The company was divided. Some were for hearkening to, others for opposing his project. At length, after consultation, they gave him this pitiful answer: "that the charges would be too great; that their stock was reduced; that the planters ought to defend themselves; but that if he would go at his own expense, they would give him *leave*, provided he would give them one half of the *pillage*." He rejected their proposal with scorn.

\* Her son, Thomas Rolfe, after being for some time intrusted to his uncle in London, at length came to Virginia, and became somewhat distinguished. He married and left an only daughter, and now some of the most reputable families in Virginia are her descendants, and, through her, the descendants of her grand-mother, the princess Pocahontas.

The sad state of affairs in Virginia at length induced King James (in 1623) to issue a commission, appointing certain persons to examine into the causes of the difficulties, and report a plan for the better management of the colony. This commission, aware of the knowledge of Smith, was wise enough to send for him. He told them all that he knew of the colony, and gave them his advice as to the best way of proceeding to remedy matters, and make the colony happy and profitable.

For some years now his life was more quiet. He busied himself from time to time in writing accounts of his travels, and struggling to call up in his countrymen a spirit for colonizing America. It was not his privilege, however, to see the country for which he had struggled, and where he had endured so many hardships, all that he desired. He only in a measure foresaw, what the American plantations might become under proper management. Could he now look upon this beautiful land of ours, and see what his little colony has grown to, how would he be startled to find the richest calculations of his bold spirit more than realized ?

I have no more to say, except that this wonderful man died at London in the year 1631, in

the fifty-second year of his age, and to add his own melancholy story after all his struggles. "I have" (says he) "spent five years and more than five hundred pounds in the service of Virginia and New England, and in neither of them have I one foot of land, nor the very house I built, nor the ground I digged with my own hands; but I see those countries shared before me, by those who know them only by my descriptions."

**THE END.**













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